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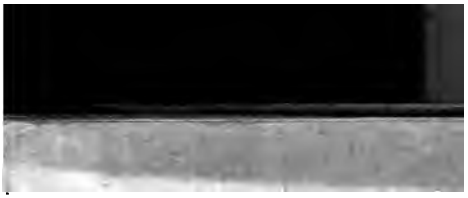

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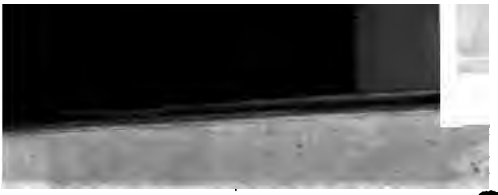

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THE

# WORKS

OF

## Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

VOL. VII.

*EDINBURGH:*

*Printed for* G. HAMILTON, J. BALFOUR, & L. HUNTER.

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MISCEL-

# MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

## CONTINUED.

### A beautiful YOUNG NYMPH going to bed*.

Written for the honour of the FAIR SEX, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No druken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight-hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bow'r;
Then ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouſe's hide
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.

* This poem, for which ſome have thought no apology could be offered, deſerves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly reſtrains the thoughtleſs and the young from the riſk of health and life, by picking up a proſtitute, than the fineſt declamation on the ſordidneſs of the appetite. HAWKES.

Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhancres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaiſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone *, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.

* ——— *Et longam incomitata videtur*
*Ire viam.* ——— Virg.

CORINNA wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p——ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And ſhock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.

THE nymph, tho' in this mangled plight,
Muſt ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?
The baſhful muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

## STREPHON and CHLOE*.

Written in the year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By ev'ry ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.

* This poem has among others been cenſured for indelicacy; but with no better reaſon than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taſte. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is neceſſarily led to conſider the effect of that groſs familiarity in which it is to be feared many married perſons think they have a right to indulge themſelves: he who is diſguſted at the picture, feels the force of the precept, not to diſguſt another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that *nothing quenches deſire like indelicacy; and that when deſire has been thus quenched, kindneſs* will inevitably grow cold. Hawkeſ.

Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like iv'ry dry, and ſoft as wax.
Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt †.

DEAR Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe ingroſſes ev'ry ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

BUT Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;

† *Though deep, yet clear, &c. Denham.*

And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear pappa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

*Imprimis*, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian goddeſs brings
Her infant loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their 'ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue,
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum* †,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium* ‡.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna ‖ was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.

THE rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.

BUT ſtill the hardeſt part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,

† A veil which the Roman brides covered themſelves with when they were going to be married.
‡ A marriage-ſong.
‖ Diana goddeſs of midwives.

How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The weather and his love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what———
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it———
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it.
While ſhe, a goddeſs, dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain;
And, Venus like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.

Yet if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read),
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?
For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchoolboy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace:

And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes.

While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.

Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling bear;
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this ‡ the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans).
O! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
*Carminative* † and *diuretic* ||
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic;
And love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;

‡ A well known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans; which has been variouſly interpreted, and is ſuppoſed to contain ſome allegorical meaning.
† Medicines to break wind.
|| *Medicines to* provoke urine.

But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a diff'rent reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.

Say, fair-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe,
Think what can give the cholic eaſe.
The nymph oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed:
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.

Strephon, who heard the ſuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,

Cry'd out, Ye gods! what ſound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——— ?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm ſtream:
(Salerno * both together joins,
As ſov'reign med'cines for the loins);
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide:
And as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.

THE little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove), with garlands crown'd,
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

ADIEU to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantick flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heav'nly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bow'rs,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthin flow'rs.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need*.
On box of Cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life*;

* *Vide Scol. Salern.* rules of health written by the Schools of Salernum.

*Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſalubberrima bumbis.*

And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homli ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With int'reſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

FAIR *Decency*, celeſtial maid,
Deſcend from heav'n to Beauty's aid;
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birthday-gear,
You think ſome goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you ſell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
*Than from* experience find too late
*Your* goddeſs grown a filthy mate.

Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy.
And, 'ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

AUTHORITIES, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide †.

UNJUSTLY all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politicians ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

WHAT various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true.

SOME try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some ſhew they never want explaining

† If virtue, as ſome writers pretend, be that which produces happineſs, it muſt be granted, that to practiſe decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue conſiſts in obedience to a law, as the *nuptial laws enjoin* both parties to avoid offence, decency will ſtill *be duty, and the* breach of it will incur ſome degree of guilt. H.

To comprehend a double meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool:
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

WHY is a handſome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece *.

A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground
To build on ſome foundation ſound:
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?

ON ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;

* *For the ſame* reaſon many an handſome wife is neglected for *an homely miſtreſs*, who better knows her intereſt, and conſiders *love as her* trade. *Hawkeſ.*

Let prudence with good nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

## APOLLO; or, A PROBLEM ſolved.

Written in the year 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymiſts by their books:
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heav'n could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold.
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more).

YET with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.

THREE weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That *mov'd the nymphs* to be unkind.

Nine muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini ‡.
At laſt the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

## The PLACE of the DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*——— I'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*.
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*..
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us*, that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS.

‡ *An Italian.*

# JUDAS.

Written in the year 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And parſons tell us, no man can do more),
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure through a two inch board,
Yet keep their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord.
Like *hemp*, which, by a ſkillful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.

As antient *Judas by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, *Lo Judas gone to his own place:*
*His habitation let all men forſake,*
*And let his biſhoprick another take?*

## On Mr PULTENEY being put out of the council.

Written in the year 1731.

SIR Robert * weary'd by Will Pulteney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter ——what ſhall I adviſe?
E'en quit the HOUSE, for thou too long has ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half:
For while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.

HEAR an old fable, and a dull one too;
Yet bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and to avoid the foe
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below.
There Cerberus lay watching in his den;
(He had not ſeen a hare the Lord knows when);
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled.

* *Sir Robert Walpole.*

Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt:
Syrius, the ſwifteſt of the heav'nly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear;
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare purſu'd, though free from guilt:
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long *.

The author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards, (which however proved afterwards to be a miſtake), writ to Mr Gay the following poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, diſgrace the muſes train,
To ſerve a tatteleis court twelve years in vain †!
Fain would I think our *female friend* ‡ ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.



* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath. *Hawkeſ.*

† See the libel on Doctor Delany and Lord Carteret, in vol. 6. p. 335.

‡ *Mrs Howard, ſince* Counteſs of Suffolk.

Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?

SAY, had the court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ſquire a royal girl of two years old *;
In leading ſtrings her infant ſteps to guide,
Or with her go cart amble ſide by ſide!

BUT princely Douglaſs † and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never brake their truſt.

NOT love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the ſultan's dames;
Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Pæan's pureſt fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: for had he thought it fit,
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.

BUT let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

AND firſt: To make my obſervation right,
I place a *flute/man* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer;
With ſhameleſs viſage, and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw;
And, oſtrich-like, his all-digeſting maw.

* See Mr. Gay's letter to Dr Swift on this ſubject, in vol. 4. let 27 p. 72.
† The Duke of Queenſberry.

My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *patent prince**, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid:
The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
With *ſervants*, *tenants*, and the neighb'ring *'ſquires*.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway:
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your Kind-ed *half the palace crowd*.
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong*.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid*.
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe*,
*Preſume to treat him at his own expence*.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count,
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With int'reſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;

* A title given to Dukes by the heralds.

With haſty zeal behold the ſteward come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
A faithful treas'rer! what could he do more?
*He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.*

THE law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *ſtate emp'ric* acts a ſafer part;
And while he *poiſons wins* the royal heart.

BUT how can I deſcribe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

SUPPOSE your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſ'neſs to ſome neighb'ring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

SHOULD ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he bribb'd you with a brace of tench?

NOR from your Lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well.*
Or *ſwear it rotten* †; *and with humble airs*
*Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs*
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.

HAVE Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of *genuine miniſterial* kind

† Theſe lines are thought to allude to ſome ſtory concerning a great quantity of mahogony declared rotten, and then applied *by ſomebody* to wainſcots, ſtairs, door-caſes, *&c.*

Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich:
And when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more†.

A dext'rous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
*Huſh-money* ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.
And ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpite:
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate*.

Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon*.
A knave who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*:
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Tho' not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe an equal chance is run;
For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſp'rate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.

† He had practiſed this trade for many years with ſucceſs.

The ruling rogue who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
*Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs*;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſkill repairs*.
So robbers, (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame*.

I knew a *brazen* miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In ev'ry mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
*His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.*
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you* or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

THUS, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, *'tis all his own*.

## The HARDSHIP put upon the LADIES.

Written in the year 1733.

POOR ladies! tho' their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws;
(*And why* they were not, I can ſee no cauſe);

The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

The following poem was firſt printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The ſubject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal againſt that project, made it be generally ſuppoſed to be his. It was occaſioned by the biſhops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Iriſh houſe of Commons *.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe;
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbiſhop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you ſee his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of K——y:
Poor Satan will think the compariſon odious:
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am ſure, the *moſt rev'rend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many b——s ſuffragan;
And all men believe he preſides there *incog.*
To give them, by turns, an inviſible jog.

OUR biſhops puſt up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.

* See conſiderations on this bill, in vol. 3. p. 190.

They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain——for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Tho' they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard †,
In ſpite of the devil would ſtill be untoward.
They came of good kindred, and could not endure,
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.

WHEN CHRIST was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles, but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.

WHAT a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt Heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt?

Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The b———s *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our b——s would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a ſov'reign,
As Machiavel taught 'em, *Divide, and ye govern.*

† *Archbiſhop* of Caſhel, Biſhops of Killaloe and Elphin.

But courage, my L—ds; tho' it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven feet*.

But hold, cry the b——s, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affection could ever be ſhown,
Than ſaving your ſouls, by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your ſpittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good L—ds; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the church, and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons for *biting the biters*.

## To the Reverend Dr SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

### With a preſent of a paper-book finely bound, on his birth-day, November 30. 1732 †.

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
Think not ſo poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
Tho' paſteboards glitt'ring like a tinſel'd coat
A *raſa tabula* within denote:

† It was occaſioned by an annual cuſtom which I found purſued among his friends, of making him a preſent on his birthday. *Orrery.*

Yet if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, ſhould provoke thy rage;
If wealth once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe sheets with glad ſurpriſe,
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
Free force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow no more:
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES left with a ſilver ſtandiſh on the DEAN of ST. PATRICK's deſk on his birthday, by Dr DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at quadrille.
Thro' various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt:
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor†;

† *Alluding to* 500 l. a-year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, *to poor tradeſmen.*

Not ſtrolling idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt induſtry decay'd.
At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.

THIS done, to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes, gratify my pride;
"Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
"The greateſt genius of his age;
"That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
"Whoſe living lines will never die."

I grant your ſuit, the god reply'd,
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES written by Dr SWIFT, occaſioned by the foregoing preſents.

A Paper book is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes;
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The vandals of the preſent age.

## A LOVE-SONG in the MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;

I'm [illegible] in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
*Melody* resigns to fate.

## On the words BROTHER-PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, ſo familiarly uſed by the advocates for the repeal of the TEST-ACT In Ireland †.

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current born:
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;
Uniting all to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
*See brother, how we apples ſwim.*

THUS Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff ſcorns:
*Not for the world*;——*we doctors, brother,*
*Muſt take no fees of one another.*
Thus to a dean ſome curate ſlôven
Subſcribes, *Dear Sir, your brother loving.*
Thus all the footmen, ſhoeboys, porters,
About St James's, cry, *We courtiers.*

† This poem ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer, and member of the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore he would revenge himſelf, either by murdering or maiming the author. On this, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper, ſubſcribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his perſon and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country——See a further account of this affair, in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1. and the redreſs, with the anſwer, in vol. 4. p. 322.

Thus H——ce in the houſe will prate,
*Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate.*
Thus at the bar that blockhead Betteſworth,
Tho' half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-ſergeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, tho' neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are *brother Proteſtants* and *Chriſtians*,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food!
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Tho' born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it.
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother-vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gath'ring,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?

As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And turn'd to lice infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.

Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations:

Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption ——*Thou'rt my father.*
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit.*

## ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits,*
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride,*
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years:
While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
*Brutes* find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly,* combats *Nature;*
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear,*
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

NOT *empire* to the riſing ſun
*By valour,* conduct, fortune won;

Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound
So large to graſp the circle round:
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *muſe's lyre*.

NOT beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gypſies* litt'ring under hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.

WHAT hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
*Court*, *city*, *country* want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward, when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound ‡;
Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.

POOR ſtarv'ling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!

‡ *Paid* to the poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr *Colley Cibber*, a player.

And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or hum'rous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.
Then riſing with Aurora's light,
The muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed traſh is
Set off with num'rous *breaks*——and *daſhes*.——

To ſtateſmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.

When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes;
But when in *capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmoaks the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot *,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpris'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and ſweating;
A baſtard of your own begetting.

Be ſure at Will's †, the foll'wing day,
Lie ſnug, and hear what critics ſay.
And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgment of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;

* A bookſeller in London.
† The poets coffeehouſe.

And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:
And ſince you ne'er provok'd their ſpite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel Grubſtreet ſends
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.

Your ſecret keep, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe*'s the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts,
Where critics mark'd your former faults:
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jeſts, and coffeehouſe conceits,
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a ſouth-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no god believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar, or bench,
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb-wench:

Or oft when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride
In ſtreets, where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a diff'rent pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er inhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the ſov'reign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r:
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes
In all the ir *ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes.*
But once you fix him in a tomb;
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.

The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns d——l in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams *
Project exciſe and ſouth ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.

THEN, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gath'ring up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath).
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

BUT if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe),
Put on the critic's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.



* *Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ, &c.*
*Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.* VIRG.

A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu.
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).

A forward critic often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous* †:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation ‡,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down;

† *A famous treatiſe of Longinus.*
‡ *By Mr Welſted.*

Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Tho' not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur* :
And when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through *Auguſta Trinobantum* †,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls :
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
His indiſputed rights extend
Thro' all the lane, from end to end ;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs* ;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Altho' he never learn'd to ſpell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory ;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory :
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays :
Same fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth ;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh town :
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday-ſtrains ;

† The antient name of London.

Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Y——g muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.

BUT theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination;
Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground:
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of mod'rate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams,
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs:
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the baſe.
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe;
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

THE vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So nat'raliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey;
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
*Is bit by him* that comes behind.

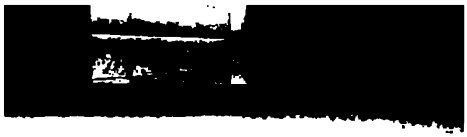
Who, tho' too little to be ſeen,
Can teaſe, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools, and ſons of whores,
Lay Grubſtreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters:
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors out-ſung us;
Can perſonate an awkward ſcorn
For thoſe who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who croud the preſs with hourly traſh.

O Grubſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Tho' by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.

REMAINS a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime?*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree* *.
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:



* Lord *Grimſton*, author of a play called Love in an hollow tree.





They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to *defcend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheefe,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worfe, and worfe they fall;
But who can reach the worft of all?
For tho' in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inftance: When you rafhly think,
No rhymer can like Welfted † fink,
His merits balanc'd, you fhall find,
The laureat ‡ leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more afpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops,
The reft purfue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rife,
Their heads attempt the nether fkies.

O, what indignity and fhame,
To proftitute the muſe's name!
By flatt'ring k—s, whom heav'n defign'd
The plagues and fcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and floth,
And ev'ry vice that nurfes both.

† *Vide* the treatife on the Profound, in vol. viii. p. 60. and Mr Pope's Dunciad.

‡ In fome editions, inftead of *the laureat*, was maliciouſly inſerted *Mr Fielding*; for whofe ingenious writings the fuppofed *author* hath manifefted a great eſteem.

FAIR Britain in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter.
What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conqu'ring hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges *,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar, and Chineſe,
Short by the knees intreat for peace †.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred.
Appointed ſov'reign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.

THE remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddeſſes in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.

Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate* ‡,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.

* —— *Super et Garamantas et Indos*
*Proferet imperium, &c.*
*——Jam nunc et Caſpia regna*
*Reſponſis horrent divûm, &c.*
† *Genibus minor, &c.*
‡ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay.
Like prudent Fabius *, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praiſes ev'ry muſe ſhall ſing!
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chuſe to rule the ſable flock?
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſt and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.

SAY, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's ſide.
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George exactly true is.

† *Unus homo nobis cun*[illegible]

Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all pow'r in Heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give G——e and Jove an equal share *.
Yet why should we be Jac'd so strait?
I'll give my m—n—ch butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
* * * * * *Cætera desiderantur.* * * * * *

## A Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion-Club. †.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,
Near the church ‡——you know the rest.

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.

* *Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

† I have written a very masterly poem on the legion club—it is 240 lines. *Swift's letters in vol.* IV. *letter* 131. *p.* 268.

The Dean complains in letter 132, that other characters were added, and in letter 133, that there were 50 different copies; but this consists just of 240 lines, and has every other mark of a genuine copy. *Hawkes.*——*N. B.* Mr Hawkesworth has numbered the lines of this poem too little by two. It consists of 242 lines.

‡ *The nearer the* church, the farther from God. Hawkes.

Theſe demoniacs let me dub
With the name of *Legion-club.*
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a croud their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with pocker fiery-red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy that harpies neſt,
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.

Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

LET them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them with their goſling quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a——s with their votes.

LET Sir T——m *, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But before the prieſt he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer;
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from Papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.

COME aſſiſt me, muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r.
Thither, gentle muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.

* Sir Thomas P—— ſt, a P—— C——r of Ireland, *and ſon to the informer* of that name.

See, the muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

All ye gods who rule the ſoul *,
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes †,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair,
Diſcord periwig'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes.

By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates ‡,
Ere he enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, *Lay down your ſtick.*
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands ‖;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him C——y.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a piece.

Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,

* *Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, &c.*
*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.* Virg. lib. 4.
† *Veſtibulum ante ipſum, &c.* Ibid.
‡ *Et ni docta comes, &c.* Ibid.
‖ *Et centumgeminus Briarcus, &c.* Ibid.

To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.

WHEN I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.

WHO is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan? No, 'tis W———r.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir H——s?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murther'd T———p.

KEEPER, ſhew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren :
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there ?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt *old glorious* in your piſs.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em ſtarve and ſtink together ;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh 'em daily, laſh 'em duly ;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

KEEPER, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak,
Who is he ? 'Tis humdrum W——ne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin :
There obſerve the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the c——, againſt the n——.

THOSE are A———s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.———

THERE ſits C—nts, D—ks, and H——n,
*How they* ſwagger from their garriſon.

Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
H—n, and D—s, and C——nts,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments,
Ev'ry miſchief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, M——n! art thou there, man?
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what learned M—n
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone:
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
*Alma mater* was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
Thou a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
M——, would it not ſurpriſe one?
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come and right themſelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
Will you in your factions phraſe
Send the clergy all to graſe;
And to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I aſſure ye,
You will need no *cor' catura*;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in ev'ry face.

KEEPER, I muſt now retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.
*Pray be patient, you ſhall find*
*Half the beſt are ſtill behind:*
*You have barely ſeen a ſcore,*
*I can ſhew two hundred more.*
Keeper, I have ſeen enough.
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
*May their god, the d——l, confound 'em.*

## AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But you muſt know he was not quite
*So grave as* to be unpolite;

Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And if you'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewel,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes, or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him,
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady——it muſt be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?

*Is Captain Crach'rode here* †, *pray?* ——No.
*Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.*
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak,
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within.
What could I've ſaid? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad——ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and faſt;
And ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, *Crach'rode, is the Doctor come?*
He had not heard of him——*pray ſee,*
*'Tis now a quarter after three.*
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—— no doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder:
*Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder:*

*But pray, to-morrow go at ten,*
*I'll try his manners once again;*
*If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,*
*My ſon ſhall never ſee a college.*

THE Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence;
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,

† The gentleman who brought the meſſage.

Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the croud,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting — and fault'ring — humm'd and ha'd,
*Her ladyſhip was gone abroad;*
*The Captain too — he did not know*
*Whether he ought to ſtay or go;*
Begg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence.
For well he knew to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye that ſhone
*With native luſtre,* like her own:

Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd ev'ry thing——at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit*.
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologiſe his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty pow'r of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe.
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crouded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air, and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scuffing my college-awkwardneſs,
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport;
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" *Winning* my way by ſlow approaches,
" *Through* crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,

" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crouded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told——*you are not to be ſeen:*
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

## * A NEW SIMILE for the LADIES.

### With uſeful ANNOTATIONS.

By Dr SHERIDAN.

*To make a writer miſs his end,*
*You've nothing elſe to do but mend.*

Written in the year 1731.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* † for woman-kind,
A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In ev'ry circumſtance to hit ‡ 'em.
Through ev'ry beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd ev'ry element,
And after peeping through all nature
To find ſo whimſical a creature,

† Moſt ladies in reading call this word a *ſmile*; but they are to note, it conſiſts of three ſyllables, ſi-mi-le. In English, a likeneſs.

‡ Not to hurt them.

A *cloud* preſented † to my view,
And ſtraight this parallel I drew.

*Clouds* turn with ev'ry wind about,
They keep us in ſuſpenſe and doubt,
Yet oft perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind;
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For who can tell at what they aim ‡?

*Clouds* keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bell'wing || they diſcharge their thunder;
So when th' alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's †† everlaſting tongue,

† Not like a gun or piſtol.

‡ This is not meant as to ſhooting, but reſolving.

|| The word *bellowing* is not here to be underſtood of a bull; but a cloud, which makes a noiſe like a bull when it thunders.

†† Xanti, a nickname for Xantippe, that ſcold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet with unexampled patience he bore her peſtilential tongue. I ſhall beg the ladies pardon, if I inſert a few paſſages concerning her; and at the ſame time I aſſure them, it is not to leſſen thoſe of the preſent age, who are poſſeſſed of the like laudable talents: for I will confeſs, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend aſked Socrates, how he could bear the ſcolding of his wife Xantippe? he retorted, and aſked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geeſe? Ay, but my geeſe lay eggs for me, replied his friend. So doth my wife bear children, ſaid Socrates. *Diog. Laert.*

Being aſked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue? he ſaid, ſhe was of this uſe to him, that ſhe taught him to bear the impertinances of others with more eaſe when he went abroad. *Plut. de capiend. ex hoſt. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthydemus to ſupper; Xantippe in great rage went in to them, and overſet the table: Euthydemus riſing in a paſſion to go off, My dear friend, ſtay, ſaid Socrates; did not a hen do the ſame thing at your houſe the other day, and did I ſhew any reſentment? *Plut. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more inſtances of her termagancy, and his philoſophy, if ſuch a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expoſe the fair ſex: but to ſhew I have no ſuch deſign, I declare ſolemnly, that I had much worſe ſtories to

tell

The husband dreads its loudness more,
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

*Clouds* weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but womens rain?

THE *clouds* about the welkin roam *,
And ladies never stay at home.

THE *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting †
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting ‡ gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd ||,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *simile* will strike ††),
Tho' in the darkest dumps ‡‡ you view 'em,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through 'em.

THE *clouds* are apt to make reflection |||,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia with small provocation
Blasts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

tell of her behaviour to her husband; which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

* Ramble.

† Not vomiting.

‡ Thrusting out the lip.

|| This is to be understood, not in the sense of wort, when brewers put yest or barm in it; but its true meaning is, *deceived*, or *cheated*.

†† Fit your fancy.

‡‡ Sullen fits. We have a merry jigg called *Dumpty Deary*, invented to rouse ladies from the dumps.

||| *Reflection* of the sun.

THE *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow,
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The graveſt matron * will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.

OBSERVE the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd,
The pink, the roſe, the vi'let's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our *graces* †
In garden-ſilks, brocades and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birthday-night?

THE *clouds* delight to change their faſhion:
Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion,
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

IN them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;
The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.

IN ev'ning fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace ‡.

GRAVE matrons are like *clouds* of ſnow,
Their words fall thick, and ſoft, and ſlow;
While briſk coquets ||, like rattling hail,
Our ears on ev'ry ſide aſſail.

* Motherly women.

† Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the ducheſſes; but the graces which attended on Venus.

‡ Not Flanders lace, but gold and ſilver lace. By *borrowed*, is meant ſuch as run in honeſt tradeſmens debts for what they were not able to pay, as many of them did for French ſilver lace *againſt the laſt* birthday. *Vid.* the ſhopkeepers books.

|| *Girls* who love to hear themſelves prate, and put on a *number of* monkey-airs to catch men.

*Clouds*, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:
So when my Chloe I purſue,
No heav'n beſides I have in view.

THUS, on compariſon *, you ſee,
In ev'ry inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim † it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a *cloud*.

An ANSWER to a ſcandalous POEM, wherein the author moſt audaciouſly preſumes to caſt an indignity upon their Highneſſes the CLOUDS, by comparing them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O-NEPHELY, Chief Cap of Howth ‡.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow,
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! Our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe*?



* I hope none will be ſo uncomplaiſant to the ladies, as to think theſe compariſons odious.

† Tell it to the whole world, not to proclaim them as robbers and *rapparees*.

‡ *The higheſt point of* Howth is called the Cap of Howth.

WE hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But ev'ry ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's cloudy.

SOME critic may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give bubo's, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

YOU know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretel a ſtorm to laſt till night.

A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhow'rs;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.

WHEN Syrius † o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſwages;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:
To kindle ſtrife dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works ſhe can burn in water.

FOR fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry ſecond.

OBSERVE our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;

† The dog-ſtar.

But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in antient books inroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.

To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſs'd a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No diff'rence could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of *Centaurs*
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?

Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig, a *clouded* cane;
(The wig was powder'd round with ſleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet:)
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmok'd the beau*.

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heav'nly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dreſs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;

To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain.
And from your own experience know,
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

COMPARE us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place;
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp,
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kiſs their a—es:)
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt;
And when Apollo ſtruts on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnaſſus, looking down,
Can p—ſs upon his laurel crown.

FATE never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When JOVE would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
*Though* Venus be as light as air,
*She muſt* have doves to draw her chair;

Apollo ſtirs not out of door,
Without his lacker'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*:
But we can fly where-e'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas;
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With ſunſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
JOVE piſſes on you through a ſieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſponge in water,
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes:
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know;
We'll watch your ſteps where-e'er you go;
And ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frize ſurtout.

'TIS but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhews his face:
For when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face, and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.

'TIS ſung, where-ever Cælia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings:
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p—ſ upon a nettle;
But though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;

While we by ſoft prolific ſhow'rs
Can ev'ry ſpring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods, like us, have too much ſenſe
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

## TIM and the FABLES.

From the tenth Intelligencer.

*My meaning will be beſt unravell'd,*
*When I premiſe that Tim has travell'd.*
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The *fables* writ by Mr Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a *fable*;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The *monkey* who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale.)
The *monkey* was completely dreſs'd,
The *beau* in all his airs expreſs'd.
Tim with ſurprize and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry feature in't,
*The twiſt*, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge an all,
*Juſt as they* look'd in the original.

By—ſays Tim, (and let a f—),
This graver underſtood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll ſay that for't;
I well remember, when I ſat for't.
My very face, as firſt I knew it,
Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it.
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave;
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me;
" Thoſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve,——
" Damme, I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."
*Dear Tim, no more ſuch angry ſpeeches,*
*Unbutton, and let down your breeches,*
*Tear out the tale, and wipe your a—,*
*I know you love to act a* farce *.

* Of the 10th [Intellig.] I writ only the verſes, and of thoſe, not the four laſt ſlovenly lines. *Letters to and from Dr Swift*, in vol. 4. let. 62. p. 144.

# POSTHUMOUS PIECES in VERSE*.

## Ode to the Hon. Sir William Temple †.

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies,
Till its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt.
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's *terra incognita*,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,

* This is the title given to the poems that follow, by Mr Hawkeſworth: tho' it is certain, that ſeveral of them were publiſhed in the author's lifetime.

† When the author's poſthumous pieces were reprinted in Ireland, this and the ſubſequent odes were omitted. *Hawkeſ.*—— Theſe two odes, and a third, an ode to K. William, when his Majeſty was in Ireland, are the only ſpecimens of Dr Swift's that I know of in the Pindaric meaſure. It is reported, that, in the early part of his life, he writ ſeveral poems in that irregular kind of metre; whereby it is certain, that he acquired no ſort of reputation. I have been told, that his couſin the famous John Dryden expreſſed a good deal of contempt for a pretty large collection of theſe poems, which had been ſhown to him in manuſcript by his bookſeller: for which treatment I verily believe it was, that, in return to his compliment, the Doctor hath on all occaſions been ſo unmercifully ſevere upon that famous writer. But this kind of uſage among the ſticklers for reputation, is ſanctified by immemorial preſcription. To the beſt of my remembrance, Dryden himſelf hath declared,

*Poets ſhould ne'er be drones, mean harmleſs things;*
*But guard, like bees, their labours by their ſtings.*

Swift.

Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray,
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchymy,
And we the bubbled fools.
Spend all our preſent ſtock in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call!
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book our tender ſouls
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools;
For learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book,
Think ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd;
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools,
Her prieſts, her train and followers ſhow
As if they all were ſpectres too,
They purchaſe knowledge at the expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And at once grow ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it *up, and* nauſeate company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch, nay doubly curs'd,
(If it may lawful be
To curse our great enemy)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest),
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door.
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this gen'ral pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from ev'ry one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too,
Your happy frame at once controuls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate,
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace,
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To shew it cost its price in war,
War! that mad game, the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For tho' with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast,
*Th'* artillery of the skies
*Shoots* to the earth and dies;

Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears, nor orphans cries;
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe juggler's tricks
Which we call deep deſign and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fray,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly;)
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizors and diſcover all.
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow! and how groſs the cheat!
Look where the pully's ty'd above!
Great God! (ſaid I,) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighted peaſants fly,
Scar'd at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite muſe)
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts.
Take thy unwonted flight,
*And on the* terras light.

See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence:
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of flight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
(In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite,)
Till at last tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing (beloved muse) the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Shew the delights thy sister nature yields:
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain:
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the muse luxuriant grown,
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight,
These are the paradises of her own;
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandring Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
*Oft 'gainst* her fountain does complain,

And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loath to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor, Adam, knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee,
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight),
Shall ere long grow into a tree,
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie,
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, *cadets* of heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber, and the leavings of a fate:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw;

Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the muſe's galleys ty'd,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

THEN (Sir) accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe,
And ſince too oft debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe:
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

## To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN, *Moor-park, Feb.* 14. 1691.

"SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their "follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an "Engliſhman, and put in my ſhare among the reſt. Be- "ing laſt year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about "*half a year* ago), I heard only a looſe talk of your ſo- "*ciety*, and believed the deſign to be only ſome new ſol-

"ly

" ly juſt ſuitable to the age, which God knows I little " expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. " Since my being in England, having ſtill continued in " the country, and much out of company, I had but little " advantage of knowing any more, till about two months " ago paſſing thro' Oxford, a very learned gentleman " there firſt ſhewed me two or three of your volumes, " and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while " after, I came to this place upon a viſit to——, where " I have been ever ſince, and have ſeen all the four vo- " lumes, with their ſupplements; which anſwering my " expectation, the peruſal has produced what you find " incloſed.

" As I have been ſomewhat inclined to this folly, ſo " I have ſeldom wanted ſome body to flatter me in it. " And for the ode incloſed, I have ſent it to a perſon of " very great learning and honour, and ſince to ſome o- " thers, the beſt of my acquaintance, (to which I thought " very proper to enure it for a greater light); and they " have all been pleaſed to tell me, that they are ſure it " will not be unwelcome; and that I ſhould beg the ho- " nour of you to let it be printed before your next vo- " lume, (which, I think, is ſoon to be publiſhed); it be- " ing ſo uſual before moſt books of any great value a- " mong poets: and before its ſeeing the world, I ſub- " mit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

" I intreat therefore one of you would deſcend ſo far " as to write two or three lines to me of your pleaſure " upon it. Which as I cannot but expect from gentle- " men, who have ſo well ſhewn, upon ſo many occaſions, " that greateſt character of ſcholars, in being favourable " to the ignorant; ſo I am ſure nothing at preſent can " more highly oblige me, or make me happier."

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever moſt humble

and moſt admiring ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

## Ode to the Athenian Society.

*Moor-park, Feb.* 14. 1691.

AS when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quiet o'ercame the vital heat);
That mountain which was higheſt, firſt of all
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight;
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heav'n as is its name:
So after the inundation of a war,
When learning's little houſehold did imbark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
*Philoſophy*'s exalted head appears:
And the dove-muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager muſe took wing upon the waves decline,
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heav'nly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the firſt
that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain),
*And thence* with joyful, nimble wing,
*Flew dutifully* back again,

And made an humble chaplet * for the King.
And the dove-muſe is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighted at the war),
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood;
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it, than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring thro' the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Deſos did of old,
And the tranſported muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſic all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heav'nly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſic with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen;



* *The ode I writ to the* King in Ireland.

Forgive a young, and (almoſt) virgin muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye:
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe,
For a dear ramble thro' impertinence;
Impertinence, the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Tho' we be of two diff'rent factions ſtill,
Both the good natur'd and the ill;
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and waſps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools:
For tho', poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp heav'n ſets on all that's great and good,
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct.
*The war*, methinks, has made
*Our wit and learning* narrow as our trade;

Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home in fear
Of ev'ry censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the Atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage;
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course;
And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their antient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas, to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms justling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what ſurpriſes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round
To make ſome great diſcovery,
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian King,
Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait,
Still wear, ſtill dote on his inviſible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t'imagine right
As to paint *Echo* to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name:
Becauſe, alas, when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Altho' they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And tho' the title ſeems to ſhow
*The name* and man by whom the book was writ,
*Yet how* ſhall they be brought to know,

Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Mens folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us, what is fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion ſit
Inthron'd with heav'nly wit,
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity,
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfuſion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right, will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind):
And when you find out theſe, believe true fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown, is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly, ſlipp'ry god, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,

And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you anſwer all phenomena's there:
Tho' madmen and the wits, philoſophers and fools,
With all that factious, or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Tho' all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and ſhame,
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſeleſs doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a * god himſelf to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From ev'ry age thro' which it paſs'd,
But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by heav'n deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock-habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft in fools and madmens hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingal to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new die:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſs'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great,

* Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.

How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding muſe oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel-muſe, alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious heart.
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
*Cruel unknown!* what is it you intend?
Ah, could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you, and on your childrens head;
For you (ah, did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conſcience to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generoſity,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—tho' you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And ſpite of all that they or you can do,

'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting, and how vain,
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqu'ror's death,
When the ſad melancholy muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.
I grieve, this noble work ſo happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
Muſt fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Altho' we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, tho' gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhould dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
*From* Ignorance's univerſal north,

And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

## TOLAND's invitation to DISMAL, to dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from HORACE, epist. 5. lib. 1.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern-wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves head with your trusty friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.

*Si potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,*
*Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella;*
*Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.*
* * * * * * * *
*Mitte leves spes, certamina divitiarum,*



* The members of the calves head club were about sixteen of the greatest men in England. They dined once a week at each others houses, or at taverns, if more convenient, by rotation. Swift wrote this invitation in December 1711, occasioned by his friend the Lord Treasurer Oxford's hinting to him one evening, that he wished a ballad were made on the Earl of * * *. The ballad, which, according to Swift's observation, is two degrees above Grub-street, was written and sent to the press the next morning; and when it was brought by the printer to that famous and grand society, whereof Swift was a member, and read by one of the company, it made them all laugh a dozen times; as we are told in a letter from Swift to Stella. It has abundance of wit and humour, strangely adapted to the proceedings and outrage of the Whigs at that particular juncture; and will gratify the men of taste and spirit, who are all of them admirers of the Doctor. *Swift.*

To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant*'s head,
The wine, his blood, *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt confuſion to the race of kings;
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.

WHO, by diſgraces or ill fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
And fill J—ck Sm—th with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine ev'n Sc—rb—r—gh is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not ſo grave:
Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd ſenſe,
M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence:
Ch—ly, when drunk, can never loſe his wand,
And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.

MY province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.

*Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras nato Cæſare feſtus*
*Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit*
*Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

*Quid non ebrietas deſignat? Operta recludit;*
*Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:*
*Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.*
*Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?*
*Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?*
*Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non*
*Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa*
*Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx,*
*Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos*
*Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coeat par,*

S—nd—nd, Or—rd, B—le, and R—ch—d's Grace
Will come; and H—mp—n ſhall have W—p—le's place.
W—rt—n, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt—k.

Let no pretence of bus'neſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Gu—rn—y call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaſe you with King Charles, and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

*Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,*
*Et, niſi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabinum*
*Detinet, aſſumam; locus eſt et pluribus umbris:*
*Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.*
*Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; et, rebus omiſſis,*
*Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.*

* A dialogue between a LAWYER and Dr SWIFT †.

Imitated from HORACE, ſat. 1. book 2.

Written in the year 1729.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatire in my vein,

† This poem was wrote by Robert Lindſay, Eſq; afterwards one of the judges of the common pleas in Ireland. He was a gentleman remarkable for his learning, taſte, wit, and genius; ſo that, in all probability, he was one of the fineſt ſpirits Dr Swift was ever acquainted with in his whole life. He, from a truly patriot ſpirit, ſupplied the Dean with all materials relating to the *laws of the land, which* were neceſſary on occaſion of the controverſy

That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters;
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers lore,
What's your advice? ſhall I give o'er,
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or hum'rous proſe,
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoir lock up my quill?
SINCE you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgment of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ,
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert that Hyde, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory,
While Burnet, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage;
To Woolſton recommend our youth
For learning, probity, and truth,
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds,
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;

verſy concerning Wood's halfpence. The Dean acknowledges his obligations to him in a lively and delicate compliment in the Drapier's letters, [in vol. 3. let. 3. p. 57.] The poem is a *ſpecimen* of that ſort of praiſe, or, to ſpeak in the language of *Lord Orrery, of that ſort of flattery*, with which Dr Swift was *daily fed in Ireland*. Swift.——The Dean appointed Mr Lindſay *one of his* executors. See vol. 4. p. 342.

He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wiſdom fate;
Lament, upon their hapleſs fall,
That force free virtue ſhould inthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of wealth and pow'r
Make me pollute the Muſes bow'r?

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
Some by philoſophers miſled,
Muſt honour you alive and dead;
And ſuch as know what Greece has writ,
Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
While moſt that are, or would be great,
Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate,
And you on Drapier's hill † muſt lie,
And there without a mitre die.

## The BEASTS CONFESSION to the PRIEST,

On obſerving how moſt men miſtake their own talents.

Written in the year 1732.

### The PREFACE.

'I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a 'more general and greater miſtake, or of worſe 'conſequences through the commerce of mankind, than 'the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their



† *See the poem ſo called, in* vol. 6. p. 342.

'own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, 'a great frequenter of coffee houſes, who, when a freſh 'news-paper was brought in, conſtantly ſeized it firſt, 'and read it aloud to his brother-citizens; but in a 'manner, as little intelligible to the ſtanders-by as to 'himſelf. How many pretenders to learning expoſe 'themſelves by chuſing to diſcourſe on thoſe very parts 'of ſcience wherewith they are leaſt acquainted! It is 'the ſame caſe in every other qualification. By the 'multitude of thoſe who deal in rhymes, from half a 'ſheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there 'muſt be at leaſt five hundred poets in the city and ſub-'urbs of London; half as many coffeehouſe orators, 'excluſive of the clergy; forty thouſand politicians; 'and four thouſand five hundred profound ſcholars: 'not to mention the wits, the railers, the ſmart fellows 'and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a ſuburb-'whore. What are we to think of the fine dreſſed ſparks, 'proud of their own perſonal deformities, which appear 'the more hideous by the *contraſt* of wearing ſcarlet and 'gold, with what they call toupees * on their heads, 'and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a 'figure before women; ſome of them with hump-backs, 'others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their 'faces diſtorted! I have ſeen many of theſe inſipid pre-'tenders entering into converſation with perſons of 'learning, conſtantly making the groſſeſt blunders in 'every ſentence, without conveying one ſingle idea fit 'for a rational creature to ſpend a thought on; perpe-'tually confounding all chronology and geography e-'ven of preſent times. I compute, that London hath 'eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-kind, for 'one among us in Dublin; beſides two thirds of ours 'tranſplanted thither, who are now naturalized; where-'by that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article 'of dunces by forty to one; and what is more, to our 'further mortification, there is not one diſtinguiſhed 'fool of Iriſh birth or education, who makes any noiſe 'in that famous metropolis, unleſs the London prints 'be very partial or defective; whereas London is ſel-'dom

* Wigs with long black tails, worn for ſome years paſt. November 1738.

'dom without a dozen of their own educating, who in-'gross the vogue for half a winter together, and are 'never heard of more, but give place to a new set. 'This hath been the constant progress for at least thirty 'years past, only allowing for the change of breed and 'fashion.'

## ADVERTISEMNT.

The following POEM is grounded upon the universal folly of mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man.

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That ev'ry subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins.

GOOD father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was, I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

THE ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
*And could not let a dunce alone:*

Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the King:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

THE ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In ev'ry turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.

THE mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
Who ſaid his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet!
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.

THE goat advanc'd with decent pace;
*And firſt* excus'd his youthful face;

Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution,
But through a pious reſolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity as monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As ſtrictly too, as doth his Reverence ‡.

Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own, but can you gueſs?
——— Why, virtue's carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer ſwears, you may rely on't,
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt Eſther term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term or two at moſt.

The cringing knave who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:

‡ The *prieſt his confeſſor.*

Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

THE chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone in merit:
Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

THE Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; and God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,

His houſehold twice a-day to pray'rs.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops;
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops;
He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the 'ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.

The ſtateſman tells you with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere*;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lies,
'Twas *he* defeated the Excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion:
His practice was, in ev'ry ſtation,
To ſerve the King, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry caſe,
The fitteſt man to fill a place;
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year;

Muſt at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To croud the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or awkward ſhame,
(For which he owns himſelf to blame)
He found the wiſeſt men he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.

THE ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for to his coſt
By want of ſkill he always loſt;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye:
No wonder how his fortune ſunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact:
And ſo abſurd, that could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian fabling Æſop,
I would accuſe him to his face
For libelling the *four-foot* race.
Creatures of ev'ry kind but ours
*Well* comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs;

While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents ev'ry day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis* ‡;
Wherein the moraliſts deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degen'rate* into men †.

## On DAN JACKSON's picture cut in paper.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he *piqu'd* her,
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady, then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurpriſe
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;



‡ A definition of man diſapproved by all logicians:
*Homo eſt animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.*
† See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms, in vol. 4.

And to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outſide, ſays Dan with a vapour.
Say you ſo?, ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P——D——*ſculpſit.*

## ANOTHER.

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſteboard-head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan——
You'd ſwear the paſteboard was the better man.
The dev'l, ſays he, the head is not ſo full——
Indeed it is, behold the paper ſcull.

THO S——D *ſculp.*

## ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice;
Chloe obſerving this diſgrace,
*On Pam* cut out his rueful face.

By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——D *sculp.*

## On the foregoing PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic,
I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs preferments.
But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.
Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre.
I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear, it is hers.
'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.
Take courage, Dan, this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows,
What fortune may befal his nose.
Shew me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:
For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the end.
And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurpriſe,
Thy noſe outſhining Cælia's eyes. SWIFT.

## DAN JACKSON's anſwer.

*My verſe little better you'll find than my face is,*
*A word to the wiſe,* ut pictura poeſis.

THREE merry lads with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let then ſuch critics know, my face
Gives them their comlineſs and grace:
Whilſt ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name the men who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture farce;
The ſquire in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De el-any;

And yet much more, that half-name-ſake
Should join a party in the freak.
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you Dan to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe, whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let critics cenſure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

## Anſwer to DAN JACKSON, by Mr GEORGE ROCHFORT.

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by noſe or tongue
In not explaining you were wrong
to us, 'Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down, I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in antient Rome,
By matrons worſhipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye,
in anſwer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and ſtone,
In your opinion, are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reas'ning ſo profound,
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo different to confound
t'our ſenſes?

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental ſtroke
convinces.
Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion;
'Gainſt feeling there's no diſputation,
is granted.
Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.
In one aſſertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.
You'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook,
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took),
you'll find, Sir.
S, H, E, *ſhe*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
ſyllables.
*Dan* is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

## Anſwer by Dr DELANY.

ASſiſt me, my muſe, whilſt I labour to limn him
*Credite Piſones iſti tabulæ perſimilem.*

You look and you write with ſo diff'rent a grace,
That I envy your verſe, tho' I didn't your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reaſon enough,
'Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amaz'd, you ſhould think my design
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your Harlequin-grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the deel ſhould malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſterſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by Delany.
Tho' I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the painter, altho' not the picture.
And juſtly ſhe's envy'd, ſince a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphell.
NEXT, as to the charge which you tell us is true,
That we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we drew:
Inſpired we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your noſe, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your noſe been the muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Tho' perhaps it might juſtly've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the diviſion of words in your ſtaves,
Like my countryman's horn comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with't, but preſume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now, if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verſe,
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
*When* Sheridan ſends to *merry* Dan anſwer.

## Anſwer by Dr SHERIDAN.

THree merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir,
For were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus, ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.
Then know from us, moſt beauteous Dan,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women ſhould be pale, and wan,
and taper.
And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and ſleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
mere vapour.
We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it.
Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it.
Drink claret.
Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wain,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.
See what by drinking you have done,
You've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t'your gullet!

DAN

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or pullet.
See what by drinking you have done,
You've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t'your gullet!

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore,
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

## SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

Written by the Dean.

*Cedo jam, miſcræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,*
*Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now ſubdu'd and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon.
Who when I fought, ſtill cut me down,
And when I, vanquiſh'd, fled the town,
Purſu'd and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *Peccavi*,
And proſtrate, ſupplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqu'ror and my king,
*In* pard'ning, as in puniſhing,
*Will* ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The de'il too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t'attack your Highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlineſs,
They left me in the lurch.
Unhappy wretch! for now I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch;

And they, alas, yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

## TOM MULLINIX and DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
*But Tom was beſt at borees;*

Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkip the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

## DICK, A MAGGOT.

AS when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
*Forth iſſues* wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,

With powder'd rump, and back and ſide,
You cannot blench his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gypſey viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t——d juſt dropt on ſnow.

## CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun;
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in ev'ry part,
Thy body's clothed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which, through thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;

Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think, it is but juſt,
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, *Duſt to carry out?*

## DICK's Variety.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and ſlobb'ring C——,
Who ev'ry day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in:
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.

BUT then conſider Dick, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcow'rs the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Tho' Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture ev'ry where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
*He'd* have 'em try'd at the aſſizes
*For* prieſts and Jeſuits in diſguiſes;

Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the Speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers;
Now ſcolding at my Lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Babby in her new ſtays.
*Preſto* begone; with t'other hop
He's powd'ring in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the antechamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

Part of the 9th ode of the fourth book of HORACE, addreſſed to Dr WILLIAM KING, late Lord Archbiſhop of DUBLIN.

*Paulum ſepultæ, &c.*

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breaſt,
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteddy ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice, and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.

HIM for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts that heav'n beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the pow'rs divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine.
The man who, infamy to ſhun,
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

VERSES made for women who cry apples, &c.

## APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven,
My huſband's a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

## ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

## ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here's delicate onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer:
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
No ſav'ry diſh without an onion:
But leſt your killing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be thoroughly boil'd;
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

## OYSTERS.

CHARMING oyſters I cry,
My maſters, come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh;
No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And Madam your wife
They'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She'll *be fruitful, never* fear her.

## HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide *,
Better ne'er was try'd.
Come eat 'em with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſixpence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

## ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale.
Well roaſted with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentlefolks ſup.

## To LOVE.

IN all I wiſh how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee?
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious; let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare.
Where held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.

* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

But what does moſt my indignation move,
*Diſcretion*, thou wert ne'er a friend to *Love!*
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loit'ring god is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs god ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd *Diſcretion!* all the fault was thine.
Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds betwixt thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike *Diſcretion* to the ſhades below.

The following lines were wrote upon a very old glaſs of Sir ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL glaſs, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Tho' none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

Anſwered

Anſwered extempore by Dr SWIFT.

WE both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES cut by two of the DEAN's friends *, upon a pane of glaſs in one of his parlours.

A Bard, on whom Phœbus his ſpirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t'acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a bleſſing.
To the god he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chouſe
By making his patron preſide in his houſe;
And wiſely foreſaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear moſt of th' expence:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always ſobb'd off with ſheer wit and ſheer wine.

On another window.

ARE the gueſts of this houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves ſhould be treated.
In the day of good John †, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, no choice of good wine.

* Theſe were written by Dr Delany in conjunction with Stella, and produced the verſes, intitled, *Apollo to the Dean*. See vol. 6. p. 267.

† Dr John Stearne, late Lord Biſhop of Clogher, who had been the predeceſſor of Dr Swift in the deanery of St Patrick's, and was always diſtinguiſhed for his great hoſpitality.

In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, no choice of good meat.
Oh Jove! then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
Wouldſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt:
Put both deans in one; or if that's too much trouble,
Inſtead of the deans, make the dean'ry double.

An EPITAPH by Dr SWIFT to the memory of FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG, who was unhappily killed in croſſing the river Boyne on the 1ſt of July 1690, and was buried in St Patrick's cathedral, where the Dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour at their own expence.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
etiam atque etiam petierunt,
UT HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpe orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
† Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.

*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,*
*Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos.*
A. D. 1731.

† The words that Dr Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were, *Saltem ut ſciat viator indigitandus, quali in cellula tenui duorum cineres delitescunt.* For the author was always heard to ſpeak with great reverence of the memory of that brave duke, as well as his glorious maſter K. William; and indeed of all others who have ſtruggled for the liberties of thoſe kingdoms, againſt the repeated attempts of arbitrary power. *Dub. edit.*

A

## A BALLAD on the game of TRAFFIC†.

**Written at the caſtle of Dublin, in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government.**

MY *Lord* ‖, to find out who muſt deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the *Doctor* out.
But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h'thinks upon Jack How.

† By caſting our eyes over this ballad, we may obſerve in what manner the Earl and Counteſs of Berkeley, and their little group at the caſtle of Dublin, ſpent their evenings in private, when they were totally diſengaged from the noiſe, the buſtle, and the plague of buſineſs and ceremony. The ſeveral characters which make up this little group, are the Earl and Counteſs of Berkeley, Mrs Biddy Floyd, Mrs Herries, Mrs Weſton, and Dr Swift. This ballad appears to have been deſigned as a piece of raillery upon the whole ſet, and written purely for their domeſtic entertainment. This poem, ſo far as it runs, is full of mirth and humour; the ſecond ſtanza in particular is wonderfully ſtriking,

*But then his Honour cry'd,* &c.

The ſurpriſe of my Lord Berkeley, and the bringing Jack How to remembrance upon the ſight of a knave, for no other reaſon than becauſe he was a famous anti-courtier in thoſe times, perpetually oppoſing and thwarting the meaſures of K. William in the houſe of Commons, is a whimſical piece of drollery in the poetic ſtrain, eſpecially when addreſſed to a court-lord in one of the higheſt employments. We are at a loſs to know whether any more characters were deſigned to have been introduced into this ballad; but we may reaſonably ſuppoſe there were, becauſe in reality it ſeemeth to have been broken off in the very midſt of its career. However, indeed, the politeneſs of Dr Swift would not ſuffer him to enlarge or correct it, after my Lady Betty Berkeley had in a manner given it the finiſhing ſtroke; on occaſion of which he writ the *Ballad to the tune of the Cutpurſe*, [vol. 6. p. 75.], which hath abundance of life, humour, pleaſantry, and politeneſs. Swift.

‖ The Earl of Berkeley.

My *Lady*, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd * looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a *crown*,
'Twill juſt now dye the lining.

" With theſe is Parſon Swift,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme †."

## VERSES ſaid to be written on the UNION.

THE Queen ‡ has lately loſt a part
Of her *entirely-Engliſh* heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch.
Bleſs'd revolution, which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!



* Biddy Floyd. See letter to Colonel Hunter, in vol. 4. let. 96. p. 208. and vol. 6. p. 114.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the author's room unfiniſhed, underwrit the laſt ſtanza, and left the paper *where ſhe had found it*. See vol. 6. p. 75.

‡ *Anne.*

See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man in making poſies
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſman dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel;
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* WILL. WOOD's petition to the people of IRELAND, being an excellent new SONG.

Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreet of Dublin, by WILL. WOOD, ironmonger and halfpenny-monger. 1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſter and ſhine.
They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; threepence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding *.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your ſhoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be———'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſands were not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ban Burton or Fade †:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a ſon of a whore,
If I have a word more

* The Drapier's printer.
† Two famous bankers.

To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

## An EPIGRAM on WOOD's BRASS MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bell ſalute his ears:
But when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

## ANOTHER.

### On the D——E of C——s.

J——s B——s was the Dean's familiar friend:
James grows a Duke; their friendſhip here muſt end.
Surely the Dean deſerves a ſore rebuke,
From knowing James, to ſay, he knows a *Duke*.

## An EPIGRAM on SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

## CATULLUS de LESBIA.

*LEsbia mi dicit semper male; nec tacet unquam*
*De me. Lesbia me, dispeream; nisi amat.*
*Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam*
*Assiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.*

## In ENGLISH.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this; I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her ev'ry hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

Mr JASON HASSARD, a woollen-drapier in Dublin, put up the sign of the *golden fleece*, and desired a motto in verse.

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the *golden fleece*;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame your *watchful dragon* *,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

## The AUTHOR's manner of living.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick, and pint of wine.

* England.

On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſponge upon a friend:
Yet where he's not ſo rich as I;
I pay my club, and ſo good b'y'———.

## To a LADY, who deſired the author to write ſome verſes upon her in the heroic ſtyle.

Written at London in the year 1726.

AFTER venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I would find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy muſe employ'd,
Till the company is cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Theſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

HEARKEN what my Lady ſays;
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wand'ring head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs:
If I always ſeem ſo dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi—culty.

*You* would teach me to be wiſe;
*Truth* and honour how to prize;

How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;
How to reliſh notions high;
How to live and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate,
Mr Dean you come too late;
Well I know, you can diſcern
I am now too old to learn:
Follies from my youth inſtill'd
Have my ſoul intirely fill'd:
In my head and heart they centre;
Nor will let your leſſons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſs'd like any lady-may'reſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continual playday;
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my caſe at large;
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paltry burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule:
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court nor parliament can 'ſcape ye;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime;
Treat *not me with doggral* rhyme.

'Tis but juſt you ſhould produce
With each fault each fault's excuſe:
Not to publiſh ev'ry trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpiteful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all your *modern* dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite with-hold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſneer and gibe?
Who, with leſs-deſigning ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends?
With good words and count'nance ſprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

THINK not cards my chief diverſion;
'Tis a wrong unjuſt aſperſion:
Never knew I any good in 'um,
But to doze my head like *Iodanum*:
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
*Mr Dean*, you muſt reply.

MADAM, I allow 'tis true :
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloſs over ;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.

THO' you lead a blameleſs life,
Live an humble, prudent wife ;
Anſwer all domeſtic ends,
What is this to us your friends ?
Tho' your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod :
Tho' by your obliging ſway
Servants love you, and obey ;
Tho' you treat us with a ſmile,
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle ;
Load our plates from ev'ry diſh ;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Col'nel——may be your debtor ;
We expect employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.

SCHOLARS, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it taſting and imbibing ;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think :
We may *carve* for others thus,
And let others carve for us :
To diſcourſe, and to attend,
Is, to *help* yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but *carving* ;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving :
Give no more to ev'ry gueſt,
Than he's able to digeſt :
Give him always of the prime,
*And but little* at a time.

*Carve* to all but juſt enough;
Let them neither ſtarve, nor ſtuff:
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How converſing, liſt'ning, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtill?

To conclude this long eſſay:
Pardon if I diſobey;
Nor againſt my nat'ral vein
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.
I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked miniſters of ſtate
I can eaſier ſcorn, than hate:
And I find it anſwers right;
Scorn torments them more than ſpight.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Were I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;

*When* my muſe officious ventures
*On the* nation's repreſenters:

Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull:
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the freight enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names.
Like the ever laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage.
(Tho' it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd).
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch.
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pult'ney deep, accompliſh'd St Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, tho' the ſmell be noiſom,
Strip their bums; let Caleb † horſe 'em,
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.

Duce is in you, Mr Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On corruptions running riot.
End, as it befits your ſtation:
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a ſuſs.
I ſubmit and anſwer thus.

If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,

† Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called the *Craftſman*. *Theſe papers* are ſuppoſed to be written by the Lord *Bolingbroke, and Mr* Pulteney, created Earl of Bath.

Never once could have the pow'r
To affect me half an hour;
(Sooner would I write, in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on † Bluſkins);
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on. For, as
It is well obſerv'd by ‡ Horace,
Ridicule has greater pow'r
To reform the world, than four.
Horſes thus, let jokies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.

THUS, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake, as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.

I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſ—n—e-h—ſe and ———;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;

† A famous thief, who was hanged ſome years ſince. See vol. 6. p. 151.

‡ *Ridiculum acri*
*Fortius et melius*, &c.

Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhow their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer:
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming;
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle;
On your faults no longer ſmile,
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote your texts from Plutarch's morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching wiſdom's uſe?

If I treat you like a C——d H———,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St J———s?
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St Stephen's.
You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.

Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You could ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down,
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime.
Such a rocket is my muſe;
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,

Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop.
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain,
Ent'ring warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?

THUS we both ſhould gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

## The DISCOVERY *.

WHEN wiſe Lord Berkeley firſt came here,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders;
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate,
To give the town and country ſport.
Now enters Buſh † with new ſtate-alts,
His Lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyſter ‡.

* When the Earl of Berkeley went over to Ireland as one of the Lords Juſtices, the author, in compliance with his invitation, went over with him as chaplain and private ſecretary. But Buſh, another of the Earl's attendants, having inſinuated, that the place of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means, ſoon after they arrived at Dublin, to obtain it for himſelf.—Swift, fired with indignation at this injurious treatment, writ this ſatirical copy of verſes. *Swift.*

† My Lord's wiſe ſecretary.

‡ Always taken before my Lord went to council.

With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, Who is that?
With this he put up to my Lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my Lord and Buſh
Whiſp'ring in junto moſt profound,
Like good King Phyz, and good King Uſh†,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand diſpute;
To learn what northern kings deſign,
Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin:
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.
My Lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I
Diſguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats:
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My Lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.
Our liſt'ner ſtood a while confus'd,
But gath'ring ſpirits wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſp'ring kings of Brentford.

† Vide the Rehearſal.

## The PROBLEM.

That my Lord B——ley ſtinks when he's in love.——

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by ſtool and ſweat;
Which brings a ſtink from ev'ry pore,
And from behind, and from before:
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite nymph can ſmell it.
But now to ſolve the nat'ral cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out, as anger does in vermin;
So when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who in a fright,
Tho' on a throne, would fall to ſh———
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow,
Once on a time was an a——gut,
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t———
But ſtill, tho' fix'd among the ſtars,
Does ſympathize with human a———.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch.

Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

AND now the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f——
Watching the firſt unfav'ry wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My Lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F——ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Altho' the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt:
So from my Lord his paſſion broke,
He farted firſt, and then he ſpoke.

THE ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another:
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G——, you lie,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear,
Let's not fall out, we all had ſhare;
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My Lord's an univerſal lover.

# A Love-Poem from a Physician to his Mistress.

Written at London in the year 1738. *

BY poets we are well assur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Despising *boluses* and *pills*.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound:
Now, jealousy my *grumbling tripes*
Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes*:
When pity in those eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *spue*.
When I an am'rous kiss design'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall,
Remember how I *fuck'd* it all;
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my *heart* to pieces,
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*,
And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd,
Which breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen stains.
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burst*:

* Dean Swift was not in London after the year 1727.

And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropsy* like a porpus;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

## On a PRINTER'S being sent to Newgate, by—.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey:
Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

## On the little house by the church-yard of CASTLENOCK.

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire,
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, poet Joe†,
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;

† Mr Beaumont of Trim.

And tumbling topſy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.

THIS is the little ſtrutting pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock:
From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
The ſteeple, Knock, the vicar, † Walls.

THE vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpris'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.

A ſchoolboy ran unto't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight;
And ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.

WARBURTON took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe, or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

THEN Mrs Johnſon gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.

† Reverend Archdeacon Wall.

The Rev'rend Dr † Raymond gueſs'd,
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miſs began to cry,
Give me that houſe in my own hand;
Then Madam bad the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk ſaid to her in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country-ſeat,
Where he comes ev'ry week from town?
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother,
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says ‡ Nancy, I can make for Miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

## Upon ſtealing a CROWN when the DEAN was aſleep.

By Dr Sheridan.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes,
Like ghoſt I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour door;
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe?

† Miniſter of Trim.
‡ The waiting-woman.

Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has giv'n ten thouſand pound.
Then ſleep, my friend, dear Dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own.
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

## The DEAN's Anſwer.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without a privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens † and ſixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut——
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the Lady at St Cath'rines ‡
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham‖,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh'em.

*Saturday night.*

## * An EPITAPH on Dr SWIFT's DOG.

OF all the dogs array'd in fur,
Here under lies the trueſt cur.

† *An* Engliſh *ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in Ireland.*
‡ *Lady* Montcaſhel.
‖ *Agmondiſham* Veſey, *Eſq*; *a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great eſteem.*

He knew no tricks, he never flatter'd;
Nor thoſe he fawn'd upon, beſpatter'd:
So far a courtier, he would wait
And condeſcend to lick a plate;
But never ſtrove, O Swift, when fed,
To bite the hand which gave him bread.

Oh, that your dogs, who walk on two,
Had only been but half as true!
Thro' thick and thin, replete or hollow,
Thy ſteps unerring he would follow;
While they who pride in being ſcholars,
Deſert thee now with golden collars;
Or, like Actæon's horrid pack,
Return, to fall upon thy back.

The author and his friends uſed to divert themſelves for amuſement in making riddles; ſome of which have been printed, and were well received: as we hope the following will be, altho' we cannot tell the authors of each. [See vol. 6. p. 296.]

## A RIDDLE.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But ſprung, (and I this truth maintain),
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
*All figures heav'n* or earth can yield;

Like Daphne ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

## ANOTHER.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

## ANOTHER.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a paſſage venture,
But very few are fond to enter;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greateſt eaſe,
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate,
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
*Like Roman* generals triumphant,
*And then* they take a turn and jump on't.

If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

## ANOTHER.

FROM heav'n I fall, though from earth I begin,
No Lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candor and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to inſnare.
Though ſo much of heav'n appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

## ANOTHER.

I'M up, and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I'm found almoſt in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

## ANOTHER.

I Am jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night;
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar,
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to diff'rent uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic pow'r:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings,
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned Doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats,
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay give their very ſouls away.

## ANOTHER.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

## ANOTHER.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features,
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

## ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.

ONE of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Ev'ry brother elſe repoſes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.

Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.

Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has gift'n ten thousand pound.
Then sleep, my friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own.
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

## The Dean's Answer.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without a privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least diff rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But yet apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteen † and sixpence halpenny.
To eat my meat, and drink my mealicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut——
But it's observ'd, that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Cou'd you but *change* a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the Lady at St Cath'rines ‡
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham ||,
And for his victuals let a ragman dish'em.
*Saturday night.*

## * An Epitaph on Dr Swift's Dog.

OF all the dogs array'd in fur,
Here under lies the truest cur.

† An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.
‡ Lady Montcashel.
|| [illegible]isham Vesey, Esq; a very worthy gentleman, for [illegible] had a great esteem.

He knew no tricks, he never flatter'd;
Nor thoſe he fawn'd upon, beſpatter'd:
So far a courtier, he would wait
And condeſcend to lick a plate;
But never ſtrove, O Swift, when fed,
To bite the hand which gave him bread.

Oh, that your dogs, who walk on two,
Had only been but half as true!
Thro' thick and thin, replete or hollow,
Thy ſteps unerring he would follow;
While they who pride in being ſcholars,
Deſert thee now with golden collars;
Or, like Actæon's horrid pack,
Return, to fall upon thy back.

The author and his friends uſed to divert themſelves for amuſement in making riddles; ſome of which have been printed, and were well received: as we hope the following will be, altho' we cannot tell the authors of each. [See vol. 6. p. 296.]

## A RIDDLE.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But ſprung, (and I this truth maintain),
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
*A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud*, a field,
*All figures heav'n* or earth can yield;

Like Daphne ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

## ANOTHER.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

## ANOTHER.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a paſſage venture,
But very few are fond to enter;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greateſt eaſe,
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate,
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
*And then* they take a turn and jump on't.

Beſides a brace of grave divines
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;
Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a——s,
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes.
Compar'd with which, (and that's enough),
A ſmoothing-ir'n itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus, a wiſe tailor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry ſeam an inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are,
Like walls, more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd, like a box;
Thy muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt.
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind:
So in the kindred painter's art
The ſhort'ning is the niceſt part.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar,
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to diff'rent uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic pow'r:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
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Provide me but with paper wings,
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned Doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats,
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay give their very ſouls away.

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And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

## ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.

ONE of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Ev'ry brother elſe repoſes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.

Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
*One for all of us will feel.*

Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more;
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

## ANOTHER.

### FONTINELLA to FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.
The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white;
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?
Ah lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.
Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
*Life's* autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

AND

Lady Santry got out of the church † when she grew
sick,
And, as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick.
For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick:
Yet ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick;
Nor is old Nanny Shales ||, whene'er she does brew,
sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise
sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
sick;
But you learn'd doctors can make whom you chuse
sick.
Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue
sick.
And I got thro' the croud, tho' not led by a clue, sick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due)
sick,
And those to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick.
So are ladies in crouds, when they squeeze and they
screw, sick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue,
sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew sick.

To

† St Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St Cæcilia's day was usually performed.

|| Vide *Gratton inter Belcamp et Clenshob.*

Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea,
Does inſtantly my pow'r obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies;
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan.
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magic gives no pain.

## ANOTHER.

WE are little-brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone.
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Tho' we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

## To Dr SHERIDAN.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Galſtown lads (for ſuch they are)

Beſides a brace of grave divines
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;
Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a——s,
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes.
Compar'd with which, (and that's enough),
A ſmoothing-ir'n itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus, a wiſe tailor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry ſeam an inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are,
Like walls, more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd, like a box;
Thy muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt.
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind:
So in the kindred painter's art
*The ſhort'ning is the* niceſt part.

PHILOLOGERS of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elſe, to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Wherein they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number, and weight, and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long noſe.

## A REBUS written by a LADY * on the Reverend Dean SWIFT. With his ANSWER.

CUT the name of the MAN who his *miſtreſs* deny'd, } *Jo-ſeph.*
And let the *firſt* of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet who DAVID did chide. } *Nathan.*
Then ſay, what a *horſe* is that runs very *faſt*,
And that which deſerves to be *firſt* put the *laſt*;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I deſign'd.
Like the *patriarch* in Egypt, he's vers'd in the *ſtate*;
Like the *prophet* in Jewry, he's free with the *great*;
Like a *racer*, he flies to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his *friends* want his aid, or *deſert* is in need.

The

* Mrs Vanhomrigh.

## The ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her *wit*,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
For mean's her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
The *firſt* but a REBUS, the *laſt* but a DEAN.
A *dean*'s but a *parſon*, and what is a *rebus*?
A thing never known to the muſes or Phœbus;
The corruption of verſe; for when all is done,
It is but a *paraphraſe* made on a *pun*.
But a genius like hers no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf thro' a *trifle*.
By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *Dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*, we proceed to the next,
Where the NYMPH has intirely forſaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *Dean*'s politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull founder'd *jade*.

Written

Written by the Reverend Dr SWIFT on his own DEAFNESS.

*VErtiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis;*
*Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,*
*Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem ſi credere fas eſt,*
*Non clamoſa meas mulier jam percutit aures.*

## In ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

## A LETTER to Dr HELSHAM.

*SIR,* *Nov.* 23. 1731, *at night.*

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick:
I'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick;
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpue-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew-ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's anew ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Art not you, in a croud, when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?

Lady Santry got out of the church † when she grew sick,
And, as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick.
For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick:
Yet ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick;
Nor is old Nanny Shales ||, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
But you learn'd doctors can make whom you chuse sick.
Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue sick.
And I got thro' the croud, tho' not led by a clue, sick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) sick,
And those to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick.
So are ladies in crouds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew sick.

To

† St Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St Cæcilia's day was usually performed.

|| Vide *Gratton inter Belcamp et Clenfioh.*

## To Dr Sheridan.

*Nov.* 23. *at night.*

IF I write any more, it will make my poor muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſcue, ſick.

## A Letter to Dr Helsham.

*SIR,*

Pray diſcruciate what follows.

THE dulleſt beaſt, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar.

The dulleſt of beaſts, and ſwine's delight,
Make up a bird very ſwift of flight.

The dulleſt beaſt, when high in ſtature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a uſeful creature.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a party diſtreſt,
When too long, is bad at beſt.

The dulleſt beaſt, and the ſaddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dulleſt beaſt and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horſe go, though he be not fat.

The dulleſt of beaſts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Iriſhmen ſwear.

The dulleſt beaſt and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a perſon very unfit for intrigues.

The dulleſt beaſt and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for ſchool,
In ſummer is very pleaſant and cool.

The dulleſt beaſt, and that which you kiſs,
May break a limb of maſter or miſs.

Of ſerpent-kind, and what at diſtance kills,
Poor Miſtreſs Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dulleſt beaſt, and eggs unſound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what covers a houſe,
Without it a writer is not worth a louſe.

The dulleſt beaſt, and ſcandalous vermin,
Of roaſt or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.
The dulleſt beaſt, and what's cover'd with cruſt,
There's no body but a fool that would truſt.

The dulleſt beaſt mending highways,
Is to a horſe an evil diſeaſe.
The dulleſt beaſt, and a hole in the ground,
Will dreſs a dinner worth five pound.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dulleſt beaſt, and fiſh for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a ſhameful jeer,
Without it a lady ſhould never appear.

*Wedneſday night.*

I writ all theſe before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, becauſe I cannot do it.

## PROBATUR ALITER.

A Long-ear'd beaſt, and a field-houſe for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.
A long-ear'd beaſt, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms firſt gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Chriſtians thought,
In clergymen the greateſt fault.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a ſcold, that will mend her.
With a long-ear'd beaſt, and med'cines uſe,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and ſpruce.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and holy fable,
Strengthens the ſhoes of half the rabble.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Rheniſh wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Flanders college,
Is Dr T——l to my knowledge.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and building knight;
Cenſorious people do in ſpight.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and bird of night,
We ſinners are too apt to ſlight.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and ſhameful vermin,
A judge will eat, tho' clad in ermin.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Iriſh cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a ſmart.
A long-ear'd beaſt in mud to lie,
No bird in air ſo ſwift can fly.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and a ſputt'ring old Whig,
I wiſh he were in it, and dancing a jig.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable ſmell both morning and night.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the child of a ſheep,
At whiſt they will make a deſperate ſweep.
A beaſt long-ear'd, and till midnight you ſtay,
Will cover a houſe much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the drink you love beſt,
You call him a ſloven in earneſt or jeſt.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the ſixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unleſs I look'd better.
A long-ear'd beaſt give me, and eggs unſound,
Or elſe I will not ride one inch of ground.
A long-ear'd beaſt, another name for jeer,
To ladies ſkins there's nothing comes ſo near.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and kind noſe of a cat,
Is uſeful in journeys, take notice of that.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and what ſeaſons your beef,
On ſuch an occaſion the law gives relief.
A long-ear'd beaſt, a thing that force muſt drive in,
Bears up his houſe, that's of his own contriving.

## TOM's metamorphoſis into a POET and SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little ſilly,
Irreſolute, and ſhally-ſhilly;
What he ſhould do, he could not gueſs:
They mov'd him like a man at cheſs.
Swift told him once that he had wit:
Swift was in jeſt, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himſelf ſon of ſecond Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But ſwallow'd ſo much water down,
He got a dropſy: now they ſay 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes;
And all the liquor he has paſt,
Is without ſpirit, ſalt, or taſte.
But ſince it paſt, Tom thought it wit;
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
He writ the wonder of all wonders,
He writ the blunder of all blunders:

He writ a merry farce for poppet,
Taught actors how to ſqueak and hop it;
A treatiſe on the wooden man*;
A ballad on the noſe of Dan†;
The art of making April fools,
And four and thirty punning rules:
The learned ſay, that Tom went ſnacks
With philomaths for almanacks;
Tho' they divided are, and ſome ſay
He writ for Whaley, ſome for Campſay ‡,
Hundreds there are who will make oath,
He wrote alternately for both:
For tho' they made the calculations,
Tom writ the monthly obſervations.
Such were his writings; but his chatter
Was one continued clitter clatter.
Swift ſlit his tongue, and made him talk,
Cry *Cup of ſack*, and *Walk, knaves, walk:*
And fitted little prating Poll,
For wiry cage in common hall;
(Made him expert at quibble jargon,)
And quaint at ſelling of a bargain.
Poll he could talk in different linguo's,
But he could never learn diſtinguo's:
Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a ſpaniel turn'd his parrot;
Made him to walk on his hind-legs,
And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
Then cuts a caper o'er a ſtick,
Lies cloſe, will whine, and creep, and lick.
Swift puts a bit upon his ſnout,
Poor Tom he dares not look about;
But ſoon as Swift once gives the word,
He ſnaps it up, tho' 'twere a t—d.

* The ſign of a wooden man in Eſſex-ſtreet, Dublin.
† A perſon remarkable for a noſe of an enormous ſize.
‡ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

## *Mrs PILKINGTON to Dr SWIFT, on his birthday.

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold!
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus shine
In ev'ry excellence divine;
I grieve, that our degen'rate days
Produce no mighty souls like these;
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
Spare your reflexion, Phœbus cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
Can you complain this sacred day,
That virtues, or that arts decay?
Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame.

## A LOVE-SONG.

A Pud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re quire;
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His mi seri ne ver at restis.

## An EPIGRAM on DIC.

DIC, heris agro at, an da quarto finale,
*Fora ringat ure nos*, an da stringat ure tale.

# The LIFE and genuine CHARACTER of the Reverend Dr SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

## Written by himself.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The verses on the death of Dr Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, altho' he never suffered any of them to take one; the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the author never made use of,) to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, altho' the genuine one was not published until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we publish the following, (altho' he would not own it); which, the best judges allow, hath many fine strokes of wit, and humour †.

## To the READER.

This poetical account of the *life* and *character* of the Reverend Dr Swift, so celebrated thro' the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a *maxim* of Rochefoucault; and is now published from the author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the *publisher* to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq;

## To ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

### Of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex.

AS you have been long an *intimate friend* of the *author* of the following *poem*, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some particulars, how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procured a *copy*.

IT seems the Dean, in conversation with some *friends*, said, he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his *character* after his death; and thought it might be no improper subject for a *poem*. This happened above a year before he finished it; for it was written by *small* pieces, just as *leisure* or *humour* allowed him.

† See the Verses on Dr Swift's death, in vol. 6. p. 233.

He shewed some parts of it to *several friends*, and when it was completed, he seldom refused the sight of it to any *visiter*: so that probably it hath been perused by fifty persons; which, being against his *usual practice*, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the people of Dublin impatient to see it *published*, and at the same time to *disappoint* them: for he never would be prevailed on to grant a *copy*, and yet several lines were *retained* by *memory*, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought, that one of his *servants* in whom he had great *confidence*, and who had access to his *closet*, took an opportunity, while his *master* was riding some miles out of town, to *transcribe* the whole *poem*: and it is probable, that the *servant* lent it to *others*, who were not *trusty*, (as is generally the case). By this accident, I having got a very *correct copy*, from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very *good judges*, *friends* of the *Dean*, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such a *superior judge* and *poet*), who are well acquainted with the *author's* style, and manner, and they all allow it to be *genuine*, as well as perfectly *finished* and *correct*; his particular *genius* appearing in every line, together with his *peculiar* way of *thinking* and *writing*.

I should be very sorry to offend the Dean, altho' I am a perfect stranger to his *person*: but, since the *poem* will infallibly be soon printed, either here, or in Dublin, I take myself to have the best *title* to send it to the *press*; and I shall direct the *printer* to commit as few *errors* as possible.

*I am*, SIR, *with the greatest respect*,

*From my chambers in the Inner-Temple, London, April* 1. 1733. *your most obedient, and most humble servant*,

L. M.

The

## The LIFE and CHARACTER of Dr S

### Upon a MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT ‖

WISE Rochefoucault a *maxim* writ
Made up of malice, truth, and wit:
If what he says be not a joke,
We mortals are strange kind of folk.

BUT hold:——Before we farther go,
'Tis fit the *maxim* we should know.

HE says, "Whenever fortune sends
"Disasters to our dearest friends,
"Altho' we outwardly may grieve,
"We oft are laughing in our sleeve."
And when I think upon't, this minute,
I fancy, there is something in it.

WE see a comrade get a fall,
Yet laugh our hearts out, one and all.

TOM for a wealthy wife looks round,
A nymph that brings ten thousand pound;
He no where could have better pick'd;
A rival comes, and Tom—is nick'd—
See how behave his friends profest,
They turn the matter to a jest;
Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,
*Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk*——!

I could give instances enough,
That human friendship is but stuff.
Whene'er a flatt'ring puppy cries,
You are his dearest friend—; he lies:
To lose a guinea at piquet,
Would make him rage, and storm, and fret;

‖ See the maxim, in vol. 6. p. 233.

Bring from his heart *ſincerer* groans,
Than if he heard you *broke your bones.*

COME, tell me truly, would you take well,
Suppoſe your *friend* and you were *equal,*
To ſee him always *foremoſt* ſtand,
Affect to take the *upper hand,*
And ſtrive to paſs in *public* view,
For much a *better man* than *you?*
*Envy,* I doubt, would pow'rful prove,
And get the *better* of your *love:*
'Twould pleaſe your palate, *like a feaſt,*
To ſee him *mortify'd* at leaſt——

'TIS true, we talk of *friendſhip* much,
But who are they that can *keep touch*—?
True *friendſhip* in two breaſts requires
The ſame *averſions* and *deſires:*
My *friend* ſhould have, when I complain,
A *fellow-feeling* of my *pain.*

YET, by *experience,* oft we find,
Our *friends* are of a *diff'rent* mind;
And were I tortur'd with the *gout,*
They'd *laugh* to ſee me make a *rout,*
Glad that themſelves could walk about.

LET me ſuppoſe, two ſpecial friends,
And each to *poetry* pretends;
Would either *poet* take it well,
To hear the other *bore the bell*——?
His *rival* for the *chiefeſt* reckon'd,
*Himſelf* paſs only for the *ſecond*——?

WHEN you are *ſick,* your *friends,* you ſay,
Will ſend their *bowd'ye's* ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you ſmall relief——!
They ſend for *manners*—; not for *grief*—:
Nor, if you dy'd, would fail to go
*That ev'ning to a puppet-ſhow*——:

Yet come in time to *shew* their *loves*,
And get a *hat-band*, *scarf*, and *gloves*.

To make these *truths* the better known,
Let me suppose the *case* my *own*.

THE day will come, when't shall be said,
"D'ye hear the *news*—? the Dean is dead—!
"*Poor man*: he went, all on a sudden—!"
H'as dropp'd, and *giv'n the crow a pudding!*
What *money* was behind him found?
"I hear about *two thousand* pound——
"'Tis own'd he was a *man* of *wit*—,"
Yet many a *foolish thing* he writ—;
"And sure he must be *deeply* learn'd—!"
That's more than ever I discern'd—;
"I know his *nearest friends* complain,
"He was too *airy* for a *Dean*———.
"He was an *honest man*, I'll swear———:"
Why, Sir, I differ from you there;
For I have heard another story,
He was a most *confounded Tory*——!
"Yet here we had a strong report,
"That he was *well receiv'd* at *court*—."
Why, then it was, I do assert,
Their *goodness*, more than his *desert*——
He grew, or else his *comrades* ly'd,
Confounded *dull*—, before he dy'd.

HE hop'd to have a *lucky hit*,
Some *medals* sent him for his *wit*;
But truly there the Dean was bit——
"And yet, I think, for all your *jokes*,
"His *claim* as good as other *folks*——"

"MUST we the *drapier* then forget?
"Is not our *nation* in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters!*——"
*He* should have left them for his betters;

We had a hundred *abler men*,
Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.——
Say what you will about his *reading*,
You never can defend his *breeding*!
Who in his *ſatires* running riot,
Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;——
Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
*Court*, *city*, *camp*, all one to him.——

But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
Offend our *patriot*, Great Sir Robert;
Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r,
To *ſave* the *nation* ev'ry hour?
What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels,
In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!
Not ſparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
But *eats* into it like a *moth*.——

" If he makes *mankind* bad as *elves*,
" Anſwer, they may thank themſelves:
" If *vice* can never be abaſh'd,
" It muſt be *ridicul'd* or *laſh'd*."
But if I chance to make a *ſlip*,
What right had he to hold the *whip*?

" If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
" He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
" Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke*?
" *Vice* is a *vermin*, *ſportſmen* ſay
" No *vermin* can demand *fair play*,
" But ev'ry hand may juſtly ſlay."

I envy not the *wits*, who write
Merely to *gratify* their *ſpite*;
Thus did the *Dean*; his only ſcope
Was, to be held a *miſanthrope*.
This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
*Which, if he lik'd, much good may't do him*:

This gave him *enemies* in plenty,
Throughout *two realms* nineteen in twenty;
His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
For had we made him *timely* offers,
To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*;
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
For *party* he would ſcarce have bled—
I ſay no more,—becauſe he's *dead*.—

" But who could charge him to his face,
" That e'er he *cring'd* to *men* in *place*?
" His *principles*, of antient date,
" Ill ſuit with thoſe profeſs'd of late:
" The *Pope*, or *Calvin*, he'd oppoſe,
" And thought they *both* were equal foes:
" That *church* and ſtate had ſuffer'd more
" By *Calvin* than the *ſcarlet whore*:
" Thought *Popiſh* and *fanatic zeal*
" *Both bitter* foes to Britain's weal.
" The *Pope* would of our *faith* bereave us——
" But ſtill our *monarchy* would leave us——
" Not ſo the vile *fanatic crew*;
" That ruin'd *church* and *monarch* too.

" SUPPOSING theſe reflections juſt,
" We ſhould indulge the *Dean's* diſguſt,
" Who ſaw this *factious tribe* careſs'd,
" And *lovers* of the *church* diſtreſs'd——
" The *patrons* of *the good old cauſe*,
" In *ſenates* ſit, in making laws;
" The moſt *malignant* of the *herd*,
" In ſureſt way to be preferr'd——;
" And *preachers* find the better quarter,
" For *railing* at the royal *martyr*.

" WHOLE ſwarms of *ſects*, with grief, he ſaw,
" More favour'd than the *church* by law:

" Thought *Proteſtant* too good a name
" For *canting hypocrites* to claim,
" Whoſe *proteſtation* hides a *ſling*
" Deſtructive to the *church* and *king*:
" Which might as well, in his opinion,
" Become an *Atheiſt*, or *Socinian*."

A *Proteſtant*'s a ſpecial *clinker*;
" It ſerves for *ſceptic* and *free thinker*:
" It ſerves for *ſtubble*, *hay*, and *wood*,
" For ev'ry thing,—*but what it ſhould*.

What writings has he left behind?——
" I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
" A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe——"
Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe:——
All ſcribbled in the *worſt of times*,
To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praiſe Queen Anne; nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the *pretender*:——
Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,——
Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite*:
Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third*;
A *lie* at ev'ry *ſecond* word:
Offenſive to a *loyal* ear:——
But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*.——

" *Sir*, our *accounts* are diff'rent quite,
" And your *conjectures* are not right;
" 'Tis plain, his writings were deſign'd
" To *pleaſe*, and to *reform* mankind:
" And if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*:
" The *praiſe* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.

" Then, ſince you *dread* no further *laſhes*,
" You freely may *forgive his aſhes*."

*The end of the* Miscellanies *in* Verse.

# A LETTER to a YOUNG CLERGYMAN lately entered into HOLY ORDERS *.

*SIR,* *Dublin, Jan.* 9. 1719-20.

ALTHO' it was againſt my knowledge or advice, that you entered into holy orders, under the preſent diſpoſitions of mankind towards the *cloath*; yet ſince it is now ſuppoſed too late to recede, (at leaſt according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wiſh, that the circumſtances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued ſome years longer in the univerſity, at leaſt till you were ten years ſtanding; to have laid in a competent ſtock of human learning, and ſome knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world: for I cannot but lament the common courſe, which at leaſt nine in ten of thoſe who enter into the miniſtry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are conſequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themſelves fully diſcharged, they get into orders as ſoon as they can, (upon which I ſhall make no remarks); firſt ſolicit a readerſhip, and, if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or elſe are ſent to be aſſiſtants in the country, where they probably continue ſeveral years, (many of them their whole lives), with thirty or forty pounds a-year for their ſupport; till ſome biſhop, who happens to be not over-ſtocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to ſupply his dioceſe without colonies from England, beſtows upon them ſome inconſiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already incumbered with a numerous family.

I

* This ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms. Tho' it be addreſſed only to a young clergyman, yet it is adapted to every age and underſtanding. It contains obſervations that delight and improve every mind; and may be read *with* pleaſure and advantage by the oldeſt and moſt exemplary *divines*. *Orrery*.

I would be glad to know, what intervals of life such persons can possibly set apart for the improvement of their minds; or which way they could be furnished with books, the library they brought with them from their college, being usually not the most numerous, or judiciously chosen. If such gentlemen arrive to be great scholars, it must, I think, be either by means supernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwise, and that many of them lose the greatest part of the small pittance they received at the university.

I take it for granted, that you intend to pursue the beaten track, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit; only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and to *speak*, before you venture to expose your parts in a city-congregation; not that these are better judges, but because if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him with the utmost freedom to give you notice of whatever he shall find amiss either in your voice or gesture; for want of which early warning many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to shake off.

I could likewise have been glad, if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of a style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions peculiar to the nation: neither do I perceive, that any person either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper *words in proper places* make the true definition of a style.

But this would require too ample a diſquiſition to be now dwelt on. However, I ſhall venture to name one or two faults, which are eaſy to be remedied with a very ſmall portion of abilities.

THE firſt is, the frequent uſe of obſcure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the better ſort of vulgar *fine language*; than which I do not know a more univerſal, inexcuſable, and unneceſſary miſtake, among the clergy of all diſtinctions, but eſpecially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a liſt of ſeveral hundred words in a ſermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could poſſibly underſtand: neither can I eaſily call to mind, any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, altho' many of them agree with me in the diſlike of the thing. But I am apt to put myſelf in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obſcure, which the preacher will not allow to be ſo, becauſe thoſe words are obvious to ſcholars. I believe the method obſerved by the famous Lord Falkland, in ſome of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines. I was aſſured by an old perſon of quality, who knew him well, that when he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or no, he uſed to conſult one of his lady's chambermaids, (not the waiting-woman, becauſe it was poſſible ſhe might be converſant in romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great perſon thought ſuch a caution neceſſary, in treatiſes offered to the learned world, it will be ſure at leaſt as proper in ſermons, where the meaneſt hearer is ſuppoſed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and underſtanding. But I know not how it comes to paſs, that profeſſors in moſt arts and ſciences are generally the worſt qualified to explain their meanings to thoſe who are not of their tribe. A common farmer ſhall make you underſtand, in three words, *that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken*; whereas a *ſurgeon*, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a ſcholar, ſhall leave you to ſeek. It is frequently the

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red me, he could not repeat six lines; but his method was, to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people, by making them believe he had it all by heart. He further added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the *parish* was, "Our Doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon today." Now, among us, many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method, that, from a habit of saving *time* and *paper*, which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations, or extemporary expletives! and I desire to know, what can be more inexcusable, than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much *pains* and *thought*, for the instruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article, is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen, with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their *paper* to the audience, like an idle schoolboy on a repetition-day.

Let me intreat you therefore, to add one half-crown a-year to the article of *paper*; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct, than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst *solecisms* in *rhetoric*. And, lastly, read your sermon once or twice a-day for a few days before you preach it. To which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished, when the

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"laſt bell rang to church;" and I ſhall readily believe, but not excuſe you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the moſt earneſt manner, againſt endeavouring at wit in your ſermons; becauſe, by the ſtricteſt computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and becauſe too many of your calling have conſequently made themſelves everlaſtingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember ſeveral young men in this town, who could never leave the *pulpit* under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to thoſe gentlemen a longer or ſhorter time, exactly in proportion to their ſeveral degrees of dulneſs: accordingly, I am told that ſome of them retain it to this day. I heartily wiſh the brood were at an end.

BEFORE you enter into the common unſufferable cant of taking all occaſions to diſparage the Heathen *philoſophers*, I hope you will differ from ſome of your brethren, by firſt inquiring what thoſe *philoſophers* can ſay for themſelves. The ſyſtem of morality to be gathered out of the writings or ſayings of thoſe antient ſages, falls undoubtedly very ſhort of that delivered in the goſpel; and wants, beſides, the divine ſanction which our Saviour gave to his. Whatever is further related by the evangeliſts, contains chiefly matters of fact, and conſequently of faith; ſuch as, the birth of Chriſt, his being the Meſſiah, his miracles, his death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wiſdom, being intended only to make us wiſe unto ſalvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be juſtly laid to the charge of the *philoſophers*, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts which happened long after their death. But I am deceived, if a better comment could be any where collected upon the moral part of the goſpel, than from the writings of thoſe excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large inſiſted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of Heatheniſm, I doubt they had leſs of it than the corrupted Jews, in whoſe time they lived. For it is a groſs piece of ignorance among us, to conceive, that, in thoſe polite and learned ages, even perſons of any tolerable education,

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poſe, the hearers can be little edified by the terms of *palming*, *ſhuffling*, *biting*, *bamboozling*, and the like, if they have not been ſometimes converſant among pick-pockets and ſharpers. And truly, as they ſay a man is known by his company, ſo it ſhould ſeem, that a man's company may be known by his manner of expreſſing himſelf, either in public aſſemblies, or private converſation.

It would be endleſs to run over the ſeveral defects of ſtyle among us. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing of the *mean* and the *paltry*, (which are uſually attended by the *fuſtian*), much leſs of the *ſlovenly* or *indecent*. Two things I will juſt warn you againſt. The firſt is, the frequency of flat unneceſſary epithets; and the other is, the folly of uſing old threadbare phraſes, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauſeous to rational hearers, and will ſeldom expreſs your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Altho' as I have already obſerved, our Engliſh tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of underſtanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the propereſt words will generally offer themſelves firſt; and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, ſo as they may be beſt underſtood. Where men err againſt this method, it is uſually on purpoſe, and to ſhew their learning, their oratory, their politeneſs, or their knowledge of the world. In ſhort, that ſimplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is no where more eminently uſeful than in this.

I have been conſidering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the paſſions. This, I obſerve, is in eſteem and practice among ſome church-divines, as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthuſiaſtic ſtrain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps

claimed afterwards a power and right to protect the perſons of debtors; whereby the place became filled with lawleſs refugees of all ſorts, who grew to ſuch a height of wickedneſs and impudence, that it was found neceſſary in King William's time, by act of parliament, to ſuppreſs and bring them to juſtice. *Hawkeſ.*

(perhaps with more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point.

THE two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demoſthenes and Cicero, tho' each of them a leader (or, as the Greeks called it, a *demagogue*) in a popular ſtate, yet ſeem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art. The former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeneſs, learning and wit, laid the greateſt weight of his oratory upon the ſtrength of his arguments offered to their underſtanding and reaſon; whereas Tully conſidered the diſpoſitions of a ſincere, more ignorant, and leſs mercurial nation, by dwelling almoſt entirely on the pathetic part.

BUT the principal thing to be remembered, is, that the conſtant deſign of both theſe orators in all their ſpeeches was to drive ſome one particular point, either the condemnation or acquittal of an accuſed perſon, a perſuaſive to war, the inforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the ſpot, according as the orators on either ſide prevailed. And here it was often found of abſolute neceſſity to inflame or cool the paſſions of the audience; eſpecially at Rome, where Tully ſpoke, and with whoſe writings young divines (I mean thoſe among them who read old authors) are more converſant than with thoſe of Demoſthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other, at leaſt as an orator. But I do not ſee how this talent of moving the paſſions can be of any great uſe, towards directing Chriſtian men in the conduct of their lives, at leaſt in theſe *northern* climates*; where I am confident the ſtrongeſt eloquence of that kind will leave few impreſſions upon any of our ſpirits, deep enough to laſt till the next morning, or rather to the next meal.

BUT what hath chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent diſappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to ſkip over all ſentences where he ſpied

* This diſſuaſive againſt an attempt to move the paſſions, is not intended to cenſure thoſe diſcourſes, by which hope and fear are excited, by an exhibition of their proper objects in proper language; but that cant only, by which hypocrites affect to be melted into tears. See p. 177. *Hawkeſ.*

ſpied a note of admiration at the end. I believe thoſe preachers who abound in *epiphonemas* ‖, if they look about them, would find one part of their congregation out of countenance, and the other aſleep, except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the iſles, who (if they be ſincere) may probably groan at the ſound.

Nor is it a wonder that this expedient ſhould ſo often miſcarry, which requires ſo much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it; as every man will find, much ſooner than learn, by conſulting Cicero himſelf.

I therefore intreat you to make uſe of this faculty (if you be ever ſo unfortunate as to think you have it) as ſeldom, and with as much caution as you can; elſe I may probably have occaſion to ſay of you, as a great perſon ſaid of another upon this very ſubject. A lady aſked him, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving diſcourſe? *Yes*, ſaid he, *I was extremely ſorry, for the man is my friend.*

If, in company, you offer ſomething for a jeſt, and no body ſeconds you in your own laughter, or ſeems to reliſh what you ſaid, you may condemn their taſte, if you pleaſe, and appeal to better judgments; but in the mean time, it muſt be agreed, you make a very indifferent figure: and it is at leaſt equally ridiculous, to be diſappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reaſon may poſſibly operate upon the mind, both of a learned and ignorant hearer, as long as they live, and will edify a thouſand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were ſure to attain it.

If your arguments be ſtrong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the ſubject will properly admit, wherein reaſon and good advice will be your ſafeſt guides: but beware of letting the pathetic part ſwallow up the rational: for I ſuppoſe *philoſophers* have long agreed, that paſſion ſhould never prevail over reaſon.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, firſt, to tell the people what is their duty, and then

‖ *Epiphonema* is a figure in *rhetoric*, ſignifying a ſententious kind of exclamation. *Hawkeſ.*

turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their university-erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms, and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's progress*, than by a long discourse upon the *will* and the *intellect*, and *simple* or *complex ideas*. Others again are fond of dilating on *matter* and *motion*, talk of the *fortuitous concourse of atoms*, of *theories*, and *phænomena*; directly against the advice of St Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kind of studies.

I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to *piety*, *orthodoxy*, or *good sense*, to go about such a work. For, to me, there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case: if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church *holds it*, and confirm it by scripture. For my part, having

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"last bell rang to church;" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons; because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the *pulpit* under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

BEFORE you enter into the common unsufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the Heathen *philosophers*, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first inquiring what those *philosophers* can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those antient sages, falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the gospel; and wants, besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave to his. Whatever is further related by the evangelists, contains chiefly matters of fact, and consequently of faith; such as, the birth of Christ, his being the Messiah, his miracles, his death, resurrection, and ascension; none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be justly laid to the charge of the *philosophers*, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts which happened long after their death. But I am deceived, if a better comment could be anywhere collected upon the moral part of the gospel, than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of Heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews, in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us, to conceive, that, in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education

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much leſs the wiſeſt philoſophers, did acknowledge or worſhip any more than one almighty power, under ſeveral denominations, to whom they allowed all thoſe attributes we aſcribe to the Divinity: and, as I take it, human comprehenſion reacheth no further. Neither did our Saviour think it neceſſary to explain to us the nature of God; becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, it would be impoſſible, without beſtowing on us other faculties than we poſſeſs at preſent. But the true miſery of the Heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine ſanction, without which the dictates of the philoſophers failed in the point of authority; and conſequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in the article of morality; but the philoſophers themſelves did not. Take the matter in this light, and it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by ſhewing the advantages which the Chriſtian world hath over the Heathen, and the abſolute neceſſity of divine revelation, to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue, more univerſal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from ſome antient fathers in the church, who arguing againſt the Heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philoſophy as much as they could; which I hope is not altogether our preſent caſe. Beſides, it is to be conſidered, that thoſe fathers lived in the decline of *literature*; and in my judgment (who ſhould be unwilling to give the leaſt offence) appear to be rather moſt excellent holy perſons, than of tranſcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely ſuffered by ſpurious additions) are of admirable uſe for confirming the truth of antient doctrines and diſcipline, by ſhewing the ſtate and practice of the primitive church. But among ſuch of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any, whoſe manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imitation of a young divine, when he is to ſpeak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too haſtily; there being ſeveral of them in whoſe writings I have made very little progreſs, and in others none at all. For I peruſed only ſuch as were recommended to me, at a

then to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from *Scripture* and *reason*. Upon the former, I wish it were often practised, to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgment: the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer upon both, is this, that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him, by arguments drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember, that my design in this *paper* was, not so much to instruct you in your business, either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you against some mistakes, which are obvious to the generality of mankind, as well as to me; and we who are hearers, may be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of being standers-by. Only, perhaps, I may now again transgress, by desiring you to express the heads of your divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can; otherwise I, and many thousand others, will never be able to retain them, nor consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular, wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy, for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his *notes*: which when I complimented him upon, he assu-

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will rather believe you on your own word, than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit; for which I am heartily glad. The frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of Popery, which never admitted scripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the Fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of common-place books, which have been long in use by industrious young divines; and, I hear, do still continue so. I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and physicians, because they are collections of facts or cases, whereupon a great part of their several faculties depend: of these I have seen several, but never yet any written by a clergyman. Only, from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral sentences, drawn from ecclesiastical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, usually begun, and perhaps finished, while the collectors were young in the church, as being intended for materials, or nurseries to stock future sermons. You will observe the wise editors of antient authors, when they meet a sentence worthy of being distinguished, take special care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: such, for example, as "the inconstancy of "fortune, the goodness of peace, the excellency of wis-"dom, the certainty of death; that prosperity makes men "insolent, and adversity humble;" and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough tho' he never heard of Aristotle or Plato. If theological common-place books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside; and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, to enlarge on a point which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same

turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

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I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to *piety*, *orthodoxy*, or *good sense*, to go about such a work. For, to me, there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case: if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church holds it, and confirm it by scripture. For my part, having

ving considered the matter impartially, I can see no great reason which those gentlemen you call the *Freethinkers*, can have for their clamour against religious mysteries; since it is plain they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour; for every clergyman is ready, either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them: neither is it strange, that there should be mysteries in divinity, as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

And here I am at loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against *Atheism*, *Deism*, *Freethinking*, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing, especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality; which, as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end.

Because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation is but little edified for the sake of three or four fools, who are past grace: neither do I think it any part of *prudence*, to perplex the minds of well disposed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in a hundred of those who pretend to be Freethinkers, are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation, which I never knew to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life, That no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a Freethinker. Where then are these kind of people to be found? Among the worst part of the soldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle townsops, and now and then a drunken 'squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call *Freethinkers*, who, in propriety of speech, *are no thinkers at all*. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing farther. As young as you are, you cannot but have already observed, what a violent run there is among too

many weak people againſt univerſity education: be firmly aſſured, that the whole cry is made up by thoſe who were either never ſent to a college, or, thro' their irregularities and ſtupidity, never made the leaſt improvement while they were there. I have above forty of the latter ſort now in my eye; ſeveral of them in this town, whoſe *learning*, *manners*, *temperance*, *probity*, *good-nature*, and *politics*, are all of a piece: others of them in the country, oppreſſing their tenants, tyranniſing over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonſenſe, and getting drunk at the ſeſſions. It is from ſuch ſeminaries as theſe, that the world is provided with the ſeveral tribes and denominations of *Freethinkers*; who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Chriſtian religion, becauſe reaſoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reaſoning he never acquired: for, in the courſe of things, men always grow vitious, before they become unbelievers. But if you could once convince the town or country profligate, by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would ſoon drop off. This, I confeſs, is no eaſy taſk; becauſe it is, almoſt in a literal ſenſe, to fight with beaſts. Now, to make it clear, that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines ſo much complain, it is allowed on all hands, that the people of England are more corrupt in their *morals*, than any other nation at this day under the *ſun*: and this corruption is manifeſtly owing to other cauſes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the conſequence of the former; for all the writers againſt Chriſtianity, ſince the Revolution, have been of the loweſt rank among men in regard to *literature*, *wit*, and good *ſenſe*, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propagate *hereſies*, unleſs among a people already abandoned.

In an age, where every thing diſliked by thoſe who think with the majority, is called *diſaffection*, it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you, that this univerſal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years paſt;

paſt; when, without weighing the *motives* of *juſtice*, *law*, *conſcience*, or *honour*, every man adjuſts his *principles* to thoſe of the *party* he hath choſen, and among whom he may beſt find his own account: but, by reaſon of our frequent viciſſitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play, have been forced to recant, or at leaſt to reconcile their former tenets with every new ſyſtem of adminiſtration. Add to this, that the old fundamental cuſtom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aſide, and elections growing chargeable, ſince gentlemen found that their country-ſeats brought them in leſs than a ſeat in the houſe, the voters, *that is to ſay*, the bulk of the common people, have been univerſally ſeduced into *bribery*, *perjury*, *drunkenneſs*, *malice*, and *ſlander*.

Not to be farther tedious, or rather invidious, theſe are a few, among other cauſes, which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and conſequently to the contempt of religion: for imagine to yourſelf, if you pleaſe, a landed youth, whom his mother would never ſuffer to look into a book for fear of ſpoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and obſerving all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmoſt applauſe, what notions he muſt imbibe, how readily he will join in the cry, what an eſteem he will conceive of himſelf, and what a contempt he muſt entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order.

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of *infidelity* hath been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that univerſal corruption of *morals*, which many other cauſes firſt contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus Mr Hobbes's ſaying upon reaſon may be much more properly applied to religion, That "if religion will be againſt a man a man will be againſt "religion." Tho', after all, I have heard a profligate offer much ſtronger arguments againſt paying his debts, than ever he was known to do againſt Chriſtianity. Indeed, the reaſon was, becauſe in that juncture he happened to be cloſer preſſed by the *bailiff* than the *parſon*.

IGNORANCE may perhaps be the *mother* of *ſuperſtition*; but *experience* hath not proved it to be ſo of *devotion*: for Chriſtianity always made the moſt eaſy and quickeſt progreſs

greſs in civilized countries. I mention this, becauſe it is affirmed, that the clergy are in moſt credit where ignorance prevails, (and ſurely this kingdom would be called the *paradiſe* of clergymen, if that opinion were true); for which they inſtance England in the times of *popery*. But whoever knoweth any thing of three or four centuries before the reformation, will find the little learning then ſtirring was more equally divided between the Engliſh clergy and laity, than it is at preſent. There were ſeveral famous lawyers in that period, whoſe writings are ſtill in the higheſt repute; and ſome *hiſtorians* and *poets*, who were not of the *church*. Whereas now-a-days our education is ſo corrupted, that you will hardly find a young perſon of quality with the leaſt tincture of knowledge, at the ſame time that many of the clergy were never more learned or ſo ſcurvily treated. Here among us, at leaſt, a man of letters, out of the three profeſſions, is almoſt a prodigy. And thoſe few who have preſerved any rudiments of learning, are (except perhaps one or two ſmatterers) the clergy's friends to a man: and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greateſt dunce in his pariſh be not always the moſt proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable of his flock.

I think the clergy have almoſt given over perplexing themſelves and their hearers with abſtruſe points of predeſtination, election, and the like; at leaſt, it is time they ſhould; and therefore I ſhall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now ſaid all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit. Your behaviour in the world is another ſcene, upon which I ſhall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to deſire them from me by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.

*I am*, SIR,

*Your affectionate*

*friend and ſervant.*

An

# An ESSAY on the FATES of CLERGYMEN *.

THERE is no *talent* so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called *discretion*: a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. *Courts* are seldom unprovided of persons under this character; on whom, if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest, naturally fall, when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions no body rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances within my own memory; for I say nothing of present times.

AND indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient, that persons endued with this kind of discretion should have that share which is proper to their talents, in the conduct of affairs, but by no means meddle in matters which require *genius*, *learning*, *strong comprehension*, *quickness of conception*, *magnanimity*, *generosity*, *sagacity*, or any other superior gift of human minds: because this sort of *discretion* is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few scruples about the way of obtaining it; with servile flattery and submission; with a want of all public spirit or principle; with a perpetual wrong judgment, when the owners come into power and high place, how to dispose of favour and preferment; having no measure for merit and virtue in others, but those very steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least intention of doing good or hurt to the public, farther than either one or t'other is likely to be subservient to

* This essay was printed in the intelligencer, No 5. and No. 7. See vol. 3. p. 141.

to their own ſecurity or intereſt. Thus, being void of all friendſhip and enmity, they never complain, or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reaſon to do ſo.

MEN of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do ſometimes riſe in the *court*, ſometimes in the *law*, and ſometimes even in the *church*. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Archbiſhop Laud, in the reign of King Charles I. and others in our own times, whom I ſhall not name: but theſe, and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were *diſgraced*, or *baniſhed*, or *ſuffered death*, merely in envy to their virtues and ſuperior genius, which emboldened them, in great exigencies and diſtreſſes of ſtate, (wanting a reaſonable infuſion of this *aldermanly* diſcretion,) to attempt the ſervice of their prince and country out of the common forms.

THIS evil fortune which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, hath been imputed to divers cauſes, that need not be here ſet down, when ſo obvious an one occurs; if what a certain writer obſerves be true, that *when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy againſt him* *. And if this be his fate, when he employs his talents wholly in his cloſet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what muſt he expect, when he ventures out to ſeek for preferment in a court, but univerſal oppoſition, when he is mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? And in this point, fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature: for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and ſpirit mount eaſily, and are hard to fall; whereas heavy bodies are hard to riſe, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight: but we find fortune every day acting juſt the reverſe of this.

THIS talent of diſcretion, as I have deſcribed it in its ſeveral adjuncts and circumſtances, is no where ſo ſerviceable as to the clergy; to whoſe preferment nothing is ſo fatal as the character of wit, politeneſs in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by

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by having too much converſed with perſons of high ſtation and eminency; theſe qualifications being reckoned by the vulgar of all ranks to be marks of levity, which is the laſt crime the world will pardon in a clergyman: to this I may add, a free manner of ſpeaking in mixed company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much reſort, which are equally noxious to ſpiritual promotion.

I have known indeed a few exceptions to ſome parts of theſe obſervations. I have ſeen ſome of the dulleſt men alive aiming at wit, and others, with as little pretenſions, affecting politeneſs in manners and diſcourſe; but never being able to perſuade the world of their guilt, they grew into conſiderable ſtations, upon the firm aſſurance which all people had of their diſcretion, becauſe they were a ſize too low to deceive the world to their own diſadvantage. But this, I confeſs, is a trial too dangerous often to engage in.

THERE is a known ſtory of a *clergyman*, who was recommended for a preferment by ſome great man at court to an archbiſhop. His grace * ſaid, he had heard that the clergymen uſed to play at whiſt and ſwobbers; that, as to playing now and then a ſober game at whiſt for paſtime, it might be pardoned; but he could not digeſt thoſe wicked ſwobbers; and it was with ſome pains that my Lord Sommers could undeceive him. I aſk, by what talents we may ſuppoſe that great prelate aſcended ſo high, or what ſort of qualifications he would expect in thoſe whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of *diſtant churches*?

TWO *clergymen*, in my memory, ſtood candidates for a ſmall *free ſchool* in Yorkſhire, where a gentleman of quality and intereſt in the country, who happened to have a better underſtanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better ſcholar, and more gentlemanly perſon of the two, very much to the regret of all the pariſh. The other being diſappointed, came up to London; where he became the greateſt *pattern of* this lower *diſcretion* that I have known, and poſſeſſed it with

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I will here give the reader a ſhort hiſtory of two *clergymen* in England, the characters of each, and the progreſs of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly diſcretion, and the bad conſequences from the want of that virtue, will ſtrongly appear.

CORUSODES, an Oxford ſtudent, and a farmer's ſon, was never abſent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his *college* after *Tom* had tolled. He ſpent every day ten hours in his cloſet, in reading his courſes, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his ſtockings; which laſt he performed to admiration. He could be ſoberly drunk, at the expence of others, with *college* ale, and at thoſe ſeaſons was always moſt devout. He wore the ſame gown five years, without draggling or tearing. He never once looked into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the ſame cadence, but with a very different taſte. He never underſtood a jeſt, or had the leaſt conception of wit.

FOR one ſaying he ſtands in renown to this day. Being with ſome other ſtudents over a pot of ale, one of the company ſaid ſo many pleaſant things, that the reſt were much diverted, only Coruſodes was ſilent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry com-

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CORUSODES, thus endued, got into holy orders; having, by the moſt extreme parſimony, ſaved thirty four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowſhip; went up to London, where his ſiſter was waiting-woman to a lady; and ſo good a ſolicitor, that, by her means, he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a day, at ten ſhillings a month. He had now acquired a low, obſequious, awkward bow, and a talent of groſs flattery, both in and out of ſeaſon; he would ſhake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechiſm; and was ſometimes admitted to dine at the ſteward's table. In ſhort, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my Lady for chaplain to ſome other noble houſes, by which his revenue (beſides vails) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His ſiſter procured him a ſcarf from my Lord, who had a ſmall deſign of gallantry upon her; and, by his Lordſhip's ſolicitation, he got a lectureſhip in town of ſixty pounds a-year; where he preached conſtantly in perſon, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a ſtyle eccleſiaſtic, and the matter (ſuch as it was) well ſuited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after, a country-living fell in my Lord's diſpoſal; and his Lordſhip, who had now ſome encouragement given him of ſucceſs in his amour, beſtowed the living on Coruſodes; who ſtill kept his lectureſhip and reſidence in town; where he was a conſtant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing farther than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better faſhion in the pariſh happened to be abſent from church, they were ſure of a viſit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

HE had a ſelect number of poor, conſtantly attending at the ſtreet-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common ſolicitor to his former patroneſs, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he diſpoſed of the money. At a perſon of

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FOR one ſaying he ſtands in renown to this day. Being with ſome other ſtudents over a pot of ale, one of the company ſaid ſo many pleaſant things, that the reſt were much diverted, only Coruſodes was ſilent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion

panion aſide, and ſaid, "Sir, I perceive by your often "ſpeaking, and our friends laughing, that you ſpoke "many jeſts; and you could not but obſerve my ſi-"lence: but, Sir, this is my humour; I never make a "jeſt myſelf, nor ever laugh at another man's."

CORUSODES, thus endued, got into holy orders; having, by the moſt extreme parſimony, ſaved thirty-four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowſhip; went up to London, where his ſiſter was waiting-woman to a lady; and ſo good a ſolicitor, that, by her means, he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a-day, at ten ſhillings a month. He had now acquired a low, obſequious, awkward bow, and a talent of groſs flattery, both in and out of ſeaſon; he would ſhake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechiſm; and was ſometimes admitted to dine at the ſteward's table. In ſhort, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my Lady for chaplain to ſome other noble houſes, by which his revenue (beſides vails) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His ſiſter procured him a ſcarf from my Lord, who had a ſmall deſign of gallantry upon her; and, by his Lordſhip's ſolicitation, he got a lecture-ſhip in town of ſixty pounds a-year; where he preached conſtantly in perſon, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a ſtyle eccleſiaſtic, and the matter (ſuch as it was) well ſuited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after, a country-living fell in my Lord's diſpoſal; and his Lordſhip, who had now ſome encouragement given him of ſucceſs in his amour, beſtowed the living on Coruſodes; who ſtill kept his lecture-ſhip and reſidence in town; where he was a conſtant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing farther than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better faſhion in the pariſh happened to be abſent from church, they were ſure of a viſit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

HE had a ſelect number of poor, conſtantly attending at the ſtreet-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common ſolicitor to his former patroneſs, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he diſpoſed of the money. At a perſon of

quality's houſe, he would never ſit down, till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the moſt diſtant chair. His whole demeanor was formal and ſtarched; which adhered ſo cloſe, that he could never ſhake it off in his higheſt promotion.

His Lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the moſt abject aſſiduity; and his ſiſter being gone off with child to a private lodging, my Lord continued his graces to Coruſodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a pariſh in town, and a *dignity in the church*.

He paid his *curates* punctually, at the loweſt ſalary, and partly out of the communion-money; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out ſmall ſums at *ten per cent*, and brought him acquainted with jobbers in 'Change alley. By her dexterity he ſold the clerkſhip of his pariſh, when it became vacant.

He kept a miſerable houſe: but the blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his *books*, or viſiting the ſick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his pariſh.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a moſt ſanctified pride; was rigorouſly and univerſally cenſorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their firſt appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large allowance to the laity of high rank or great riches, uſing neither eyes nor ears for their faults. He was never ſenſible of the leaſt corruption in courts, parliaments, or miniſtries, but made the moſt favourable conſtructions of all public proceedings; and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always ſecure of his moſt charitable opinion. He had many wholeſome maxims, ready to excuſe all miſcarriages of ſtate: *Men are but men*; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and, *quod ſupra nos, nil ad nos*; with ſeveral others of equal weight.

It would lengthen my paper beyond meaſure, to trace out the whole ſyſtem of his conduct; his dreadful apprehenſions of Popery; his great moderation towards *Diſſenters of* all denominations; with hearty wiſhes, that, *by yielding* ſomewhat on both ſides, there might be a general

general union among Proteſtants; his ſhort, inoffenſive ſermons, in his turns at court, and the matter exactly ſuited to the preſent juncture of prevailing opinions; the arts he uſed to obtain a mitre, by writing againſt Epiſcopacy; and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyred prince.

ENDUED with all theſe accompliſhments, we leave him in the full career of ſucceſs, mounting faſt towards the top of the ladder eccleſiaſtical, which he hath a fair probability to reach; without the merit of one ſingle virtue; moderately ſtocked with the leaſt valuable parts of erudition; utterly devoid of all taſte, judgment, or genius; and, in his grandeur, naturally chuſing to hawl up others after him, whoſe accompliſhments moſt reſemble his own; except his beloved ſons, nephews, or other kindred, be in competition; or, laſtly, except his inclinations be diverted by thoſe who have power to mortify or farther advance him.

EUGENIO ſet out from the ſame univerſity, and about the ſame time with Coruſodes. He had the reputation of an arch lad at ſchool, and was unfortunately poſſeſſed with a *talent* for *poetry*; on which account he received many chiding letters from his father, and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college-learning; but his chief ſtudy was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himſelf to be choſen fellow: for it was objected againſt him, that he had written verſes, and particularly ſome, wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for dulneſs; that he had been ſeen bowing to ladies, as he met them in the ſtreets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing, in a private family, with half a dozen of both ſexes.

HE was the younger ſon to a gentleman of a good birth, but ſmall eſtate; and his father dying, he was driven to London to ſeek his fortune. He got into orders, and became reader in a pariſh church at twenty pounds a year, was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-houſe, frequented in thoſe days by men of wit, where in ſome time he had the bad luck to be diſtinguiſhed. His ſcanty ſalary compelled him to run

deep in debt for a new gown and caſſock, and now and then forced him to write ſome paper of wit or humour, or preach a ſermon for ten ſhillings, to ſupply his neceſſities. He was a thouſand times recommended by his poetical friends to great perſons, as a young man of excellent parts, who deſerved encouragement, and received a thouſand promiſes: but his modeſty, and a generous ſpirit, which diſdained the ſlavery of continual application and attendance, always diſappointed him; making room for vigilant dunces, who were ſure to be never out of ſight.

HE had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not ſometimes a little too refined, and apt to truſt too much to his own way of thinking and reaſoning.

WHEN, upon the vacancy of preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon ſome promiſing lord, he received the uſual anſwer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very day before. And he had only this comfort left, that every body ſaid, it was a thouſand pities ſomething could not be done for poor Mr Eugenio.

THE remainder of this ſtory will be diſpatched in a few words. Wearied with weak hopes, and weaker purſuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyſhire, of 30 pounds a-year; and when he was five and forty, had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his father's to a vicarage worth annually ſixty pounds, in the moſt deſert parts of Lincolnſhire; where his ſpirit quite ſunk with thoſe reflections that ſolitude and diſappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is ſtill alive, utterly undiſtinguiſhed and forgotten; only ſome of the neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable man in his youth.*

## An ESSAY on MODERN EDUCATION *.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the courſe and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general ſucceſs and conſequence thereof, I am come to this determination, that education is always the *worſe* in proportion to the *wealth* and *grandeur* of the parents: nor do I doubt in the leaſt, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one *monarch* (provided I might be allowed to chuſe *where* he ſhould fix the ſeat of his empire), the only ſon and heir of that monarch would be the worſt educated mortal that ever was born ſince the creation; and I doubt the ſame proportion will hold thro' all degrees and titles, from an Emperor downwards to the common gentry.

I do not ſay that this has been always the caſe: for in better times it was directly otherwiſe; and a ſcholar may fill half his Greek and Roman ſhelves with authors of the nobleſt birth, as well as higheſt virtue. Nor do I tax all nations at preſent with this defect; for I know there are ſome to be excepted. and particularly Scotland, under all the diſadvantages of its climate and ſoil, if that happineſs be not rather owing even to thoſe very diſadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection muſt fix on two countries, which will be moſt ready to take offence, and which of all others it will be leaſt prudent or ſafe to offend?

BUT there is one circumſtance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *poſtulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of, he is in greater likelihood to be worſe educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the verge of *ſcandalum magnatum*.

RETRACTING therefore that hazardous *poſtulatum*, I ſhall venture no further at preſent than to ſay, that perhaps ſome additional care in educating the ſons of nobility and principal gentry might not be ill employed. If



‡ This Eſſay was alſo printed in the *Intelligencer*, No. 9. See vol. iii. p. 314.

this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

IN the mean time, let me ask only two questions which relate to England. I ask first. How it comes about, that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs hath been generally placed in the hands of *new men*, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of King James, or King Charles I.; of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times, or coming to age at the restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this æra the corrupt method of education among us, and the consequences thereof, the necessity the crown lay under of introducing *new men* into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime ministers; men of art, knowledge, application, and insinuation; merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (tho' not always) of good birth, sometimes younger brothers, at other times such, who altho' inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such under that King were, Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley-Cooper. Few or none under the short reign of King James II. Under King William, Sommers, Montague, Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others. Under the Queen, Harley, St John, Harcourt, Trevor; who indeed were persons of the best private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr Robert Walpole was for many years prime minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is Ambassador-extraordinary to France. Mr Addison and Mr Craggs, without the least alliance to support them, have *been* secretaries of state.

IT

If the facts have been thus for above fixty years paſt, (whereof I could with a little farther recollection produce many more inſtances) I would aſk again, How it hath happened, that, in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, ſo great ſhare in the moſt competent parts of public management hath been for ſo long a period chiefly intruſted to commoners, unleſs ſome omiſſions or defects of the higheſt import may be charged upon thoſe to whom the care of educating our noble youth had been committed? For if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we uſually call them, it ſhould ſeem, that the advantage lies on the ſide of children born from noble and wealthy parents; the ſame traditional ſloth and luxury, which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the ſpirits, beyond what can be expected from the groſs, robuſt iſſue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages which all young noblemen poſſeſs, by the privileges of their birth; ſuch as a free acceſs to courts, and an univerſal deference paid to their perſons.

But as my Lord Bacon chargeth it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compaſs ends, without giving themſelves the trouble of conſulting or executing the means; ſo perhaps it may be the diſpoſition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accompliſhments of a good education, without the leaſt expence of time or ſtudy to acquire them.

What I ſaid laſt, I am ready to retract; for the caſe is infinitely worſe; and the very maxims ſet up to direct modern education, are enough to deſtroy all the ſeeds of knowledge, honour, wiſdom, and virtue, among us. The current opinion prevails, that the ſtudy of Greek and Latin is loſs of time; that public ſchools, by mingling the ſons of noblemen with thoſe of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the ſpirits of lads well born; that univerſities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, ſpeak French, and know how to behave yourſelf among great perſons

perſons of both ſexes, comprehends the *whole duty of a gentleman*.

I cannot but think this wiſe ſyſtem of education hath been much cultivated among us by thoſe worthies of the army, who, during the laſt war, returning from Flanders at the cloſe of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dreſs, and politeneſs, to all thoſe youngſters who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaming houſes, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and aſſemblies; where a colonel, by his pay, perquiſites, and plunder, was qualified to outſhine many peers of the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanor, added to other foreign accompliſhments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the ſtandard-pattern of whatever was refined in dreſs, equipage, converſation, or diverſions.

I remember in thoſe times an admired original of that vocation ſitting in a coffee-houſe near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in ſome diſcourſe that ſavoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpoſe, and profeſſing to deliver the ſentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did ſo of too many among them,) turned to the clergyman, and ſpoke in the following manner: "* D—n me. Doctor, ſay what you will, the army is "the only ſchool for gentlemen. Do you think my "Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and "Latin? D—n me, a ſcholar when he comes into "good company, what is he but an aſs? D—n me, "I would be glad, by G—d, to ſee any of your ſcho-"lars with his nouns, and his verbs, and his philoſo-"phy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would "make at a ſiege or blockade, or rencountring——— "D—n me," &c. After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, leſs ſignificant, ſounding worſe, and harder to be underſtood, than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Ariſtotle. I would not here be thought to charge the ſoldiery with ignorance and contempt of learning, without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the

* See the poem called *The grand queſtion debated*, in vol. 6. p. 343.

the worſt example, eſpecially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his miniſtry, never paſſed by White's chocolate-houſe, (the common rendezvous of infamous ſharpers, and noble cullies), without beſtowing a curſe upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the Engliſh nobility. I have likewiſe been told another paſſage concerning that great miniſter, which, becauſe it gives a humorous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as followeth. Le Sack, the famous French dancing-maſter, in great admiration, aſked a friend, whether it were true, that Mr Harley was made an Earl and Lord Treaſurer? and finding it confirmed, ſaid, "Well, I "wonder what the devil the Queen could ſee in him; "for I attended him two years, and he was the greateſt "dunce that ever I taught."

ANOTHER hindrance to good education, and I think the greateſt of any, is that pernicious cuſtom in rich and noble families, of entertaining French tutors in their houſes. Theſe wretched pedagogues are injoined by the father to take ſpecial care, that the boy ſhall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that *Maſter* muſt not walk till he is hot, nor be ſuffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his cloaths, and to ſee the dancing-maſter attends conſtantly, and does his duty: ſhe further inſiſts, that the child be not kept too long poring on his book, becauſe he is ſubject to ſore eyes, and of a weakly conſtitution.

BY theſe methods the young gentleman is in every article as fully accompliſhed at eight years old as at eight and twenty, age adding only to the growth of his perſon and his vice; ſo that, if you ſhould look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a perſpective, and in his manhood through the other, it would be impoſſible to ſpy any difference; the ſame airs, the ſame ſtrut, the ſame cock of his hat, and poſture of his ſword, (as far as the change of faſhions will allow), the ſame underſtanding, the ſame compaſs of knowledge, with the very ſame abſurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.

*He is taught from the* nurſery, that he muſt inherit a great

great eſtate, and hath no need to mind his book; which is a leſſon he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief ſolace is to ſteal down, and play at ſpan-farthing with the page, or young black-a-moor, or little favourite foot-boy; one of which is his principal confident and boſom-friend.

THERE is one young Lord * in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculouſly ſnatched out of the gulf of ignorance, confined to a public ſchool for a due term of years, well whipped when he deſerved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their play-fellow on the ſame foot; had no precedence in the ſchool, but what was given him by his merit, and loſt it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his *relations*, and other *great ones* of both ſexes; that his ſtockings with ſilver clocks were raviſhed from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dreſs was undiſtinguiſhed; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or aſſembly, nor ſuffered to go to either: and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he became qualified for his preſent removal, where he may probably be farther perſecuted, and poſſibly with ſucceſs, if the firmneſs of a very worthy governor, and his own good diſpoſitions, will not preſerve him. I confeſs, I cannot but wiſh he may go on in the way he began; becauſe, I have a curioſity to know by ſo ſingular an experiment, whether truth, honour, juſtice, temperance, courage, and good ſenſe, acquired by a *ſchool* and *college* education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, altho' he ſhould happen to fail in one or two of thoſe accompliſhments, which in the general vogue are held ſo important to the finiſhing of a gentleman.

IT is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public aſſemblies; and have heard more than one or two perſons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and ſmoke tobacco; wherein

* *The* author is ſuppoſed to mean the Lord Viſcount Montcaſſel of Ireland.

wherein I firmly believed them; and could have added ſome hundred examples from my own obſervation in one of thoſe univerſities: but they all were of young heirs, ſent thither only for form; either from ſchools, where they were not ſuffered by their careful parents to ſtay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family-tutors, who yet often attended them to their *college*, to prevent all poſſibility of their improvement. But I never yet knew any one perſon of quality, who followed his ſtudies at the univerſity, and carried away his juſt proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occaſions to celebrate and defend that courſe of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

THERE is one circumſtance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight, even with thoſe who have no learning at all. The books read at *ſchool* and *colleges*, are full of incitements to virtue, and diſcouragements from vice, drawn from the wiſeſt reaſons, the ſtrongeſt motives, and the moſt influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil; both which increaſe in them, according to the advances they make in literature: and altho' they may be, and too often are drawn, by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large fortune, into ſome irregularities, when they come forward into the great world; yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, becauſe their bias to virtue ſtill continues. They may ſtray ſometimes out of infirmity or compliance; but they will ſoon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I ſpeak only of thoſe exceſſes which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood; for as to the points of honour, truth, juſtice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body hath no concern, they are ſeldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged myſelf very unwarily in too copious a ſubject for ſo ſhort a paper. The preſent ſcope I would aim at, is, to prove that ſome proportion of human knowledge appears requiſite to thoſe who, by their birth or fortune, are called to the making of laws, and in a ſubordinate way to the execution of them; and that

ſuch

such knowledge is not to be obtained without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish methods of educating those who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth; the same errors running thro' all families, where there is wealth enough to afford, that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that *money answereth all things*, why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

WHEN all is done, perhaps upon the whole the matter is not so bad, as I would make it; and God, who worketh good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things for his own unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son, which himself never possessed or knew, or found the want of in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in. Thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dunghill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other men's lands. It is indeed of worse consequence, where noble families are gone to decay, because their titles and privileges outlive their estates; and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public, than a numerous nobility, without merit or fortune. But even here God hath likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lust, which enervated their breed through every succession, producing gradually a more effeminate race, wholly unfit for propagation.

A

# A LETTER to a very YOUNG LADY on her MARRIAGE *.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

ANN beware of despising or neglecting my instructions; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.



* This letter ought to be read by all new married women; and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies. *Orrery.*

I muſt therefore deſire you, in the firſt place, to be very ſlow in changing the *modeſt behaviour* of a *virgin*. It is uſual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to aſſume a bold forward look, and manner of talking; as if they intended to ſignify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and conſequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a huſband, was all but a countenance and conſtraint upon their nature: whereas, I ſuppoſe, if the votes of wiſe men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of thoſe ladies, who, after they were entered into that ſtate, rather choſe to double their portion of modeſty and reſervedneſs.

I muſt likewiſe warn you ſtrictly againſt the leaſt degree of *fondneſs* to your huſband before any witneſs whatſoever, even before your neareſt relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is ſo exceeding odious and diſguſtful to all who have either good breeding or good ſenſe, that they aſſign two very unamiable reaſons for it. The one is groſs hypocriſy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your huſband is the loweſt perſon in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman preſent has a better claim to all marks of civility and diſtinction from you. Conceal your eſteem and love in your own breaſt, and reſerve your kind looks and language for private hours; which are ſo many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a paſſion as exalted as any that was ever deſcribed in a French romance.

Upon this head I ſhould likewiſe adviſe you to differ in practice from thoſe ladies who affect abundance of *uneaſineſs* while their huſbands are abroad; ſtart with every knock at the door, and ring the bell inceſſantly for the ſervants to let in their maſter; will not eat a bit at dinner or ſupper, if the huſband happens to ſtay out; and receive him at his return with ſuch a medley of chiding and kindneſs, and catechiſing him where he has been, that a ſhrew from Billingſgate would be a more eaſy and eligible companion.

Of the ſame leaven are thoſe wives, who, when *their* huſbands are gone a journey, muſt have a letter

every

every poſt upon pain of fits and hyſterics; and a day muſt be fixed for their return home, without the leaſt allowance for buſineſs, or ſickneſs, or accidents, or weather. Upon which I can only ſay, that, in my obſervation, thoſe ladies who are apt to make the greateſt clutter on ſuch occaſions, would liberally have paid a meſſenger for bringing them news, that their huſbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I adviſe you to abate a little of that violent paſſion for *fine cloaths* ſo predominant in your ſex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whoſe ſake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to aſſure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a-yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a ſuitable addition of care in the *cleanlineſs* † and ſweetneſs of their perſons. For the ſatirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impoſſible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are ſometimes apt to fall ſhort in cultivating cleanlineſs and finery together. I ſhall only add, upon ſo tender a ſubject, what a pleaſant gentleman ſaid concerning a filly woman of quality, That nothing could make her ſupportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his noſe by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loſs how to adviſe you in the choice of *company*; which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies, who are your equals or ſuperiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are ſafe; and this, in the ſtyle of the world, will paſs for good company: whereas I am afraid, it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifeſt danger of contracting ſome foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only ſafe way of converſing with them, is, by a firm reſolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly



† The reader will eaſily perceive, that *this letter* and the deſcription of a *lady's dreſſing-room*, in vol. 6. p. 353. were not *written in England*. *Hawkeſ.*

contrary to whatever they ſhall ſay or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For inſtance: In the doctrines they uſually deliver to young married women for managing their huſbands: their ſeveral accounts of their own conduct in that particular to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their ſex for acting differently; their directions, how to come off with victory upon any diſpute or quarrel you may have with your huſband; the arts, by which you may diſcover and purſue upon his weak ſide; when to work by flattery and inſinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand: in theſe, and a thouſand other caſes, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full oppoſition to them all.

I hope your huſband will interpoſe his authority to limit you in the trade of viſiting. Half a dozen fools are, in all conſcience, as many as you ſhould require: and it will be ſufficient for you to ſee them twice a-year; for I think the faſhion does not exact, that viſits ſhould be paid to friends.

I adviſe, that your company at home ſhould conſiſt of men, rather than women. To ſay the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own ſex. I confeſs, when both are mixed and well choſen, and put their beſt qualities forward, there may be an intercourſe of civility and good-will; which, with the addition of ſome degree of ſenſe, can make converſation or any amuſement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themſelves, is a very ſchool of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if thoſe be the worſt.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your huſband's choice, and not recommended to you by any ſhe-companions; becauſe they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will coſt you ſome time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of diſtinguiſhing ſuch a one from a man of ſenſe.

Never take a *favourite waiting maid* into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with hiſtories of thoſe ladies whom ſhe hath formerly ſerved, of their diverſions.

and

and their dreſſes; to inſinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to ſquander; to appeal to herfrom your huſband,and to be determined by her judgment, becauſe you are ſure it will be always for you; to receive and diſcard ſervants by her approbation or diſlike; to engage you, by her inſinuations, in miſunderſtandings with your beſt friends; to repreſent all things in falſe colours, and to be the common emiſſary of ſcandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be, to gain and preſerve the friendſhip and eſteem of your huſband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent underſtanding, and an exact taſte. It is true, and it is happy for you, that theſe qualities in him are adorned with great modeſty, a moſt amiable ſweetneſs of temper, and an unuſual diſpoſition to ſobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will ſuffer him to eſteem you againſt his judgment; and although he is not capable of uſing you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible; unleſs you can ſupply the loſs of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handſome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be ſo in the eyes of a huſband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not ſtill dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a ſudden end to. Beſides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous paſſion, which hath no being but in play-books and romances.

You muſt therefore uſe all endeavours to attain to ſome degree of thoſe accompliſhments, which your huſband moſt values in other people, and for which he is moſt valued himſelf. You muſt improve your mind by cloſely purſuing ſuch a method of ſtudy as I ſhall direct or approve of. You muſt get a collection of hiſtory and travels, which I will recommend to you, and ſpend ſome hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You muſt invite perſons of knowledge and underſtanding to an acquaintance with you, by whoſe converſa-

tion you may learn to correct your taſte and judgment; and when you can bring yourſelf to comprehend and reliſh the good ſenſe of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourſelf, and to become a reaſonable and agreeable companion. This muſt produce in your huſband a true rational love and eſteem for you, which old age will not diminiſh. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greateſt weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third perſon to relieve you by finding diſcourſe. The endowments of your mind will even make your perſon more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of ſome trifling amuſement.

As little reſpect as I have for the generality of your ſex, it hath ſometimes moved me with pity, to ſee the lady of the houſe forced to withdraw immediately after dinner; and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an eſtabliſhed maxim, That women are incapable of all converſation. In a room where both ſexes meet, if the men are diſcourſing upon any general ſubject, the ladies never think it their buſineſs to partake in what paſſeth; but, in a ſeparate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and ſilk, and what dreſſes they liked or diſapproved at the church or the play-houſe. And when you are among yourſelves, how naturally, after the firſt compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole buſineſs of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dreſſes? As divines ſay, that ſome people take more pains to be damned, than it would coſt them to be ſaved; ſo your ſex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would ſerve to make them wiſe and uſeful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a ſort of ſpecies hardly a degree above a monkey; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal leſs miſchievous and expenſive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a neceſſary folly; which

which all great ladies did, whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect, that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and, in your own heart, I could wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, tho' they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gain more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her, about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel; where the least word out of the common road, is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right. And as for spelling, you may com-

pass

paſs it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that thoſe who are commonly called learned women, have loſt all manner of credit, by their impertinent talkativeneſs, and conceit of themſelves. But there is an eaſy remedy for this; if you once conſider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a ſchool-boy. The reading I would adviſe you to, is only for improvement of your own good ſenſe, which will never fail of being mended by diſcretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes thoſe learned ladies juſt ſo much the worſe for what they have read. And therefore it ſhall be my care to direct you better; a talk for which I take myſelf to be not ill qualified; becauſe I have ſpent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to obſerve and diſcover, from what ſources the various follies of women are derived.

PRAY obſerve, how inſignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have paſſed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own ſex; and have no relief, but in paſſing their afternoons in viſits, where they are never acceptable; and their evenings at cards among each other; while the former part of the day is ſpent in ſpleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair, by art and dreſs, the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at ſixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addreſſes, without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleaſure of their converſation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally ſo in a woman. I do not except even modeſty and gentleneſs of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally deteſtable in both. There is indeed one infirmity, which is generally allowed you; I mean that of *cowardice*. Yet there ſhould ſeem to be ſomething very capricious, that when women profeſs their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they ſhould fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themſelves, to be afraid

of

of their own ſhadows; to ſcream in a barge, when the weather is calmeſt, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards diſtance; to fall into fits at the ſight of a ſpider, an earwig, or a frog. At leaſt, if cowardice be a ſign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accompliſhment ſo deſirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the ſame virtues equally become both ſexes, ſo there is no quality whereby women endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves from men, for which they are not juſt ſo much the worſe, except that only of reſervedneſs; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing elſe but affectation or hypocriſy. For as you cannot too much diſcountenance thoſe of our ſex who preſume to take unbecoming liberty before you, ſo you ought to be wholly unconſtrained in the company of deſerving men, when you have had ſufficient experience of their diſcretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, ſwaggering, rattling ladies, whoſe talents paſs among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude choking expreſſions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemiſh in his birth or perſon, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himſelf, for which he is aſhamed, they will be ſure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common proſtitute, rather than to that of ſuch termagants as theſe. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to ſuppoſe ſuch creatures to be women, but to treat them like inſolent raſcals diſguiſed in female habits, who ought to be ſtripped, and kicked down ſtairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place; which is, to deſire that you will learn to value and eſteem your huſband for thoſe good qualities which he really poſſeſſeth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally underſtood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants ſo very few accompliſhments, that you

are

are in no great danger of erring on this ſide; but my caution is occaſioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable perſon, whom yet ſhe is ſo unfortunate as to be always commending for thoſe perfections to which he can leaſt pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expence:* only I think you ought to be well informed, how much your huſband's revenue amounts to; and be ſo good a computer, as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your ſhare; and not to put yourſelf in the number of thoſe politick ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teaſed their huſbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once conſidering what long ſcores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I deſire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And ſo God bleſs you, and make you a fair example to your ſex, and a perpetual comfort to your huſband, and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

*Your moſt faithful friend,*

*and humble ſervant.*

A

# A Preface to the Right Reverend Dr Burnet Biſhop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of the History of the Reformation of the Church of England.

Written in the year 1712.

——— ——— *Spargere voces*
*In vulgum ambiguas, et quærere conſcius arma.*

## To the Bookseller.

Mr Morphew,

YOUR care in putting an advertiſement in the *Examiner*, hath been of very great uſe to me. I now ſend you my preface to the Biſhop of Sarum's *introduction* to his third volume; which I deſire you to print in ſuch a form as, in the bookſeller's phraſe, will make a *ſixpenny-touch*; hoping it will give ſuch a public notice of my deſign, that it may come into the hands of thoſe who perhaps look not into the Biſhop's *introduction* *. I deſire you will prefix to this a paſſage out of Virgil, which doth ſo perfectly agree with my preſent thoughts of his Lordſhip, that I cannot expreſs them better, nor more truly than theſe words do. *I am,*

*S I R,*

*Your humble ſervant.*

## A Preface to Bp Burnet's Introduction.

THIS way of publiſhing introductions to books that are, God knows when, to come out, is either wholly

* The Biſhop's introduction is prefaced with a letter to his bookſeller, of which this is a burleſque. Hawkeſ.

wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose, that a person of his Lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity, without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called *The Englishman* *, seems, in some of his late performances, to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop. These notions I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself, which the poverty of our language forceth me to call their style. When the *Guardian* changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next sessions; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the *Guardian* would soon be seconded by some other *piquerers* from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far, as to conjecture, that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed only with a *pocket-pistol*, before his great *blunderbuss* could be got ready, his old rusty *breast-plate* scoured, and his cracked *head-piece* mended.

I was debating with myself, whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a *dwarf* is sent out upon the battlements, to signify to all passengers what a mighty *giant* there is in the castle; or whether the Bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* ‡ of Monsieur Bouffleurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient*

* Mr Steele.

† *Enfant perdu*, one of the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope is a number of men selected for any desperate enterprise, or appointed for the first onset in a battle. *Hawkes.*

‡ *Fanfaronnade*, vain ostentation.

*vient* †: then ſmall parties advanced with the ſame ſpeed, and the ſame cry: and this foppery held for many hours, until the Mareſchal himſelf arrived. So here the Biſhop (as we find by his dedication to Mr Churchill the bookſeller) hath for a long time ſent warning of his arrival by advertiſements in gazettes; and now his *introduction* advanceth to tell us again, *Monſeigneur vient*. In the mean time we muſt gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our ſpirits in ſome reaſonable agitation, until his Lordſhip's real ſelf ſhall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have ſeen the ſame ſort of management at a puppit-ſhow. Some puppits of little or no conſequence appeared ſeveral times at the window, to allure the boys and the rabble: the trumpeter ſounded often, and the door-keeper cried an hundred times, until he was hoarſe, that they were *juſt going to begin*; yet after all we were forced ſometimes to wait an hour before Punch himſelf in perſon made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance? The world and he have long known one another. Let him appoint his hour, and make his viſit, without troubling us all day with a ſucceſſion of meſſages from his lackeys and pages.

With ſubmiſſion, theſe little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the ſize of Marten the ſurgeon. My Lord tells us, that "many thouſands of the two former parts of his hiſtory are in the "kingdom;" and now he perpetually *adverti ſeth in the Gazette*, that he intends to publiſh the third. This is exactly in the method and ſtyle of Marten: "The "ſeventh edition (many thouſands of the former editi-"ons having been ſold off in a ſmall time) of Mr "Marten's book concerning ſecret diſeaſes," *&c.*

Doth his Lordſhip intend to publiſh his great volume by ſubſcription, and is this introduction only by way of *ſpecimen*? I was inclined to think ſo, becauſe, in the prefixed letter to Mr Churchill, which *introduces* this *introduction*, there are ſome dubious expreſſions. He ſays, "The advertiſements he publiſhed were in order to



† *My Lord is coming*, my Lord is coming.

" move people to furnish him with *materials*, which " might help him to finish his work *with great* advantage." If he means half a guinea upon the subscription, and the other half at the delivery, why doth he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this diminutive letter to Mr Churchill should understand the business of *introducing* better than the *introduction* itself; or why the Bishop did not take it into his head to send the former into the world some months before the latter; which would have been yet a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession.

SINCE I writ these last lines, I have perused the whole pamphlet, (which I had only dipped in before,) and found I have been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author hath, in several parts of his piece, discovered the true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at this juncture. I shall therefore consider them as they come in my way.

MY Lord begins his *introduction* with an account of the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in the first volume of his *history of the reformation*. His excuses are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He says, " he wrote in haste; which he confirms, by adding, " that it lay a year after he wrote it before it " was put into the *press*." At the same time he mentions a passage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate Archbishop Sancroft, which demonstrates his Grace to have been a person of great sagacity, and almost a prophet. " Dr Burnet, *then a private divine*, desired admittance to the Cotton library, but was prevented by the Archbishop*; who " told

* It is somewhat remarkable to see the progress of this story. In the first edition of this *introduction*, it should seem " he was PREVENTED by the Archbishop," &c. When the *introduction* was reprinted a year after with the *history*, it stands: " A GREAT PRELATE had been before-hand, and possessed him [Sir John Cotton] " against me.—That unless the Archbishop of Canterbury would " recommend me,—he desired to be excused.—The Bishop of " Worcester could not prevail on the Archbishop to INTERPOSE." *This is* somewhat less than PREVENTING; unless the Archbishop *be meant* by the GREAT PRELATE; which is not very probable,

1. Because

" told Sir John Cotton, that the ſaid Doctor was no " friend to the prerogative of the crown, or to the " conſtitution of the kingdom." This judgment was the more extraordinary, becauſe the Doctor had not long before publiſhed a book in Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age. However, the good Archbiſhop lived to ſee his opinion become univerſal in the kingdom.

The Biſhop goes on, for many pages, with an account of certain facts relating to the publiſhing his two former volumes of the *reformation*; the great ſucceſs of that work, and the adverſaries who appeared againſt it. Theſe are matters out of the way of my reading; only I obſerve, that poor Mr Henry Wharton, who hath deſerved ſo well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himſelf the trouble of detecting ſome hundreds of the Biſhop's miſtakes, meets with very ill quarter from his Lordſhip. Upon which I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himſelf upon thoſe who preſume to differ from him in print. The Biſhop of Rocheſter * happened ſome years ago to be of this number. My Lord of Sarum, in his reply, ventured to tell the world, that the gentleman who had writ againſt him, meaning Dr Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations; which was a very generous Chriſtian contrivance of charging his adverſary with ingratitude. But it ſeems the truth happened to be on the other ſide; which the Doctor made appear in ſuch a manner, as would have ſilenced his Lordſhip for ever, if he had not

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wholly new, or ſo long unpractiſed, that my ſmall reading cannot trace it. However, we are to ſuppoſe, that a perſon of his Lordſhip's great age and experience would hardly act ſuch a piece of ſingularity, without ſome extraordinary motives. I cannot but obſerve, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called *The Engliſhman* *, ſeems, in ſome of his late performances, to have almoſt tranſcribed the notions of the Biſhop. Theſe notions I take to have been dictated by the ſame maſters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expreſſing himſelf, which the poverty of our language forceth me to call their ſtyle. When the *Guardian* changed his title, and profeſſed to engage in faction, I was ſure the word was given; that grand preparations were making againſt next ſeſſions; that all advantages would be taken of the little diſſenſions reported to be among thoſe in power; and that the *Guardian* would ſoon be ſeconded by ſome other *piquerers* from the ſame camp. But I will confeſs my ſuſpicions did not carry me ſo far, as to conjecture, that this venerable champion would be in ſuch mighty haſte to come into the field, and ſerve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed only with a *pocket-piſtol*, before his great *blunderbuſs* could be got ready, his old ruſty *breaſt-plate* ſcoured, and his cracked *head-piece* mended.

I was debating with myſelf, whether this hint of producing a ſmall pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spaniſh romances, where a *dwarf* is ſent out upon the battlements, to ſignify to all paſſengers what a mighty *giant* there is in the caſtle; or whether the Biſhop copied this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* ‡ of Monſieur Bouffleurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haſte towards the Engliſh camp, and cry out, *Monſeigneur vient, Monſeigneur vient*

* Mr Steele.

† *Enfant perdu*, one of the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope is a number of men ſelected for any deſperate enterpriſe, or appointed for the firſt onſet in a battle. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ *Fanfaronnade*, vain oſtentation.

*vient* †: then ſmall parties advanced with the ſame ſpeed, and the ſame cry: and this foppery held for many hours, until the Mareſchal himſelf arrived. So here the Biſhop (as we find by his dedication to Mr Churchill the bookſeller) hath for a long time ſent warning of his arrival by advertiſements in gazettes; and now his *introduction* advanceth to tell us again, *Monſeigneur vient*. In the mean time we muſt gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our ſpirits in ſome reaſonable agitation, until his Lordſhip's real ſelf ſhall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have ſeen the ſame ſort of management at a puppit-ſhow. Some puppits of little or no conſequence appeared ſeveral times at the window, to allure the boys and the rabble: the trumpeter ſounded often, and the door-keeper cried an hundred times, until he was hoarſe, that they were *juſt going to begin*; yet after all we were forced ſometimes to wait an hour before Punch himſelf in perſon made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance? The world and he have long known one another. Let him appoint his hour, and make his viſit, without troubling us all day with a ſucceſſion of meſſages from his lackeys and pages.

With ſubmiſſion, theſe little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the ſize of Marten the ſurgeon. My Lord tells us, that "many thouſands of the two former parts of his hiſtory are in the "kingdom;" and now he perpetually *advertiſeth in the Gazette*, that he intends to publiſh the third. This is exactly in the method and ſtyle of Marten: "The "ſeventh edition (many thouſands of the former editi-"ons having been ſold off in a ſmall time) of Mr "Marten's book concerning ſecret diſeaſes," &c.

Doth his Lordſhip intend to publiſh his great volume by ſubſcription, and is this introduction only by way of *ſpecimen*? I was inclined to think ſo, becauſe, in the prefixed letter to Mr Churchill, which *introduces* this *introduction*, there are ſome dubious expreſſions. He ſays, "The advertiſements he publiſhed were in order to



† *My Lord is coming*, my Lord is coming.

" move people to furniſh him with *materials*, which " might help him to finiſh his work *with great* advantage." If he means half a guinea upon the ſubſcription, and the other half at the delivery, why doth he not tell us ſo in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to paſs, that this diminutive letter to Mr Churchill ſhould underſtand the buſineſs of *introducing* better than the *introduction* itſelf; or why the Biſhop did not take it into his head to ſend the former into the world ſome months before the latter; which would have been yet a greater improvement upon the ſolemnity of the proceſſion.

SINCE I writ theſe laſt lines, I have peruſed the whole pamphlet, (which I had only dipped in before,) and found I have been hunting upon a wrong ſcent; for the author hath, in ſeveral parts of his piece, diſcovered the true motives which put him upon ſending it abroad at this juncture. I ſhall therefore conſider them as they come in my way.

MY Lord begins his *introduction* with an account of the reaſons why he was guilty of ſo many miſtakes in the firſt volume of his *hiſtory of the reformation*. His excuſes are juſt, rational, and extremely conſiſtent. He ſays, " he wrote in haſte; which he confirms, by adding, " that it lay a year after he wrote it before it " was put into the *preſs*." At the ſame time he mentions a paſſage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate Archbiſhop Sancroft, which demonſtrates his Grace to have been a perſon of great ſagacity, and almoſt a prophet. " Dr Burnet, *then a private divine*, deſired admittance to the Cotton li- " brary, but was prevented by the Archbiſhop *; who " told

* It is ſomewhat remarkable to ſee the progreſs of this ſtory. In the firſt edition of this *introduction*, it ſhould ſeem " he was PRE- " VENTED by the Archbiſhop," *&c.* When the *introduction* was reprinted a year after with the *hiſtory*, it ſtands: " A GREAT PRE- " LATE had been before-hand, and poſſeſſed him [Sir John Cotton] " againſt me.——That unleſs the Archbiſhop of Canterbury would " recommend me,—he deſired to be excuſed.——The Biſhop of " Worceſter could not prevail on the Archbiſhop to INTERPOSE." This is ſomewhat leſs than PREVENTING; unleſs the Archbiſhop be meant by the GREAT PRELATE; which is not very probable.

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been writing-proof. Poor Mr Wharton in his grave, is charged with the ſame accuſation, but with circumſtances the moſt aggravating that malice and ſomething elſe could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred paſſages in a certain book of travels *. See the character he gives of a divine and a ſcholar, who ſhortned his life in the ſervice of God and the church. "Mr Wharton deſired me to intercede with Tillotſon "for a prebend of Canterbury. I did ſo, but Wharton "would not believe it; ſaid, he would be revenged; "and ſo writ againſt me. Soon after he was convinced "I had ſpoke for him; ſaid, he was ſet on to do what "he did; and if I would procure any thing for him, "he would diſcover every thing to me." What a ſpirit of candour, charity, and good nature, generoſity, and truth, ſhines through this ſtory, told of a moſt excellent and pious divine twenty years after his death, without one ſingle voucher!

Come we now to the reaſons which moved his Lordſhip to ſet about this work at this time. "He could "delay it no longer, becauſe the reaſons of his enga-"ging in it at firſt ſeemed to return upon him." He was then frightened with "the danger of a Popiſh ſuc-"ceſſor in view, and the dreadful apprehenſions of the "power of France." England *hath forget theſe dangers*, and yet is *nearer to them than ever*, and therefore he is reſolved to *awaken them* with his third volume; but in the mean time ſends this *introduction* to let them know they are aſleep. He then goes on in deſcribing the condition of the kingdom after ſuch a manner as if deſtruction hung over us by a ſingle hair; as if the *Pope*, the *devil*, the *pretender*, and *France* were juſt at our doors.

When the Biſhop publiſhed his hiſtory there was a Popiſh plot on foot: The Duke of York, a known Papiſt, was preſumptive heir to the crown; the houſe of Commons would not hear of any expedient for ſecuring their religion under a Popiſh prince, nor would the King, or Lords, conſent to a bill of excluſion; the French King was in the height of his grandeur, and the vi-

gour

* Burnet's travels.

gour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are Protestants; the *Popish pretender* excluded for ever by several acts of parliament; and every person in the smallest employment, as well as the members of both houses, obliged to *abjure* him: the French King is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority. Are these cases parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and Popery, than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions? What conclusions would his Lordship draw from such premisses as these? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause, (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe), what appellations would those deserve, who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits? "But, (saith he), the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, let "the charmer charm never so wisely." True, my Lord, there are indeed too many *adders* in this nation's bosom; *adders* in all shapes and in all habits, whom neither the Queen nor parliament can *charm* to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

AMONG other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this, "That the little factious pam-"phlets written about the end of King Charles II.'s "reign lie dead in shops, are looked on as waste paper, "and turned to pasteboard." How many are there of his Lordship's writing, which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Hath he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holbourn, Duke-lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hickeringill, Dr Oates, and himself?

His Lordship taking it for a *postulatum*, that the Queen and ministry, both houses of parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England, are running headlong into Popery, layeth hold on the occasion to describe "the cruelties in Queen Mary's

" reign; an inquiſition ſetting up faggots in Smithfield, " and executions all over the kingdom. Here is that," ſays he, " which thoſe that look towards a Popiſh ſuc- " ceſſor, muſt look for." And he inſinuates thro' his whole pamphlet, that all who are not of his party, *look towards a Popiſh ſucceſſor*. Theſe he divides into two parts, the *Tory laity*, and the *Tory clergy*. He tells the former, " altho' they have no religion at all, but reſolve to change " with every wind and tide; yet they ought to have " compaſſion on their countrymen and kindred." Then he applies himſelf to the Tory clergy; aſſures them, that " the fires revived in Smithfield, and all over the " nation, will have no amiable view, but leaſt of all to " them, who, if they have any principles at all, muſt be " turned out of their livings, leave their families, be " hunted from place to place into parts beyond the " ſeas, and meet with that contempt with which they " treated foreigners, who took ſanctuary among us."

THIS requires a recapitulation, with ſome remarks. Firſt, I do affirm, that in every hundred of profeſſed Atheiſts, Deiſts, and Socinians, in the kingdom, ninety-nine at leaſt are ſtanch, thorough paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his Lordſhip in politics and diſcipline; and therefore will venture all the fires of hell, rather than finge one hair of their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewiſe affirm, that thoſe whom we uſually underſtand by the appellation of *Tory*, or high-church clergy, were the greateſt ſticklers againſt the exorbitant proceedings of King James II. the beſt writers againſt Popery, and the moſt exemplary ſufferers for the eſtabliſhed religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a moſt falſe and infamous ſcandal upon the nation in general, and on the clergy in particular, to reproach them for *treating foreigners with haughtineſs and contempt*. The French Hugonots are many thouſand witneſſes to the contrary; and I wiſh they deſerved the thouſandth part of the good treatment they have received.

LASTLY, I obſerve, that the author of a paper called *The Engliſhman* hath run into the ſame cant, gravely adviſing the whole body of the clergy not to bring in Popery;

ry; becauſe that will put them under a neceſſity of parting with their wives, or loſing their livings.

THE bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happen to differ extremely from this prelate in many principles both of politics and religion. Now I aſk, whether, if any man of them had ſigned his name to a ſyſtem of Atheiſm, or Popery, he could have argued with them otherwiſe than he doth? or if I ſhould write a grave letter to his Lordſhip with the ſame advice, taking it for granted that he was half an Atheiſt and half a Papiſt, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compaſſion upon all thoſe who believed a God; *not* to revive the fires *in Smithfield*; *that he muſt either forfeit his biſhoprick, or not marry a fourth wife*; I aſk, whether he would not think I intended him the higheſt injury and affront?

BUT as to the Tory laity, he gives them up in a lump for abandoned Atheiſts: They are a ſet of men ſo "impiouſly corrupted in the point of religion, that no "ſcene of cruelty can fright them from leaping into it, "[Popery], and perhaps acting ſuch a part in it as may "be aſſigned them." He therefore deſpairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compaſſion; and advances the conſideration of *intereſt*, as the only powerful argument to perſuade them againſt Popery.

WHAT he offers upon this head is ſo very amazing, from a *Chriſtian*, a *clergyman*, and a *prelate* of the *church* of *England*, that I muſt in my own imagination ſtrip him of thoſe three capacities, and put him among the number of *that ſet of men* he mentions in the paragraph before; or elſe it will be impoſſible to ſhape out an anſwer.

HIS Lordſhip, in order to diſſuade the Tories from their deſign of bringing in Popery, tells them, "how "valuable a part of the whole ſoil of England the abbey-"lands, the eſtates of the biſhops, of the cathedrals, "and the tithes, are;" how *difficult* ſuch a reſumption would be to many families: "yet all theſe muſt be "thrown up; for *ſacrilege* in the church of Rome is "a mortal ſin." I deſire it may be obſerved, what a jumble here is made of eccleſiaſtical revenues, as if they were all upon the ſame foot, were alienated with

equal

equal juſtice, and the clergy had no more reaſon to complain of one than the other; whereas the four branches mentioned by him are of very different conſideration. If I might venture to gueſs the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wiſh, that ſome ſmall part of the *abbey-lands* had been applied to the augmentation of poor biſhopricks; and a very few acres to ſerve for glebes in thoſe pariſhes where there are none; after which I think they would not repine that the laity ſhould poſſeſs the reſt. If the eſtates of ſome biſhops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the reformation, I believe the preſent clergy's wiſhes reach no further, than that ſome reaſonable temper had been uſed, inſtead of paring them to the quick. But as to the *tithes*, without examining whether they be of divine inſtitution, I conceive there is hardly one of that ſacred order in England, and very few even among the *laity* who love the *church*, who will not allow the miſapplying thoſe revenues to ſecular perſons to have been at firſt a moſt flagrant act of injuſtice and oppreſſion; altho', at the ſame time, God forbid they ſhould be reſtored any other way than by gradual purchaſe, by the conſent of thoſe who are now the lawful poſſeſſors, or by the piety and generoſity of ſuch worthy ſpirits as this nation ſometimes produceth. The Biſhop knows very well, that the application of *tithes* to the maintenance of monaſteries was a ſcandalous uſurpation, even in Popiſh times; that the monks uſually ſent out ſome of their fraternity to ſupply the cures; and that when the monaſteries were granted away by Henry VIII. the pariſhes were left deſtitute, or very meanly provided, of any maintenance for a paſtor. So that in many places the whole eccleſiaſtical dues, even to *mortuaries*, *Eaſter-offerings*, and the like, are in lay hands, and the incumbent lieth wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By theſe means there are ſeveral hundred pariſhes in England under twenty pounds a-year, and many under ten. I take his Lordſhip's biſhoprick to be worth near 2500 l. annual income; and I will engage at half a-year's warning to find him above an hundred beneficed clergymen, who have not ſo much among them all to ſupport themſelves and their families:

moſt

moſt of them orthodox, of good life and converſation; as loath to ſee the *fires* kindled in Smithfield as his Lordſhip; and at leaſt as ready to face them under a Popiſh perſecution. But nothing is ſo hard for thoſe who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my Lord is ſeated by a good fire, in the warmeſt room of his palace, with a dozen diſhes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the ſame ſtamp, who when his clergy would mention their wiſhes that ſome act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would ſay, "Gentlemen, we are "very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we "ſhould aſk no more."

Sacrilege (ſays my Lord) *in the church of Rome is a mortal ſin*: and is it only ſo in the *church* of *Rome*? or is it but a venial ſin in the church of *England*? Our litany calls fornication a deadly ſin; and I would appeal to his Lordſhip for fifty years paſt, whether he thought that or ſacrilege the deadlieſt? To make light of ſuch a ſin at the ſame moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, ſhould ſeem not very conſiſtent. "Thou that ſayeſt a man ſhould not commit adultery, "doſt thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorreſt i-"dols, doſt thou commit ſacrilege?"

To ſmooth the way for the return of Popery in Queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the poſſeſſion of the abbey-lands. But the Biſhop tells us, that "this confirmation was fraudulent and in-"valid." I ſhall believe it to be ſo, altho' I happen to read it in his Lordſhip's hiſtory. But he adds, that "although the confirmation had been good, the prieſts "would have got their land again by theſe two me-"thods. Firſt, The ſtatute of Mortmain was repealed "for twenty years; in which time no doubt they "reckoned they would recover the beſt part of what "they had loſt; beſides that engaging the clergy to re-"new no leaſes, was a thing entirely in their own "power; and this in forty years time would raiſe their "revenues to be about ten times their preſent value." Theſe two expedients for increaſing the revenues of the *church* he repreſents as pernicious deſigns, fit only to be

practiſed

brace Popery, except a *firm bull from the Pope* to secure the abbey and other church lands, and tithes, to the present proprietors and their heirs. If this only difficulty could now be adjusted, the *pretender* would be restored next session, the two houses reconciled to the church of Rome against Easter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies against a nation are not the less injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they may be vented with safety; and I will appeal to any reader of common understanding, whether this be not the most natural and necessary deduction from the passages I have cited and referred to.

YET all this is but friendly dealing, in comparison with what he affords the clergy upon the same article. He supposes that whole Reverend body, who differ from him in principles of *church* or *state*, so far from disliking Popery upon the above-mentioned motives of *perjury*, *quitting their wives*, or *burning their relations*, that the hopes of *enjoying the abbey-lands* would soon bear down all such considerations, and be an effectual incitement to their perversion: and so he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to assure them, that the "parochial priests in Roman-"Catholic countries are much poorer than in ours; the "several orders of regulars, and the magnificence of "their church, devouring all their treasure; *and, by* "*consequence*, their hopes are vain of expecting to be "richer after the introduction of Popery."

BUT, after all, his Lordship despairs that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy; because, to use his own words, "they are an insen-"sible and degenerate race, who are thinking of no-"thing but their present advantages; and, so that they "may now support a luxurious and brutal course of "irregular and voluptuous practices, they are easily "hired to betray their religion, to sell their country, "and give up that liberty, and those properties, which "are the present felicities and glories of this nation."

HE seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully determined

determined on, and therefore falls into the laſt uſual form of deſpair, by threatening the authors of theſe miſeries with "laſting infamy, and the curſes of poſte-"rity upon perfidious betrayers of their truſt."

LET me turn this paragraph into vulgar language, *for the uſe of the poor*; and ſtrictly adhere to the ſenſe of the words. I believe it may be faithfully tranſlated in the following manner. "The bulk of the clergy, and "one third of the biſhops, are ſtupid ſons of whores, who "think of nothing but getting money as ſoon as they "can; if they may but procure enough to ſupply them "in gluttony, drunkenneſs, and whoring, they are rea-"dy to turn traitors to God and their country, and "make their fellow-ſubjects ſlaves." The reſt of the period, about threatening infamy, and the curſes of poſterity, upon ſuch dogs and villains, may ſtand as it doth in the Biſhop's own phraſe; and ſo make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other ſide, to paraphraſe all the *rogues* and *raſcals* in the *Engliſhman*, ſo as to bring them up exactly to his Lordſhip's ſtyle. But, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingſgate way of calling names, becauſe it expreſſeth our meaning full as well, and would ſave abundance of time which is loſt by circumlocution: ſo, for inſtance, John Dunton, who is retained on the ſame ſide with the Biſhop, calls my Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke traitors, whore-mongers, and Jacobites; which three words coſt our Right Reverend author thrice as many lines to de-fine them; and I hope his Lordſhip doth not think there is any difference, in point of morality, whether a man calls me *traitor* in one word, or ſays, I am one *hired to betray my religion, and ſell my country*.

I am not ſurpriſed to ſee the Biſhop mention with contempt all convocations of the clergy; for Toland, Aſgil, Monmouth, Collins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very ſame language. His Lord-ſhip confeſſeth he is *not* inclined *to expect much from the aſſemblies of clergymen*. There lies the misfortune: for if he and ſome other of his order would correct their *inclinations*, a great deal of good might be expected from ſuch *aſſemblies*; as much as they are now cramp-

ed by that ſubmiſſion which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent ſucceſſors. He " will not deny " that his copiouſneſs in theſe matters is, in his own " opinion, one of the meaneſt parts of his new work." I will agree with him, unleſs he happens to be more *copious* in any thing elſe. However, it is not eaſy to conceive, why he ſhould be ſo *copious* upon a ſubject he ſo much deſpiſeth, unleſs it were to gratify his talent of railing at the *clergy*; in the number of whom he diſdains to be reckoned, becauſe he is a *biſhop*; for it is a ſtyle I obſerve ſome prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themſelves were not of the number. You will read in many of their ſpeeches at Dr Sacheverel's trial, expreſſions to this or the like effect: " My Lords, if clergymen be ſuffered," &c. wherein they ſeem to have reaſon; and I am pretty confident, that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to diſown any relation they had to the *managers in lawn*. However, it was a confounding argument againſt Preſbytery, that thoſe prelates who are moſt ſuſpected to lean that way, treated their inferior brethren with *haughtineſs*, *rigour* and *contempt*: although, to ſay the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; becauſe I believe it may paſs for an univerſal rule, that in every dioceſe governed by biſhops of the Whig ſpecies, the clergy (eſpecially the poorer ſort) are under double diſcipline; and the *laity* left to themſelves. The opinion of Sir Thomas Moore, which he produceth to prove the ill conſequences or inſignificancy of convocations, advanceth no ſuch thing; but ſays, " If the clergy aſſembled often, and might act as " other aſſemblies of clergy in Chriſtendom, much good " might have come;" but the misfortune lay " in " their long diſuſe, and that in his own, and a good " part of his father's time, they never came together, " except at the command of the prince."

I ſuppoſe his Lordſhip thinks there is ſome original impediment in the ſtudy of divinity, or ſecret incapacity in a gown and caſſock *without lawn*, which diſqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon ſubjects of doctrine or diſcipline in the church. It is a famous ſaying *of his*, That " he looks upon every layman to be

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" an honeſt man, until he is by experience convinced to " the contrary; and on every clergyman as a knave, " until he finds him to be an honeſt man." What opinion then muſt we have of a lower houſe of convocation; where, I am confident, he will hardly find three perſons that ever convinced him of their honeſty, or will ever be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think ſuch a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honeſt man with his Lordſhip, and loſe it with the reſt of the world.

In the famous *concordate* that was made between Francis I. of France and Pope Leo X. the Biſhop tells us, that " the King and Pope came to a bargain, by which they " divided the liberties of the Gallican church between " them, and indeed quite inſlaved it." He intends in the third part of his hiſtory, which he is going to publiſh, " to open this whole matter to the world." In the mean time, he mentions ſome ill conſequences to the Gallican church from that *concordate*, which are worthy to be obſerved. " The church of France became a ſlave; " and this change in their conſtitution put an end, not " only to national, but even to provincial ſynods, in " that kingdom. The aſſemblies of the clergy there " meet now only to give ſubſidies," *&c.* And he ſays, " Our nation may ſee by that proceeding, what it is to " deliver up the eſſential liberties of a free conſtitution " to a court."

All I can gather from this matter is, that our King Henry made a better bargain than his cotemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himſelf and the Pope, while the King of England ſeized them all to himſelf. But how comes he to number the want of ſynods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that *concordate*, and as a mark of their ſlavery, ſince he reckons all convocations of the clergy in England to be uſeleſs and dangerous? Or what difference, in point of liberty, was there between the Gallican church under Francis, and the Engliſh under Harry? For the latter was as much a Papiſt as the former, unleſs in the point of obedience to the ſee of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince (except *perſonal courage*, wherein both were equal,) the

French monarch had the advantage, by as many degrees as is poſſible for one man to have over another.

HENRY VIII had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom. He continued to proſecute and burn Proteſtants, after he had caſt off the Pope's ſupremacy; and I ſuppoſe his ſeizure of eccleſiaſtical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's *liberty*. By the quotation the Biſhop ſets down to ſhew the ſlavery of the French church, he repreſents it as a grievance, that "Biſhops are not "now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed "by the prince; and that thoſe made by the court "have been ordinarily the chief advancers of ſchiſms, "hereſies, and oppreſſions of the church." He cites another paſſage from a Greek writer, and plainly inſinuates, that it is juſtly applicable to her Majeſty's reign: "Princes chuſe ſuch men to that charge" (of a biſhop) "who may be their ſlaves, and in all things obſequious "to what they preſcribe, and may lie at their feet, and "have not ſo much as a thought contrary to their "commands."

THESE are very ſingular paſſages for his Lordſhip to ſet down, in order to ſhew the diſmal conſequences of the French *concordate*, by the ſlavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I ſhall not enter into a long diſpute, whether it were better for religion, that biſhops ſhould be choſen by the clergy, or people, or both together. I believe our author would give his vote for the ſecond, (which however would not have been of much advantage to himſelf, and ſome others that I could name;) but I aſk, whether biſhops are any more elected in England than in France? And the want of ſynods are, in his own opinion, rather a bleſſing than a grievance; unleſs he will affirm, that more good can be expected from a Popiſh ſynod than an Engliſh *convocation*. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties, than the ſubmiſſion made to Henry VIII. or ſo great a one as the ſeizure of their lands? The reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of King Henry. He was only an inſtrument of it (as the logicians ſpeak) by accident; nor doth he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than

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those of gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom, as well as many other parts of Europe, was at that time generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church, and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the Archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the reformation; and the King's abrogating the Pope's supremacy, made the people in general run into the new doctrine with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their *prince*; who disappointed them so far, that he made no other step, than rejecting the Pope's supremacy, as a clog upon his own power and passions; but retained every corruption besides, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy, as of all others who professed any Protestant doctrine. Neither hath any thing disgusted me more, in reading the histories of those times, than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the reformation.

The Bishop, having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people. First, with Protestants who are no Christians; such as, Atheists, Deists, Freethinkers, and the like enemies to Christianity: but these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly toucheth some old topics for the truth of the gospel; and concludes, by "wishing that the Freethinkers would "consider well, if" (*Anglice*, whether) "they think "it is possible to bring a nation to be without any re-"ligion at all; and what the consequences of that may "prove;" and, in case they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for Christianity.

Secondly, he applieth himself (if I take his meaning right) to Christian Papists, "who have a taste of li-"berty;" and desires them to "compare the absur-"dity of their own religion with the reasonableness of

" the reformed;" againſt which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

THIRDLY, he is ſomewhat rough againſt his own party, " who having taſted the ſweets of Proteſtant liberty, " can look back ſo tamely on Popery coming on them;" it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be ſo negligent. " It is not enough, " that they reſolve not to turn Papiſts themſelves; they " ought to awaken all about them, even the moſt igno- " rant and ſtupid, to apprehend their danger, and to " exert themſelves, with their utmoſt induſtry, to guard " againſt it, and to reſiſt it. If, after all their endea- " vours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and " the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for " us; then, and not until then, we muſt ſubmit to the " will of God, and be ſilent; and prepare ourſelves for " all the extremities of ſuffering and of miſery;" with a great deal more of the ſame ſtrain.

WITH due ſubmiſſion to the profound ſagacity of this prelate, who can ſmell Popery at five hundred miles diſtance, better than Fanaticiſm juſt under his noſe, I take leave to tell him, that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal and clamour againſt Popery, Slavery and the Pretender, is what they have not deſerved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily publiſhed by the ſublime authors of his party full of any thing elſe? Are not the QUEEN, the miniſters, the majority of lords and commons, loudly taxed in print with this charge againſt them at full length? Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffeehouſe and club? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the peace and treaty of commerce; upon the poſſeſſing, and quitting, and keeping, and demoliſhing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured, becauſe the Pretender continued in France, and becauſe he left it? Have they not reported, that the town ſwarmed with many thouſand Papiſts; when, upon ſearch, there were never found ſo few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preacheth obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a Papiſt? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my Lord, your friends are not ſtrong enough *yet* to make an inſurrection; and

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it is unreaſonable to expect one from them, until their neighbours be ready.

My Lord, I have a little ſerioufneſs at heart upon this *point*, where your Lordſhip *affects* to ſhew ſo *much*. When you can prove, that one ſingle word hath ever dropt from any miniſter of ſtate, in *public* or *private*, in favour of the *pretender*, or his cauſe; when you can make it appear, that, in the courſe of this adminiſtration, ſince the Queen thought fit to change her ſervants, there hath one ſtep been made towards weakening the Hanover title, or giving the leaſt countenance to any other whatſoever; then, and not until then, go dry your *chaff* and *ſtubble*, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmneſs.

Fourthly, the Biſhop applies himſelf to the *Tories* in general, taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery. He puts an excuſe into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to juſtify their change of religion. "Popery is not what it was before the reformation; "things are now much mended, and further corrections "might be expected, if we would enter into a treaty "with them. In particular, they ſee the error of pro- "ceeding ſeverely with heretics; ſo that there is no rea- "ſon to apprehend the returns of ſuch cruelties as were "practiſed an age and a half ago."

This, he aſſures us, is a plea offered by the *Tories* in defence of themſelves, for going about at this juncture to eſtabliſh the Popiſh religion among us. What argument doth he bring to prove the fact itſelf?

Quibus indiciis, quo teſte, probavit?
Nil horum: verboſa et grandis epiſtola venit.

Nothing but this tedious *introduction*, wherein he ſuppoſeth it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole Chriſtian church, is a bleſſing which every good man wiſheth, but no reaſonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman-Catholics have, in ſeveral places, given up ſome of their ſuperſtitious fopperies, particularly concerning *legends*, *relics*, and the like, is what no body denies. But the material points in difference between us and them, are

univerſally

univerſally retained and aſſerted in all their controverſial writings. And if his Lordſhip really thinks, that every man who differs from him, under the name of a *Tory*, in ſome church and ſtate opinions, is ready to believe *tranſubſtantiation*, *purgatory*, the *infallibility* of Pope or councils, to *worſhip ſaints* and *angels*, and the like; I can only pray God to enlighten his underſtanding, or graft in his heart the firſt principles of charity; a virtue which ſome *people* ought not by any means wholly to renounce, *becauſe it covereth a multitude of ſins*.

FIFTHLY, the Biſhop applies himſelf to his own party in both houſes of parliament, whom he exhorts to "guard their religion and liberty againſt all danger, "at what diſtance ſoever it may appear. If they are "abſent and remiſs on critical occaſions;" that is to ſay, if they do not attend cloſe next ſeſſions to vote, upon all occaſions whatever, againſt the proceedings of the Queen and her miniſtry; "or if any views of ad-"vantage to themſelves prevail on them;" in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a penſion, a title, or a garter; God "may work a deliverance for us another way;" (that is to ſay, by inviting the Dutch): "but they and their fa-"milies," *i. e.* thoſe who are negligent, or revolters, "ſhall periſh." By which is meant, they ſhall be hanged, as well as the preſent miniſtry, and their abettors, as ſoon as we recover our power, "becauſe they "let in idolatry, ſuperſtition, and tyranny;" becauſe they ſtood by, and ſuffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to paſs, and Dunkirk to lie undemoliſhed longer than we expected, without raiſing a rebellion.

HIS laſt application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of "blind, ignorant, dumb, ſleeping, greedy, drunken "dogs." A pretty artful Epiſcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleaſeth. It is but quoting a text of ſcripture, where the characters of evil men are deſcribed, and the thing is done; and at the ſame time the appearances of piety and devotion preſerved. I would engage, with the help of a good *concordance*, and the liberty of perverting holy writ, to find out as many injurious appellations, as the

the *Engliſhman* throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to thoſe perſons "who call good evil, "and evil good;" to thoſe who cry without cauſe, "Every man to his tent, O Iſrael!" and to thoſe who "curſe the Queen in their hearts!"

THESE decent words, he tells us, make up a "lively "deſcription of ſuch paſtors, as will not ſtudy contro- "verſy, nor know the depths of Satan." He means, I ſuppoſe, the controverſy between us and the Papiſts: for as to the *Freethinkers* and *Diſſenters* of every denomination, they are ſome of the beſt friends to the cauſe. Now, I have been told, there is a body of that kind of controverſy publiſhed by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewiſe, there is a good number of the clergy at preſent thoroughly verſed in that ſtudy. After which I cannot but give my judgment, that it would be a very idle thing for paſtors in general to buſy themſelves much in diſputes againſt Popery; it being a dry, heavy employment of the mind at beſt, eſpecially when, God be thanked, there is ſo little occaſion for it in the generality of pariſhes throughout the kingdom, and muſt be daily leſs and leſs by the juſt ſeverity of the laws, and the utter averſion of our people from that idolatrous ſuperſtition.

IF I might be ſo bold to name thoſe who have the honour to be of his Lordſhip's party, I would venture to tell him, that *paſtors* have much more occaſion to ſtudy *controverſies* againſt the ſeveral claſſes of *Freethinkers* and *Diſſenters*; the former (I beg his Lordſhip's pardon for ſaying ſo) being a little worſe than Papiſts, and both of them more dangerous *at preſent* to our conſtitution both in church and ſtate. Not that I think *Preſbytery* ſo corrupt a ſyſtem of Chriſtian religion as *Popery*; I believe it is not above one third as bad: but I think the *Preſbyterians*, and their clans of other *fanatics*, of *Freethinkers* and *Atheiſts* that dangle after them, are as well inclined to pull down the preſent eſtabliſhment of monarchy and religion, as any ſet of *Papiſts* in Chriſtendom: and therefore that our danger, as things now ſtand, is infinitely greater from our *Proteſtant* enemies; becauſe they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt, but Preſbytery and a com-

monwealth

monwealth are leſs formidable evils than Popery, Slavery, and the Pretender: for if the Fanatics were in power, I ſhould be in more apprehenſion of being ſtarved than burned. But there are probably in England forty Diſſenters of all kinds, including their brethren the Free-thinkers, for one Papiſt; and allowing one Papiſt to be as terrible as three Diſſenters, it will appear by arithmetic, that we are thirteen times and one third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

THE other qualification neceſſary for all paſtors, if they will not be *blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs*, &c. is *to know the depths of Satan*. This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be parſon, vicar, or curate of a pariſh, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifeſt reaſon, becauſe whoever had only half the cunning of the devil, would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a-year, *to live on at his eaſe*, as my Lord expreſſeth it; but ſeek out for ſome better livelihood. His Lordſhip is of a nation very much diſtinguiſhed for that quality of cunning, (altho' they have a great many better,) and I think he was never accuſed for wanting his ſhare. However, upon a trial of ſkill, I would venture to lay ſix to four on the devil's ſide, who muſt be allowed to be at leaſt the older practitioner. Telling truth ſhames him, and reſiſtance makes him fly; but to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own weapon, and conſequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would obſerve, is, that a man may be *in the depths of Satan*, without knowing them all; and ſuch a man may be ſo far in *Satan's depths*, as to be out of his own. One of the *depths of Satan* is, to *counterfeit an Angel of light*. Another, I believe, is to ſtir up the people againſt their governors, by falſe ſuggeſtions of danger. A third is, to be a *prompter to falſe brethren*, and to ſend *wolves* about in *ſheeps cloathing*. Sometimes he ſends Jeſuits about England in the habit and cant of Fanatics; at other times he hath Fanatic miſſionaries in the habits of———. I ſhall mention but one more of *Satan's depths*, for I confeſs I know not the hundredth part of them; and that *is*, to employ his emiſſaries in crying out againſt remote imaginary

imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourſelves againſt thoſe which are really juſt at our elbows.

But his Lordſhip draws towards a concluſion, and bids us "look about, to conſider the danger we are in "before it is too late;" for he aſſures us, we are already "going into ſome of the worſt parts of Popery." Like the man, who was ſo much in haſte for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong ſide out. "Auricular confeſſion, prieſtly abſolution, and the ſacrifice of "the maſs," have made great progreſs in England, and no body hath obſerved it; ſeveral other Popiſh points "are carried higher with us than by the prieſts themſelves:" and ſomebody, it ſeems, had the "impudence to propoſe an union with the Gallican church." I have indeed heard, that Mr Leſlie publiſhed a diſcourſe to that purpoſe, which I have never ſeen; nor do I perceive the evil in propoſing an union between any two churches in Chriſtendom. Without doubt, Mr Leſlie is moſt unhappily miſled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract againſt Popery *, he hath given the world ſuch a proof of his ſoundneſs in religion, as many a Biſhop ought to be proud of. I never ſaw the gentleman in my life. I know he is the ſon of a great and excellent prelate, who, upon ſeveral accounts, was one of the moſt extraordinary men of his age. Mr Leſlie hath written many uſeful diſcourſes upon ſeveral ſubjects; and hath ſo well deſerved of the Chriſtian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to accuſe him of impudence for propoſing an union in two very different faiths, is a ſtyle which I hope few will imitate. I deteſt Mr Leſlie's political principles as much as his Lordſhip can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a miſtaken conſcience, and therefore I diſtinguiſh between the principles and the perſon. However, it is ſome mortification to me, when I ſee an *avowed nonjuror* contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thouſand ſuch introductions as this.

His Lordſhip ends with diſcovering a ſmall ray of comfort.

* *The caſe ſtated.*

comfort. "God be thanked, there are many among "us that ſtand upon the watch-tower, and that give "faithful warning; that ſtand in the breach, and "make themſelves a wall for their church and coun-"try; that cry to God day and night, and lie in the "duſt mourning before him, to avert thoſe judgments "that ſeem to haſten toward us. They ſearch into "the myſtery of iniquity that is working among us, "and acquaint themſelves with that maſs of corruption "that is in Popery." He prays, "that the number "of theſe may increaſe, and that he may be of that "number, ready either to die in peace, or to ſeal that "doctrine *be* hath been preaching above fifty years with "his blood." This being his laſt paragraph, I have made bold to tranſcribe the moſt important parts of it. His deſign is to end after the manner of orators, with leaving the ſtrongeſt impreſſion poſſible upon the minds of his hearers. A great *breach* is made, *the myſtery of Popiſh iniquity is working among us*; may God avert thoſe *judgments that are haſtening towards us!* I am an old man, *a preacher above fifty years*; and I now expect, and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached. What an amiable idea doth he here leave upon our minds of her Majeſty and her government! He hath been poring ſo long upon Fox's book of martyrs, that he imagines himſelf living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is reſolved to ſet up for a knight-errant againſt Popery. Upon the ſuppoſition of his being in earneſt, (which I am ſure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a hiſtory of ſuch a knight's adventures. What would he ſay to behold the "fires kindled in Smithfield, and all over the "town," on the 17th of November; to behold the Pope borne in triumph on the ſhoulders of the people, with a "Cardinal on the one ſide, and the Pretender on the o-ther?" He would never believe it was Queen Eliſabeth's day but that of her perſecuting ſiſter. In ſhort, how eaſily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-ſhow for a Popiſh proceſſion?

But enthuſiaſm is none of his Lordſhip's faculty. I am inclined to believe, he might be melancholy enough when he writ this introduction. The deſpair at his age

of seeing a faction restored, to which he hath sacrificed so great a part of his life; the little success he can hope for in case he should resume those high-church principles, in defence of which he first employed his pen; no visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and, lastly, the misfortune of being hated by every one, who either wears the habit, or values the profession of a clergyman: no wonder such a spirit, in such a situation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction. To do him justice, he seems to have nothing else left, but to cry out, *Halters, gibbets, faggots, inquisition, Popery, slavery*, and the *pretender*. But, in the mean time, he little considers what a world of mischief he doth to his cause. It is very convenient for the present designs of that faction, to spread the opinion of our immediate danger from *Popery* and the *pretender*. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his Lordship in publishing a book, wherein he should have affirmed, by the most solemn asseverations, that all things were safe and well: for the world hath contracted so strong a habit of believing him backwards, that I am confident, nine parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his *introduction*, have slept in greater security ever since. It is like the melancholy tone of a watchman at midnight, who thumps with his pole as if some thief were breaking in; but you know by the noise that the door is fast.

However, he *thanks God there are many among us who stand in the breach*. I believe they may: it is a *breach* of their own making: and they design to come forward, and storm, and plunder, if they be not driven back. *They make themselves a wall for their church and country*. A *fourth* wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the *church and country* to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor. The *wall of our church and country* is built of those who love the constitution in both. Our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the *wall*, and place themselves in the *breach*, and then they cry, *We are the wall*. We do not like such patch-work; they build with untempered mortar: nor can they ever cement with us, till they get better materials, and better workmen. God keep us from having our breaches made up

with ſuch rubbiſh! *They ſtand upon the watch-tower!* They are indeed pragmatical enough to do ſo; but who aſſigned them that poſt, to give us falſe intelligence, to alarm us with falſe dangers, and ſend us to defend one gate, while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry to God day and night to avert the judg-"ment of Popery, which ſeems to haſten towards us." Then I affirm, they are "hypocrites by day, and filthy "dreamers by night: when they cry unto him, he will "not hear them;" for they cry againſt the plaineſt dictates of their own conſcience, reaſon, and belief.

But, laſtly, *they lie in the duſt mourning before him.* Hang me, if I believe that, unleſs it be figuratively ſpoken. But ſuppoſe it to be true, why do *they lie in the duſt?* Becauſe they love to *raiſe* it. For what do *they mourn?* Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, and monarchy, and the church, *lie*, and *mourn*, and *lick the duſt* like *ſerpents*, till they are truly ſenſible of their ingratitude, falſehood, diſobedience, ſlander, blaſphemy, ſedition, *and every evil work.*

I cannot find in my heart to conclude, without offering his Lordſhip a little humble advice upon ſome certain points.

First, I would adviſe him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his ſtyle, which is mighty defective in the circumſtances of grammar, propriety, politeneſs, and ſmoothneſs. I fancied at firſt it might be owing to the prevalence of his paſſion, as people ſputter out nonſenſe for haſte when they are in a rage. And indeed I believe this piece before me hath received ſome additional imperfections from that occaſion But whoever hath heard his ſermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and diſpoſition of his words; and, for want of variety, repeating them, eſpecially the particles, in a manner very grating to an Engliſh ear. But I confine myſelf to this *introduction*, as his laſt work; where, endeavouring at rhetorical *flowers*, he gives us only bunches of *thiſtles*; of which I could preſent the reader with a plentiful crop; but

but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

SECONDLY, I would most humbly advise his Lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what *she* says. I shall produce two instances among an hundred. When he asserts, that we are "now in more danger of Popery than towards the "end of King Charles II.'s reign;" and gives the broadest hints, that the Queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it; I desire to know, whether he really thinks *truth* is of his side, or whether he be not sure *she* is against him? If the latter, then *truth* and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to *light the fires in Smithfield*, and goes on, in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for *Popery* and *slavery* to enter; I ask again, whether he hath rightly considered the nature of *truth*? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his Lordship should take it into his fancy to write and publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals; and there advise him with great earnestness not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughter, or murder his father; shew him the sin and the danger of these enormities; that if he flattered himself he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken; that he must in all probability forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be cursed by posterity: would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, altho' his Lordship did not affirm, that the said gentleman had picklocks or combustibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him? whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over, that all attempts for introducing *Popery* and slavery are already made, the whole business concerted, and that little less than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

THIRDLY, I could heartily wish his Lordship would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and those probably *nonjurors*, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr Leslie writ a pro-

 pojal

*poſal for an union with the Gallican church*; ſomebody elſe hath *carried the neceſſity of prieſthood in the point of baptiſm farther than Popery*; a third hath *aſſerted the independency of the church on the ſtate, and in many things arraigned the ſupremacy of the crown:* then he ſpeaks in a dubious inſinuating way, as if ſome other Popiſh tenets had been already advanced; and at laſt concludes in this affected ſtrain of deſpondency, *What will all theſe things end in? and on what deſign are they driven? Alas, it is too viſible!* It is as clear as the ſun, that theſe authors are encouraged by the *miniſtry*, with a deſign to bring in *Popery*; and in *Popery* all theſe things will end.

I never was ſo uncharitable to believe, that the whole *party*, of which his Lordſhip profeſſeth himſelf a member, had a real formed deſign of eſtabliſhing *Atheiſm* among us. The reaſon why the Whigs have taken the *Atheiſts* or *Freethinkers* into their body, is, becauſe they wholly agree in their political ſchemes, and differ very little in church power and diſcipline. However, I could turn the argument againſt his Lordſhip with very great advantage, by quoting paſſages from fifty pamphlets wholly made up of *Whiggiſm* and *Atheiſm*, and then conclude, *What will all theſe things end in? and on what deſign are they driven? Alas, it is too viſible!*

Lastly, I would beg his Lordſhip not to be ſo exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead, becauſe it is highly probable, that in a very ſhort time he will be one of the number. He hath in plain words given Mr Wharton the character of a moſt malicious, revengeful, tracherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I ſhall only ſay, that the direct reverſe of this amiable deſcription is what appears from the works of that moſt learned divine, and from the accounts given me by thoſe who knew him much better than the Biſhop ſeems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of this treatment. God almighty forgive his Lordſhip this manner of revenging himſelf; and then there will be but little conſequence from an accuſation, which the *dead* cannot *feel*, and which none of the *living* will *believe*.

# A complete COLLECTION of GENTEEL and INGENIOUS CONVERSATION, according to the moſt polite mode and method now uſed at court, and in the beſt companies in England *.

## IN THREE DIALOGUES.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Eſq;

## An INTRODUCTION.

AS my life hath been chiefly ſpent in conſulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years paſt, not without anſwerable ſucceſs, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; ſo there is no point wherein I have ſo much laboured, as that of improving and poliſhing all parts of converſation between perſons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or viſits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

I have paſſed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in viſits and aſſemblies, where the polite perſons of both ſexes diſtinguiſh themſelves; and could not without much grief obſerve how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loſs for queſtions, anſwers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that theſe defects were not occaſioned by any want of materials, but be-



* This treatiſe appears to have been written with the ſame view, as the *critical eſſay on the faculties of the mind* [ vol. 2. ] but upon a more general plan. The ridicule, which is there confined to literary compoſition, is here extended to converſation: but its object is the ſame in both; the repetition of quaint phraſes picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occaſion to conceal ignorance or ſtupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native ſentiment, and combine ſuch *words as will preciſely expreſs it*. *Hawkeſ.*

cauſe thoſe materials were not in every hand. For inſtance, one lady can give an anſwer better than aſk a queſtion: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languiſhing converſation by a ſudden ſurpriſing ſentence; another is more dextrous in ſeconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been ſaid. Thus freſh hints may be ſtarted, and the ball of the diſcourſe kept up.

But alas! this is too ſeldom the caſe, even in the moſt ſelect companies. How often do we ſee at court, at publick viſiting days, at great mens levees, and other places of general meeting, that the converſation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without ſupply of fewel? This is what we all ought to lament; and againſt this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the ſixth of his late Majeſty King William III. of ever glorious and immortal memory, who reſcued three kingdoms from Popery and ſlavery, when, being about the age of ſix and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the beſt families in town, I determined to ſpend five mornings, to dine four times, paſs three afternoons, and ſix evenings, every week, in the houſes of the moſt polite families, of which I would confine myſelf to fifty; only changing as the maſters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or ſunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the higheſt moment) became diſaffected to the government: which practice I have followed ever ſince to this very day; except when I happened to be ſick, or in the ſpleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each ſex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as ſoon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choiceſt expreſſions that paſſed during the viſit; which, returning home, I tranſcribed in a fair hand, but ſomewhat enlarged: and had made the greateſt part of my collection in twelve years, but not digeſted into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour,

and

and what required the niceſt judgment, and conſequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in leſs than ſixteen years more.

Herein I reſolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr Creech's admirable tranſlation, that an author ſhould keep his works nine years in his cloſet, before he ventured to publiſh them: and finding that I ſtill received ſome additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very ſmall number, I determined to defer the publication, to purſue my deſign, and exhauſt if poſſible the whole ſubject, that I might preſent a complete ſyſtem to the world. For I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as ſevere as their old envy againſt me can make them. I foreſee they will object, that I have inſerted many anſwers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly uſeful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For theſe laſt ſix or ſeven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable ſentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a triſle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, ſhall find the leaſt thing of importance omitted, I deſire they will pleaſe to ſupply my defects, by communicating to me their diſcoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagſtaff, Eſq; at his lodgings next door to the Glouceſter-head in St James's ſtreet, (paying the poſtage). In return of which favour, I ſhall make honourable mention of their names in a ſhort preface to the ſecond edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with ſome pride, and much pleaſure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of converſation to the greateſt height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the ſame time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeneſs, and eloquence of England are ſummed up in it.

Nor

Nor is the treaſure ſmall, wherein are to be found at leaſt a thouſand ſhining queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of diſcourſe that an aſſembly of Engliſh ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can poſſibly want: eſpecially when the ſeveral flowers ſhall be ſet off and improved by the ſpeakers, with every circumſtance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praiſe, laughter, or admiration.

THERE is a natural, involuntary diſtortion of the muſcles, which is the anatomical cauſe of laughter: but there is another cauſe of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taſte, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much obſervation, long practice, and a ſound judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the eaſe of the learner, to ſet down in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, aſteriſks, or *nota-bene's*, (in Engliſh, *markwells*,) after moſt queſtions, and every reply or anſwer; directing exactly, the moment when one, two, or all the company, are to laugh: but having duly conſidered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and conſequently the price; and likewiſe that ſomething ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out; I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own diſcretion.

THE reader muſt learn by all means to diſtinguiſh between proverbs, and thoſe polite ſpeeches which beautify converſation: for as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious diſcourſe. I acknowledge indeed, that there may poſſibly be found in this treatiſe a few ſayings, among ſo great a number of ſmart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be conſidered, that even theſe were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of ſuperior wits to imbelliſh and ſupport converſation; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiariſm, (if you will forgive a hard word,) they have moſt injuriouſly been transferred into proverbial *maxims*; and therefore in juſtice ought to be returned

ſumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes, both male and female, the levees of great miniſters, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully aſſure the reader, that there is not one ſingle witty phraſe in this whole collection, which hath not received the ſtamp and approbation of at leaſt one hundred years, and how much longer, it is hard to determine; he may therefore be ſecure to find them all genuine, ſterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate treatiſe can become of univerſal uſe and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are abſolutely neceſſary.

For, firſt, whatever perſon would aſpire to be completely witty, ſmart, humorous, and polite, muſt by hard labour be able to retain in his memory every ſingle ſentence contained in this work, ſo as never to be once at a loſs in applying the right anſwers, queſtions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without ſtudy or heſitation.

And, ſecondly, after a lady or gentleman hath ſo well overcome this difficulty, as never to be at a loſs upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almoſt of every limb, is equally neceſſary; without which an infinite number of abſurdities will inevitably enſue. For inſtance, there is hardly a polite ſentence in the following dialogues which doth not abſolutely require ſome peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or noſe, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or ſuitable toſs of the head, with certain offices aſſigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exerciſe of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twiſtings, and movements, and different poſtures of the body, the ſeveral kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies muſt daily practiſe by the looking-glaſs, and conſult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will ſoon obſerve what a great compaſs of real and uſeful knowledge this ſcience includes; wherein altho' nature, aſſiſted by a genius, may be very

very inſtrumental, yet a ſtrong memory and conſtant application, together with example and precept, will be highly neceſſary. For theſe reaſons I have often wiſhed, that certain male and female inſtructors, perfectly verſed in this ſcience, would ſet up ſchools for the inſtruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that ſpecies commonly known by the name of *gypſies*, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing-maſter, when he was teaching his art to miſſes of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, ſtanding at ſome diſtance, but full in their ſight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twiſtings of the body; whereof you may ſtill obſerve the good effects in ſeveral of our elder ladies.

After the ſame manner, it were much to be deſired, that ſome expert gentlewomen gone to decay would ſet up public ſchools, wherein young girls of quality, of great fortunes, might firſt be taught to repeat this following ſyſtem of converſation, which I have been at ſo much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every ſcrewing of their bodies, every exerciſe of their fans, to the humour of the ſentences they hear or deliver in converſation: but above all to inſtruct them in every ſpecies and degree of laughing in the proper ſeaſons at their own wit, or that of the company. And if the ſons of the nobility and gentry, inſtead of being ſent to common ſchools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were conſigned to able inſtructors in the ſame art, I cannot find what uſe there could be of books, except in the hands of thoſe who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of perſons born to titles or eſtates.

IT would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this ſcience, we ſhould wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be underſtood; and whenever a polite perſon offers accidentally to uſe any of their jargon-terms, have the preſumption to laugh at us for pro-

nouncing

nouncing thoſe words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm, that whenever any fine gentleman or lady condeſcends to let a hard word paſs out of their mouths, every ſyllable is ſmoothed and poliſhed in the paſſage; and it is a true mark of politeneſs, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the ſound; becauſe we are infinitely better judges of what will pleaſe a diſtinguiſhing ear, than thoſe who call themſelves *ſcholars*, can poſſibly be; who, conſequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whoſe lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and ſignificancy.

But, in the mean time, until ſo great, ſo uſeful, and ſo neceſſary a deſign can be put in execution, (which, conſidering the good diſpoſition of our country at preſent, I ſhall not deſpair of living to ſee), let me recommend the following treatiſe, to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to viſit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to paſs the evening without cards, (as I have ſometimes known it to be the caſe, upon diſappointments or accidents unforeſeen); deſiring they would read their ſeveral parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themſelves for every kind of converſation that can poſſibly happen.

Altho' I have, in juſtice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controuled, I mean by producing ſo great a number of witty ſentences in the enſuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production; yet I muſt confeſs at the ſame time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our anceſtors; at leaſt, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phraſe of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occaſioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King Charles II. And thoſe have ſo often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's ſtanding, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a ſmall

number

number ſtrewed here and there in the comedies and other fantaſtic writings of that age.

THE Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewiſe, towards the end of the ſame reign, invent a ſet of words and phraſes, which continued almoſt to the time of his death. But, as theſe terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance, (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almoſt forgotten.

NOR did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— ſucceed much better, altho' they proceeded no farther than ſingle words; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

THE ſame fate hath already attended thoſe other town wits, who furniſh us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and thoſe of the laſt ſeaſon ſunk in oblivion. Of theſe I was once favoured with a complete liſt, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a conſiderable figure one ſummer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not underſtood.

THE only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeneſs in diſcourſe, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many ſyllables into one, by lopping off the reſt. This refinement having begun about the time of the *revolution* I had ſome ſhare in the honour of promoting it; and I obſerve, to my great ſatisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raiſe our language to the utmoſt perfection; altho' I muſt confeſs, to avoid obſcurity, I have been very ſparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

BUT as for phraſes invented to cultivate converſation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houſes in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, ſmartneſs, or politeneſs, to the very worſt of my ſet; which clearly ſhews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole ſtock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; becauſe,

becauſe, having myſelf for ſeveral months racked my invention to enrich this treaſure (if poſſible) with ſome additions of my own, (which, however, ſhould have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with impoſing upon the public), and having ſhewn them to ſome judicious friends, they dealt very ſincerely with me, all unanimouſly agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to diſcourſe, drawn up in my preſent collection, and confirmed their opinion with reaſons by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as aſhamed of my great preſumption.

But I lately met a much ſtronger argument to confirm me in the ſame ſentiments. For, as the great Biſhop Burnet of Saliſbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable *Hiſtory of his own times*, that he intended to employ himſelf in poliſhing it every day of his life, (and indeed, in its kind, it is almoſt equally poliſhed with this work of mine); ſo it hath been my conſtant buſineſs, for ſome years paſt, to examine with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, whether I could poſſibly find the ſmalleſt lapſe in ſtyle or propriety, through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the Biſhop, I might ſend it abroad as the moſt finiſhed piece of the age.

It happened on a day, as I was dining in good company of both ſexes, and watching, according to my cuſtom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I ſucceeded well enough, till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furniſh any more materials that were worth the pains of tranſcribing: for the diſcourſe of the company was all degenerated into ſmart ſayings of their own invention, and not of the true old ſtandard; ſo that, in abſolute deſpair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: from whence I did then conclude, and ſtill continue to believe, either that wine doth not inſpire politeneſs, or that our ſex is not able to ſupport it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increaſeth the value of theſe apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at leaſt an hundred years. Neither is this to be won-

dered at; becauſe indeed, beſides the ſmartneſs of the wit, and fineneſs of the raillery, ſuch is the propriety and energy of expreſſion in them all, that they never can be changed, but to diſadvantage, except in the circumſtance of uſing abbreviations: which, however, I do not deſpair in due time to ſee introduced, having already met them at ſome of the choice companies in town.

ALTHO' this work be calculated for all perſons of quality and fortune of both ſexes: yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the *officers* of the *army*, the *gentlemen* of the *inns* of *court*, and of *both* the *univerſities*: to all *courtiers*, male and female, but principally to the *maids* of *honour*, of whom I have been perſonally acquainted with two and twenty ſets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for ſome years paſt, I know not how, they came to degenerate into ſelling of *bargains* and *Freethinkers*: not that I am againſt either of theſe entertainments at proper ſeaſons, in compliance with company, who may want a taſte for more exalted diſcourſe, whoſe memories may be ſhort, who are too young to be perfect in their leſſons, or (altho' it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my inſtructions. And beſides, there is a ſtrong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amuſements above mentioned, that they may avoid the cenſure of affecting ſingularity, againſt the general current and faſhion of all about them. But however, no man will pretend to affirm, that either *bargains* or *blaſphemy*, which are the principal ornaments of *Freethinking*, are ſo good a fund of polite diſcourſe, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to *bargains*, few of them ſeem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, becauſe they all terminate in one ſingle point; and to multiply them, would require more invention than people have to ſpare. And as to *blaſphemy* or *Freethinking*, I have known ſome ſcrupulous perſons of both ſexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of ſprights. I muſt however except the *maids* of *honour*, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no ſuch place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulneſs of *Freethinking*,

*thinking*, becauſe it hath been univerſally allowed, that thought is free. But, however, altho' it may afford a large field of matter, yet, in my poor opinion, it ſeems to contain very little of wit or humour; becauſe it hath not been ancient enough among us to furniſh eſtabliſhed authentic expreſſions, I mean ſuch as muſt receive a ſanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed. Neither was the art of *blaſphemy* or *Freethinking* invented by the court, or by perſons of great quality, who, properly ſpeaking, were patrons, rather than inventors of it; but firſt brought in by the Fanatic faction towards the end of their power, and after the reſtoration carried to Whitehall by the converted *rumpers*; with very good reaſon; becauſe they knew that King Charles II. from a wrong education, occaſioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to obſerve, that Fanatic enthuſiaſm directly led to Atheiſm, which agreed with the diſſolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps theſe principles were farther cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with ſpreading them among us. However, I cannot ſee where the neceſſity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for converſation, while we have ſo plentiful a ſtock of our own growth.

I have likewiſe, for ſome reaſons of equal weight, been very ſparing in *double entendres*; becauſe they often put ladies upon affected conſtraints, and affected ignorance. In ſhort, they break, or very much intangle the thread of diſcourſe. Neither am I maſter of any rules to ſettle the diſconcerted countenances of the females in ſuch a conjuncture; I can therefore only allow *innuendoes* of this kind to be delivered in whiſpers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to bluſh, it may produce a new ſubject for diſcourſe.

PERHAPS the critics may accuſe me of a defect in my following ſyſtem of *Polite Converſation*; that there is one great ornament of diſcourſe, whereof I have not produced a ſingle example; which indeed I purpoſely omitted, for ſome reaſons that I ſhall immediately offer: and if thoſe reaſons will not ſatisfy the male part of

my gentle readers, the defect may be ſupplied in ſome manner by an appendix to the ſecond edition; which appendix ſhall be printed by itſelf, and ſold for ſixpence, ſtitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occaſion to complain of being defrauded.

THE defect I mean is, my not having inſerted into the body of my book, all the oaths now moſt in faſhion for imbelliſhing diſcourſe; eſpecially ſince it could give no offence to the clergy, who are ſeldom or never admitted to theſe polite aſſemblies. And it muſt be allowed, that oaths well choſen, are not only very uſeful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of ſtyle.

WHAT I ſhall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be ſome extenuation of my fault.

*Firſt*, I reaſoned with myſelf, that a juſt collection of oaths, repeated as often as the faſhion requires, muſt have enlarged this volume, at leaſt, to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewiſe make the volume leſs commodious for pocket-carriage.

*Secondly*, I have been aſſured by ſome judicious friends, that themſelves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether ſeriouſly or no) at too great a profuſion of curſing and ſwearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confeſs, did ſtartle me not a little, having never obſerved the like in the compaſs of my own female acquaintance, at leaſt, for twenty years paſt. However, I was forced to ſubmit to wiſer judgments than my own.

*Thirdly*, As this moſt uſeful treatiſe is calculated for all future times, I conſidered in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard ſince I began to ſtudy the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet,

*For now-a-days men change their oaths,*
*As often as they change their cloaths.*

IN ſhort, oaths are the children of faſhion; they are in ſome ſenſe almoſt annuals, like what I obſerved before

fore of cant-words; and I myſelf can remember about forty different ſets. The old ſtock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at moſt; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almoſt as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir John Perrot was the firſt man of quality, whom I find upon record to have ſworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Queen Eliſabeth, and was ſuppoſed to have been a natural ſon of Henry VIII. who might alſo probably have been his inſtructor. This oath indeed ſtill continues, and is a ſtock-oath to this day; ſo do ſeveral others that have kept their natural ſimplicity. But infinitely the greater number hath been ſo frequently changed and diſlocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly underſtand them.

Upon theſe conſiderations I began to apprehend, that if I ſhould inſert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the firſt change of faſhion, and grow as uſeleſs as an old dictionary: whereas the caſe is quite otherwiſe with my collection of polite diſcourſe; which, as I before obſerved, hath deſcended by tradition for at leaſt an hundred years, without any change in the phraſeology. I therefore determined with myſelf to leave out the whole ſyſtem of ſwearing; becauſe both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and diſtinguiſhed; new ones are eaſily learned, and, with a moderate ſhare of diſcretion, may be properly applied on every fit occaſion. However, I muſt here, upon this article of ſwearing, moſt earneſtly recommend to my male readers, that they would pleaſe a little to ſtudy variety. For it is the opinion of our moſt refined ſwearers, that the ſame oath or curſe cannot, conſiſtently with true politeneſs, be repeated above nine times in the ſame company, by the ſame perſon, and at one ſitting.

I am far from deſiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious ſpeeches contained in this work ſhould, in the general converſation between ladies and gentlemen, come in ſo quick and ſo cloſe, as I have here delivered them. By no means. On the contrary, they ought to be huſbanded better, and ſpread much

have lived at leaſt a twelvemonth in town, and kept the beſt company. Of theſe ſpellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For inſtance, *can't*, *han't*, *mayn't*, *did'nt*, *coud'nt*, *woud'nt*, *is'n't*, &c. with many more; beſides ſeveral words which ſcholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite ſound, by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, ſuch as, *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learner* for *learning*; together with ſome abbreviations exquiſitely refined; as, *pozz* for *poſitive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *phyſiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps* or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is ſaved, and the high road to converſation cut ſhort by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itſelf, to a degree, that whenever any judicious perſon ſhall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and inſtruction of a ſelect company, he need not ſo much as name the particular ſpeakers; becauſe all the perſons, throughout the ſeveral ſubjects of converſation, ſtrictly obſerve a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds. But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's diſcernment.

PERHAPS the very manner of introducing the ſeveral points of wit and humour, may not be leſs entertaining and inſtructing than the matter itſelf. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; becauſe it entirely depends upon memory, and the happineſs of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that thoſe ſpeeches ſhould be introduced naturally, as the moſt proper ſentiments to be delivered upon ſo great a variety of ſubjects, I take to be a talent ſomewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to ſucceed in, unleſs they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a ſincere diſintereſted love of the public

ALTHOUGH every curious queſtion, ſmart anſwer, and witty reply, be little known to many people; yet there is not one ſingle ſentence in the whole collection, for which

which I cannot bring moſt authentic vouchers, whenever I ſhall be called; and even for ſome expreſſions, which, to a few nice ears, may perhaps appear ſomewhat groſs, I can produce the ſtamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houſes, theatres, aſſemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and maſquerades, from perſons of both ſexes, and of the higheſt titles next to royal. However, to ſay the truth, I have been very ſparing in my quotations of ſuch ſentiments that ſeem to be over free; becauſe, when I began my collection, ſuch kind of converſe was almoſt in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patroneſſes at court, by whoſe countenance and ſanction it hath become a choice flower in the noſegay of wit and politeneſs.

Some will perhaps object, That when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of diſhes, not always conſiſtent with the art of cookery, or proper for the ſeaſon of the year, and part of the firſt courſe mingled with the ſecond; beſides a failure in politeneſs, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment. But if I had omitted the black pudding, I deſire to know what would have become of that exquiſite reaſon given by Miſs Notable for not eating it? The world perhaps might have loſt it for ever, and I ſhould have been juſtly anſwerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that ſuch hypercritical readers will pleaſe to conſider, my buſineſs was to make ſo full and complete a body of refined ſayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the moſt natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very ſubſtance and marrow of this moſt admirable and neceſſary art.

I am heartily ſorry, and was much diſappointed, to find, that ſo univerſal and polite an entertainment as cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have ſat by many hundred times with the utmoſt vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one ſingle phraſe in my book. But this, I think, may be eaſily accounted for, by the turbulence

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and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

PLAY is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions, or trials of wit. *Quadrille*, in particular, bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action.

NEITHER can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer: *Do ye know me? Yes, I do*; and, *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* For this reason, I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially when, to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits, for one minute, and dismissed them the next.

NEITHER is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humoursome disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to an happy conclusion.

THE judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite

converſation flouriſh between both ſexes, in a more conſummate degree of perfection, than thoſe kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn ſome lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyſhire knight, on purpoſe to place it in counterview or contraſt with that of the other company; wherein I can aſſure the reader, that I intended not the leaſt reflection upon Derbyſhire, the place of my nativity: but my intention was only to ſhew the misfortune of thoſe perſons who have the diſadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeneſs; whereof I take the preſent limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round, altho' others are pleaſed to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the diſcourſes of my gentlemen and ladies with thoſe of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the ſame climate, or under the ſame laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him ſpeaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reaſon than to teach my ſcholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will obſerve, that when converſation appears in danger to flag, which in ſome places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent ſome ſudden queſtion, or turn of wit, to revive it; ſuch as theſe that follow. *What, I think here's a ſilent meeting! Come, Madam, a penny for your thought*; with ſeveral other of the like ſort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, becauſe I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, becauſe I found them ſo much inferior to thoſe at court; eſpecially among the gentlemen-uſhers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour; I muſt alſo add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite converſing ſhall be thoroughly improved, good-company will be no longer peſtered with dull, dry, tedious ſtory-tellers, nor brangling diſputers: for a right ſcholar, of either ſex, in our ſcience, will perpetually interrupt them with ſome ſudden ſurpriſing piece of wit, that ſhall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pauſe, the grave companion reſumes his thread, in the following manner, *Well, but to go on with my ſtory*, new interrupti-

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ons come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewiſe made ſome few eſſays towards *telling of bargains*, as well for inſtructing thoſe who delight in that accompliſhment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have tranſgreſſed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner ſomewhat more reſerved than it is now practiſed at St James's. At the ſame time, I can hardly allow this accompliſhment to paſs properly for a branch of that perfect polite converſation, which makes the conſtituent ſubject of my treatiſe; and for this I have already given my reaſons. I have likewiſe, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each *bargain*, which the ſagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myſelf, I am proud to own, that, except ſome ſmattering in the French, I am what the pedants and ſcholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to ſay, unlearned. But as to my own language, I ſhall not readily yield to many perſons. I have read moſt of the plays, and all the miſcellany poems that have been publiſhed for twenty years paſt. I have read Mr Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was univerſally allowed to be the greateſt genius of his age.

Upon what foot I ſtand with the preſent chief reigning wits, their verſes recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thouſand witneſſes. I am, and have been likewiſe particularly acquainted with Mr Charles Gildon, Mr Ward, Mr Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and ſeveral others. Each of theſe eminent perſons (I mean thoſe who are ſtill alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the ſtricteſt eye of friendly ſeverity, and propoſed ſome, altho' very few amendments; which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for ſo ſingular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great aſſiſtance I have received from thoſe two illuſtrious writers, Mr Ozell, and Capt. Stevens. Theſe, and ſome others of diſtinguiſhed eminence, in whoſe company I

have

have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of gentile and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies into different hands, and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent person, of a tolerable memory, can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confess, that so grand, so important an enterprise, as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom: but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their intreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation

of modeſty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees ſo juſt pretenſions as myſelf to the higheſt encouragement from the *crown*, the *parliament*, and the *miniſtry*, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been aſſured, that ſeveral great heroes of antiquity were worſhipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifeſt I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if ſuch a treatiſe as mine had been publiſhed ſome years ago, and with as much ſucceſs as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the ſtudy and practice of polite converſation; whether ſuch mean, ſtupid writers, as the *Craftſman* and his abetters, could have been able to corrupt the principles of ſo many hundred thouſand ſubjects, as, to the ſhame and grief of every Whiggiſh, loyal, and true Proteſtant heart, it is too manifeſt they have done. For I deſire the honeſt judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhauſted the whole *in fickly pay-day* * (if I may ſo call it) of politeneſs and refinement, and faithfully digeſted it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expreſſion relating to politics; that the *miniſtry* is never mentioned, nor the word *king* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his Majeſty: ſo very cautious were our wiſer anceſtors in forming rules for converſation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-diſputes in the ſtate. And indeed, altho' there ſeems to be a cloſe reſemblance between the two words *politeneſs* and *politics*, yet no ideas are more inconſiſtent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of diſaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble ſcience, in the following ſhort terms, that ought to be writ in gold, *Muſt is for the King:* which uncontroulable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the firſt page of my book, thereby to inſtil early the beſt Proteſtant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own

* This word is ſpelt by Latiniſts, Encyclopædia; but the judicious author wiſely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.

own private opinion, that politeneſs is the firmeſt foundation upon which loyalty can be ſupported: for thus happily ſings the never-to-be-too-much-admired Lord H——, in his truly ſublime poem, called, *Loyalty defined:*

*Who's not polite, for the pretender is;*
*A Jacobite, I know him by his phizz.*

In the like manner, the divine Mr Tibbalds or Theobalds, in one of his birthday-poems:

*I am no ſchollard, but I am polite;*
*Therefore be ſure I am no Jacobite.*

Hear likewiſe to the ſame purpoſe that great maſter of the whole poetic choir, our moſt illuſtrious laureat, Mr Colley Cibber:

*Who in his talk can't ſpeak a polite thing,*
*Will never loyal be to* George *our King.*

I could produce many more ſhining paſſages out of our principal poets of both ſexes to confirm this momentous truth. From whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can moſt contribute towards propagating the ſcience contained in the following ſheets thro' the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may juſtly demand all the favour that the wiſeſt court and moſt judicious ſenate are able to confer on the moſt deſerving ſubject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been ſo hardy to attempt, and without the leaſt mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of ſucceeding to my full wiſh, except among the Tories and their abettors, who being all Jacobites, and conſequently Papiſts in their hearts, from a want of true taſte, or by ſtrong affectation, may perhaps reſolve not to read my book; chuſing rather to deny themſelves the pleaſure and honour of ſhining in polite company among the principal geniuſes of both ſexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending, (as I confeſs nothing is more likely to happen), that a true ſpirit of loyalty to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion ſhould ſteal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could poſſibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberleſs toils, the frequent riſings in the night to ſet down ſeveral ingenious ſentences, that I ſuddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmoſt vigilance, had been irrecoverably loſt for ever: if they would conſider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at thoſe houſes where perſons of both ſexes, and of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit, uſed to meet and diſplay their talents; with what attention I liſtened to all their diſcourſes, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper ſeaſons withdrew unobſerved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little ſuſpected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I ſay, if all theſe were known to the world, I think it would be no great preſumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houſes of parliament, for the ſervice and honour I have done to the whole nation by my ſingle pen.

Altho' I have never been once charged with the leaſt tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an eaſy queſtion, What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or of what benefit will they be to poſterity? Were not many of his greateſt actions owing, at leaſt in part, to fortune? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? Could he have conquered the Poliſh King, or the Czar of Muſcovy, with his ſingle arm? Far be it from me to envy or leſſen the fame he hath acquired; but at the ſame time, I will venture to ſay, without breach of modeſty, that I, who have alone with this right hand ſubdued barbariſm, rudeneſs, and ruſticity; who have eſtabliſhed and fixed for ever the whole ſyſtem of all true politeneſs and refinement in converſation, ſhould think myſelf moſt inhumanely treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly reſent it as the higheſt indignity, to be put on a level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles XII. late King of Sweden.

And yet ſo incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will eaſily believe, that I have been aſſured by more than one cre-

dible

dible perſon, how ſome of my enemies have induſtriouſly whiſpered about, that one Iſaac Newton, an inſtrument-maker, formerly living near Leiceſter-fields, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the Tower, might poſſibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it ſeems, was knighted, for making ſun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjurer, becauſe he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a ſlate, which no body could underſtand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endleſs renown, if the ghoſt of an obſcure mechanic ſhall be raiſed up to enter into competition with me, only for his ſkill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thouſand accompliſhed gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as thoſe of Sir Iſaac.

My moſt ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr Colley Cibber, who does ſo much honour to the laurel crown, he deſervedly wears, (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head.) was pleaſed to tell me, that if my treatiſe were ſhaped into a comedy, the repreſentation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the ſpreading of polite converſation among all perſons of diſtinction thro' the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his propoſal; for Mr. Cibber himſelf allowed, that the ſubjects handled in my work being ſo numerous and extenſive, it would be abſolutely impoſſible for one, two, or even ſix comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and eſſential rules for polite converſation muſt be omitted.

And here let me do juſtice to my friend Mr Tibbalds, who plainly confeſſed before Mr Cibber himſelf, that ſuch a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, ſo it would intolerably mangle my ſcheme, and thereby deſtroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or ſyſtem of this moſt uſeful ſcience in all its parts. And therefore Mr Tibbalds, whoſe judgment was never diſputed, choſe rather to fall in with my propoſal, mentioned before, of erecting public

ſchools and ſeminaries all over the kingdom, to inſtruct the young people of both ſexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I ſhall conclude this long, but neceſſary introduction, with a requeſt, or indeed rather a juſt and reaſonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with thoſe polite queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour and cloſe application, during the ſpace of thirty-ſix years, been collecting for their ſervice and improvement, they ſhall, as an inſtance of gratitude, on every proper occaſion, quote my name, after this, or the like manner: "Madam, as our Maſter Wagſtaff ſays; My Lord, as "our friend Wagſtaff has it." I do likewiſe expect, that all my pupils ſhall drink my health every day at dinner and ſupper during my life; and that they, or their poſterity, ſhall continue the ſame ceremony to my *not inglorious memory*, after my deceaſe, for ever.

POLITE

# POLITE CONVERSATION*.

| The MEN. | The LADIES. |
|---|---|
| Lord SPARKISH. | Lady SMART. |
| Lord SMART. | Miſs NOTABLE. |
| Sir JOHN LINGER. | Lady ANSWERALL. |
| Mr NEVEROUT. | |
| Col. ATWITT. | |

## The ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkiſh and Colonel Atwitt meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr Neverout joins them; they all go to breakfaſt at Lady Smart's. Their converſation over their tea: after which they part; but my Lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewiſe; and comes a little too late. The whole converſation at dinner: after which the Ladies retire to their tea. The converſation of the Ladies without the men, who are ſuppoſed to ſtay and drink a bottle; but in ſome time go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The converſation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning: but no converſation ſet down. They all take leave, and go home.

## DIALOGUE I.

### *St JAMES'S* PARK.

*Lord* Sparkiſh *meeting Col.* Atwitt.

*Col.* WELL met, my Lord.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Thank ye, Colonel. A parſon would have ſaid, I hope we ſhall meet in heaven. When did you ſee Tom Neverout?

*Col.*

* "I retired hither for the public good, having two great works "in hand: one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and "ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons "of quality, and particularly the maids of honour," *&c. Letters to and from Dr Swift, in vol. 4. let. 55. p. 125.*

"I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty eight years ago, "and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four ſhilling volume; and "is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till "it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs." *Ibid. vol. 4. let. 62. p. 145.*

*Col.* He's juſt coming towards us. Talk of the devil ——

Neverout *comes up.*

*Col* How do you do, Tom?

*Neverout.* Never the better for you.

*Col.* I hope your're never the worſe: but pray where's your manners? don't you ſee my Lord Sparkiſh?

*Neverout.* My Lord, I beg your Lordſhip's pardon.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Tom, how is it, that you can't ſee the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

*Neverout.* Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of ſeeing your Lordſhip.

*Col.* Tom, you muſt go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfaſt.

*Neverout.* Muſt? why, Colonel, muſt's for the King.

[*Col. offering in jeſt to draw his ſword.*

*Col.* Have you ſpoke with all your friends?

*Neverout.* Colonel, as you're ſtout, be merciful.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Come, agree, agree; the law's coſtly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

*Col.* Well, Tom, you are never the worſe man to be afraid of me. Come along.

*Neverout.* What, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miſs Notable will be there; egad ſhe's very handſome, and has wit at will.

*Col.* Why every one as they like, as the good woman ſaid when ſhe kiſs'd her cow.

*Lord* Smart's *houſe; they knock at the door; the* Porter *comes out.*

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, are you the porter?

*Porter.* Yes, for want of a better.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Is your lady at home?

*Porter.* She was at home juſt now; but ſhe's not gone out yet.

*Neverout.* I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady

*Lady* Smart's *antechamber.*

*Lady* Smart, *Lady* Anſwerall, *and Miſs* Notable *at the tea table.*

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Madam, you ſpoke too late; I was your Ladyſhip's before.

*Lady Smart.* O! Colonel, are you here?

*Col.* As ſure as you're there, Madam.

*Lady Smart.* Oh, Mr Neverout! What! ſuch a man alive!

*Neverout.* Ay, Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyſhip's ſervice.

*Lady Smart.* Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr Neverout came to our houſe. And pray what news, Mr Neverout?

*Neverout.* Why, Madam, Queen Eliſabeth's dead.

*Lady Smart.* Well: Mr Neverout, I ſee you are no changeling.

*Miſs* Notable *comes in.*

*Neverout.* Miſs, your ſlave: I hope your early riſing will do you no harm. I find you are but juſt come out of the cloath-market.

*Miſs.* I always riſe at eleven, whether it be day or no.

*Col.* Miſs, I hope you are up for all day.

*Miſs.* Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

*Col.* Miſs, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

*Miſs.* Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

*Col.* Pretty and well, Miſs! that's two very good things.

*Miſs.* I mean, I am better than I was.

*Neverout.* Why then, 'tis well you were ſick.

*Miſs.* What! Mr Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

*Lady Smart.* Come let us leave off children's play, and go to puſh-pin.

*Miſs.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, give me ſome more ſugar to my tea.

*Col.* Oh! Miſs, you muſt needs be very good-humour'd, you love ſweet things ſo well.

Neverout

*Neverout.* Stir it up with the ſpoon, Miſs; for the deeper the ſweeter.

*Lady Smart.* I aſſure you, Miſs, the Colonel has made you a great compliment.

*Miſs.* I am ſorry for it; for I have heard ſay, complimenting is lying.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Ld Sparkiſh.*] My Lord, methinks the ſight of you is good for ſore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have ſtrown ruſhes for you. How has your Lordſhip done this long time?

*Col.* Faith, Madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well; I ſee there's no worſe friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the firſt man has carried a rod to whip himſelf.

*Neverout.* Here's poor Miſs has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

*Miſs.* It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

*Colonel riſing up.*

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, where are you going ſo ſoon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

*Col.* Madam, I muſt needs go home for half an hour.

*Miſs.* Why Colonel, they ſay, the devil's at home.

*Lady Anne.* Well, but ſit while you ſtay, 'tis as cheap ſitting as ſtanding.

*Col.* No Madam, while I'm ſtanding I'm going.

*Miſs.* Nay, let him go; I promiſe him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

*Lady Smart.* I ſuppoſe, Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myſelf.

*Col.* Madam, I am all obedience.

*Colonel ſits down.*

*Lady Smart.* Lord. Miſs, how can you drink your tea ſo hot? ſure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

*Col.* Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-iſh.

*Lady Smart.* Oh Colonel! I underſtand you, Betty, bring the caniſter: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when

when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*

*Lady Anſw.* [*to the maid.*] Why, ſure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

*Betty.* Why, Madam, the Biſhop has ſet his foot in it.

*Lady Smart.* Go, run girl, and warm ſome freſh cream.

*Betty.* Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

*Lady Smart.* I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

*Miſs.* Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

*Col.* Yes, in a morning, Miſs: for they ſay, butter is gold in a morning, ſilver at noon, but it is lead at night.

*Neverout.* Miſs, the weather is ſo hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, butter, I've heard 'em ſay, is mad twice a-year.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*to the maid.*] Mrs Betty, how does your body politic?

*Col.* Fie, my Lord, you'll make Mrs Betty bluſh.

*Lady Smart.* Bluſh! ay, bluſh like a blue dog.

*Neverout.* Pray, Mrs Betty, are you not Tom Johnſon's daughter?

*Betty.* So my mother tells me, Sir.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* But, Mrs Betty, I hear you are in love.

*Betty.* My Lord, I thank God, I hate no body; I am in charity with all the world.

*Lady Smart.* Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning. How came you by that ſcratch upon your noſe? have you been fighting with the cats?

*Col.* [*to Miſs.*] Miſs, when will you be married?

*Miſs.* One of theſe odd-come-ſhortly's, Colonel.

*Neverout.* Yes; they ſay the match is half made, the ſpark is willing, but Miſs is not.

*Miſs.* I ſuppoſe the gentleman has got his own conſent for it.

*Lady Anſw.* Pray, my Lord, did you walk through the park in the rain?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Yes, Madam, we were neither ſugar nor ſalt,

ſalt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laughs.*

*Col.* It rain'd, and the ſun ſhone at the ſame time.

*Neverout.* Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a ſhoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*

*Col.* A blind man would be glad to ſee that.

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, methinks you ſtand in your own light.

*Neverout.* Ah! Madam, I have done ſo all my life.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* I'm ſure he ſits in mine. Pr'ythee, Tom, ſit a little farther: I believe your father was no glaſier.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, dear girl, fill me out a diſh of tea, for I'm very lazy.

*Miſs fills a diſh of tea, ſweetens it, and then taſtes it.*

*Lady Smart* What, Miſs, will you be my taſter?

*Miſs* No, Madam; but they ſay 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, fill me another.

*Miſs* Will you have it now, or ſtay till you get it?

*Lady Answ.* But, Colonel, they ſay you went to court laſt night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philiſtines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

*Col.* Indeed, Madam, that's a lie

*Lady Answ* 'Tis better I ſhould lie than you ſhould loſe your good manners: beſides, I don't lie, I ſit.

*Neverout.* O faith, Colonel, you muſt own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you, you were half-ſeas over.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, I fear Lady Anſwerall can't live long, ſhe has ſo much wit.

*Neverout* No; ſhe can't live, that's certain; but ſhe may linger thirty or forty years.

*Miſs.* Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing

*Lady Answ.* Oh! Miſs, you muſt give your vardi too!

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Miſs, ſhall I fill you another diſh of tea?

*Miſs.* Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Come, it will do you more good than a month's faſting; here, take it.

Miſs.

*Miſs.* No, I thank your Lordſhip; enough's as good as a feaſt.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well; but if you always ſay no, you'll never be married.

*Lady Anſw.* Do, my Lord, give her a diſh; for they ſay, maids will ſay no, and take it.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well; and I dare ſay, Miſs is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

*Nevercut.* I would not take my oath of that.

*Miſs.* Pray, Sir, ſpeak for yourſelf.

*Lady Smart.* Fie, Miſs; they ſay maids ſhould be ſeen, and not heard.

*Lady Anſw.* Good Miſs, ſtir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.——You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Miſs, you'll have a chearful huſband.

*Miſs.* Indeed, your Ladyſhip could have ſtirred it much better.

*Lady Anſw.* I know that very well, huſſy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myſelf.

*Neverout.* What! you are ſick, Miſs.

*Miſs.* Not at all; for her Ladyſhip meant you.

*Neverout.* Oh! faith, Miſs, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

*Miſs.* I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

*Lady Anſw.* Well; but Miſs———

*Neverout.* Ah! dear Madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor Miſs; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

*Miſs.* Indeed, Mr Neverout, you ſhould be cut for the ſimples this morning: ſay a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Miſs, will you be ſo good as to favour us with a ſong?

*Miſs.* Indeed, my Lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

*Col.* Oh! Miſs, they ſay all good ſingers have colds.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Madam, does not Miſs ſing very well?

*Lady Anſw.* She ſings, as one may ſay, my Lord.

*Miſs.* I hear Mr Neverout has a very good voice.

*Col.* Yes, Tom ſings well, but his luck's naught.

*Neverout.* Faith, Colonel, you hit yourſelf a deviliſh box on the ear.

*Col.* Miſs, will you take a pinch of ſnuff?

*Miſs.* No, Colonel, you muſt know that I never take ſnuff but when I am angry.

*Lady Anſw.* Yes, yes, ſhe can take ſnuff, but ſhe has never a box to put it in.

*Miſs.* Pray, Colonel, let me ſee that box.

*Col.* Madam, there's never a C upon it.

*Miſs.* May be there is, Colonel.

*Col.* Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, Miſs.

*Neverout.* Colonel, why ſo hard upon poor Miſs? Don't ſet your wit againſt a child. Miſs, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

*Miſs.* So ſhe pray'd me to tell you.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz?

*Lady Smart.* Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, methinks here's a ſilent meeting. Come, Miſs, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miſs ſtarts.*

*Miſs.* Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my ſeven ſenſes!

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, I muſt be going.

*Lady Anſw.* I have ſeen haſtier people than you ſtay all night.

*Col.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

*Miſs.* I believe, Colonel, Mr Neverout can leap at a cruſt better than you.

*Neverout.* Miſs, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a huſband.

*Miſs.* Peace! I think I hear the church-clock.

*Neverout.* Why, you know, as the fool thinks——

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

*Miſs.* Let him ſet his foot on it, that it may'nt fly in his face.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs——

*Miſs.* Ay, ay! many a one ſays well that thinks ill.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, I'll think on this.

*Miſs.* That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout.

*Neverout.* What! I ſee you are a poet.

*Miſs.* Yes; if I had but wit to ſhew it.

*Neverout.* Miſs, will you be ſo kind as to fill me a diſh of tea?

*Miſs.* Pray let your betters be ſerved before you; I'm juſt going to fill one for myſelf; and you know, the parſon always chriſtens his own child firſt.

*Neverout.* But I ſaw you fill one juſt now for the Colonel: well, I find kiſſing goes by favour.

*Miſs.* But pray, Mr Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the ſide-box laſt Tueſday?

*Neverout.* Miſs, can you keep a ſecret?

*Miſs.* Yes, I can.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, and ſo can I.

*Col.* Odd-ſo! I have cut my thumb with this curſed knife!

*Lady Anſw.* Ay; that was your mother's fault, becauſe ſhe only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

*Lady Smart.* No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wiſe folks cut their thumbs———

*Miſs.* I'm ſorry for it, but I can't cry.

*Col.* Don't you think Miſs is grown?

*Lady Anſw.* Ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace.

*Miſs.* No, Madam, with ſubmiſſion, 'tis weeds of grace that grow apace.

*A puff of ſmoke comes down the chimney.*

*Lady Anſw.* Lord, Madam, does your Ladyſhip's chimney ſmoke?

*Col.* No, Madam; but they ſay ſmoke always purſues the fair, and your Ladyſhip ſat neareſt.

*Lady Smart.* Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

*Lady Anſw.* Why, Madam, I muſt confeſs I do love it, but it does not love me.

*Miſs* [*to Lady Smart*] Indeed, Madam, your Ladyſhip is very ſparing of your tea: I proteſt, the laſt diſh I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

*Col.* Pray, Miſs, if I may be ſo bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

*Miſs.* Don't you know? then keep counſel.

*Lady Anſw.* I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her; it was the beſt lover ſhe will ever have while ſhe lives, her own dear pappa.

*Neverout.* Methinks, Miſs, I don't much like the colour of that riband.

*Miſs.* Why then, Mr Neverout, do you ſee, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyſhip has heard that Sir John Briſk has got an employment at court.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himſelf no ſmall fool now.

*Neverout.* Yet, Madam, I have heard ſome people take him for a wiſe man.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, ay; ſome are wiſe, and ſome are otherwiſe.

*Lady Anſw.* Do you know him, Mr Neverout?

*Neverout.* Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his diſh.

*Col.* Well; I can only ſay that he has better luck than honeſter folks: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, you are in a brown ſtudy; what's the matter? Methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for ſaying nothing.

*Miſs.* I'd have you to know, I ſcorn your words.

*Neverout.* Well; but ſcornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

*Miſs.* Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no ſlander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grim?

*Neverout.* Cry map-ſticks, Madam; no offence, I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.*

*Lady Anſw.* Lord, Madam; how came you to break your cup?

*Lady Smart.* I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

*Miſs.* Why, ſell it, Madam, and buy a new one with ſome of the money.

*Col.* 'Tis a folly to cry for ſpilt milk.

*Lady Smart.* Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradeſmen live?

*Miſs.* Well: I am very ſick, if no body car'd for it. I ſhall die, for I can't ſpit from me.

[*She ſpits.*

Neverout.

*Neverout.* Come then, Miſs, e'en make a die of it, and then we ſhall have a burying of our own.

*Miſs.* The devil take you, Neverout, beſides all ſmall curſes.

*Lady Anſw.* Marry come up: what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, Miſs.

*Lady Smart.* Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, Miſs will ſpit in her hand, and hold faſt. Colonel, do you like this biſket?

*Col.* I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

*Lady Smart.* Well, and isn't it pure good?

*Col.* 'Tis better than a worſe.

*Footman brings the Colonel a letter.*

*Lady Anſw.* I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that's a billetdoux from your miſtreſs.

*Col.* Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but who-e'er writ it, writes a hand like a ſoot.

*Miſs.* Well, you may make a ſecret of it, but we can ſpell, and put together.

*Neverout.* Miſs, what ſpells b double uzzard?

*Miſs.* Buzzard in your teeth, Mr Neverout.

*Lady Smart.* Now you are up, Mr Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindneſs, to take off the tea-kettle?

*Lt Sparkiſh.* I wonder what makes theſe bells ring.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, my Lord, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*

Neverout *plays with a tea cup.*

*Miſs.* Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out ſuch a pretty play-thing.

*Lady Smart.* Well ſaid, Miſs; I vow, Mr Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

*Neverout.* Ay, Miſs will ſay any thing but her prayers, and thoſe ſhe whiſtles.

*Miſs.* Pray, Colonel, make me a preſent of that pretty penknife.

*Lt Sparkiſh.* Ay, Miſs catch him at that and hang him.

*Col.* Not for the world, dear Miſs; it will cut love,

*Ld Sparkish.* Colonel, you ſhall be married firſt, I was juſt going to ſay that.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but for all that, I can tell you who is a great admirer of Miſs. Pray, Miſs, how do you like Mr Spruce? I ſwear I have often ſeen him caſt a ſheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

*Miſs.* Oh! Madam; all the world knows that Mr Spruce is a general lover.

*Col.* Come, Miſs, 'tis too true to make a jeſt on.

[*Miſs bluſhes.*

*Lady Anſw.* Well, however, bluſhing is ſome ſign of grace.

*Neverout.* Miſs ſays nothing; but I warrant ſhe pays it off with thinking.

*Miſs.* Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourſelves; but, as I hope to be ſav'd, there's nothing in it.

*Lady Smart.* Touch a gall'd horſe, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr Neverout was the inventor of that ſtory; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

*Lady Anſw.* But, Colonel, you forgot to ſalute Miſs when you came in; ſhe ſaid you had not been here a long time

*Miſs.* Fie. Madam! I vow, Colonel, I ſaid no ſuch thing; I wonder at your Ladyſhip.

*Col.* Miſs, I beg your pardon.——

*Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtruggles a little.*

*Miſs.* Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiſs for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

*Lady Smart* Fie, fie, Miſs! for ſhame of the world, and ſpeech of good people.

Neverout *to Miſs, who is cooking her tea, and bread and butter.*

*Neverout* Come, come, Miſs, make much of naught; good folks are ſcarce

*Miſs.* What! and you muſt come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col.

*Col.* [*to Ld Sparkiſh*] But, my Lord, I forgot to aſk you, how you like my new cloaths?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, very well, Colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worſt piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*

*Col.* My Lord, you are too ſevere on your friends.

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout, I'm hot, are you a ſot?

*Neverout.* Miſs, I'm cold, are you a ſcold? take you that.

*Lady Smart.* I confeſs that was home. I find, Mr Neverout, you won't give your head for the waſhing, as they ſay.

*Miſs.* Oh! he's a ſore man where the ſkin's off. I ſee Mr Neverout has a mind to ſharpen the edge of his wit on the whetſtone of my ignorance.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Faith, Tom, you are ſtruck! I never heard a better thing.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, give me leave to ſcratch you for that fine ſpeech.

*Miſs.* Pox on your picture, it coſt me a groat the drawing.

*Neverout.* [*to Lady Smart*] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

*Lady Smart.* Why, then, Mr Neverout, you muſt ſay, God ſave the King.

*Neverout.* Did you ſee the like?

*Miſs.* Never but once, at a wedding.

*Col.* Pray, Miſs, how old are you?

*Miſs.* Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, is Miſs Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

*Lady Anſw.* My Lord, ſhe's either married, or worſe.

*Col.* If ſhe be'nt married, at leaſt ſhe's luſtily promis'd. But is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuſs is dead at laſt?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Yes, or elſe he's ſadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

*Miſs.* Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

*Col.* But is he really dead?

*Lady Anſw.* Yes, Colonel, as ſure as you're alive.—

*Col.* They ſay he was an honeſt man.

Lady

*Lady Anſw.* Yes, with good looking to.

*Miſs feels a pimple on her face.*

*Miſs.* Lord! I think my goodneſs is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to lend me a patch?

*Nevercut.* Miſs, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your ſpot.

*Miſs.* ——There——

*Covering her face with both her hands.*

*Lady Smart.* Well, thou art a mad girl.

[*Gives her a tap.*

*Miſs.* Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

*Lady* Smart *lets fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel ſtoops for it.*

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, you ſhall have a better office.

*Col.* Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to ſerve your Ladyſhip.

[*To Lady Anſwerall*] Madam, has your Ladyſhip read the new play written by a Lord? It is call'd *Love in a hollow tree.*

*Lady Anſw.* No, Colonel.

*Col.* Why, then your Ladyſhip has one pleaſure to come.

*Miſs ſighs.*

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, why do you ſigh?

*Miſs.* To make a fool aſk. and you are the firſt.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, you muſt know that Miſs is in love.

*Miſs.* I wiſh my head may never ake till that day.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Come, Miſs, never ſigh, but ſend for him.

*Lady Smart and Lady Anſwerall ſpeaking together.* If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come drapping.

*Miſs.* Well, I ſwear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miſs.

*Miſs plays with a tea-cup, and* Neverout *with another.*

*Neverout.* Well; I ſee, one fool makes many.

*Miſs.* And you are the greateſt fool of any.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, will you be ſo kind to tie this ſtring for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

*Miſs.* Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourſelf, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray, ſtand out of my ſpitting-place.

*Neverout.* Well; but, Miſs, don't be angry.

*Miſs.* No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then no body car'd for it; ſo I reſolv'd never to be angry again.

*Neverout.* Well; but if you'll tie it, you ſhall never know what I'll do for you.

*Miſs.* So I ſuppoſe, truly.

*Neverout.* Well; but I'll make you a fine preſent one of theſe days.

*Miſs.* Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not ſore yet.

*Neverout.* No, Miſs, I'll ſend it you to-morrow.

*Miſs.* Well, well: to-morrow's a new day; but I ſuppoſe, you mean to-morrow come never.

*Neverout.* Oh! 'tis the prettieſt thing: I aſſure you there came but two of them over in three ſhips.

*Miſs.* Would I could ſee it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a preſent of ſnuff this morning?

*Neverout.* Becauſe, Miſs, you never aſked me; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whiſtling for.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyſhip laſt Thurſday to go to that odious puppet-ſhow?

*Col.* Why, to be ſure, her Ladyſhip went to ſee, and to be ſeen.

*Lady Anſw.* You have made a fine ſpeech, Colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Take that, Colonel. But, pray, Madam, was my Lady Snuff there? They ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.

Lady

*Lady Smart.* They muſt not ſee with my eyes, that think ſo.

*Neverout.* She may paſs muſter well enough.

*Lady Anſw.* Pray, how old do you take her to be?

*Col.* Why, about five or ſix and twenty.

*Miſs.* I ſwear ſhe's no chicken; ſhe's on the wrong ſide of thirty, if ſhe be a day.

*Lady Anſw.* Depend upon it, ſhe'll never ſee five and thirty, and a bit to ſpare.

*Col.* Why, they ſay, ſhe's one of the chief toaſts in town.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, when all the reſt are out of it.

*Miſs.* Well; I wou'd'nt be as ſick as ſhe's proud, for all the world.

*Lady Anſw.* She looks, as if butter wou'd'nt melt in her mouth, but I warrant cheeſe won't choke her.

*Neverout.* I hear my Lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

*Miſs.* Why, my Lord, I ſuppoſe Mr Neverout means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

*Col.* They ſay ſhe dances very fine.

*Lady Anſw.* She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

*Col.* I can't pardon her for her rudeneſs to me.

*Lady Smart.* Well; but you muſt forget and forgive.

*Footman comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Did you call Betty?

*Footman.* She's coming, Madam.

*Lady Smart.* Coming! ay, ſo is Chriſtmas.

Betty *comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been theſe three hours?

*Betty.* Madam, I can't go faſter than my legs will carry me.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, thou haſt a head, and ſo has a pin. But, my Lord, all the town has it, that Miſs Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball. One thing is certain, that ſhe hath promis'd to have him.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Madam, you know, promiſes are either broken or kept.

Lady

*Lady Anſw.* I beg your pardon, my Lord; promiſes and pye-cruſt are made to be broken.

*Lady Smart.* Nay, I had it from my Lady Carry-lie's own mouth. I tell you my tale, and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you have it as cheap as I.

*Lady Anſw.* She and I had ſome words laſt Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

*Lady Smart.* Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; ſhe talks enough for herſelf and all the company.

*Neverout.* And yet ſhe ſimpers like a firmity-kettle.

*Miſs looking in a glaſs.*

*Miſs.* Lord, how my head is dreſs'd to-day!

*Col.* Oh, Madam! a good face needs no band.

*Miſs.* No; and a bad one deſerves none.

*Col.* Pray, Miſs, where is your old acquaintance Mrs Wayward?

*Miſs.* Why, where ſhould ſhe be? If you muſt needs know, ſhe's in her ſkin.

*Col.* I can anſwer that: what if you were as far out as ſhe's in?——

*Miſs.* Well, I promis'd to go this evening to Hyde-park on the water *; but I proteſt I'm half afraid.

*Neverout.* Never fear, Miſs; you have the old proverb on your ſide, Naught's ne'er in danger.

*Col.* Why, Miſs, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then I warrant you'll be as ſafe as a thief in a mill: for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

*Neverout.* Thank you, Colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it ſhall be about a fair lady's neck.

*Lady Smart.* Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh ſo loud.

*Lady Anſw.* Oh, Madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I'll tell you a ſecret, if you'll promiſe never to tell it again.

*Miſs.* No, to be ſure; I'll tell it to no body but friends and ſtrangers.

Neverout.

*A cant phraſe for taking pleaſure on the river Thames in a boat.

*Neverout.* Why, then, there's ſome dirt in my tea-cup.

*Miſs.* Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

*Lady Anſw.* Poh! you muſt eat a peck of dirt before you die.

*Col.* Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, what's a clock?

*Miſs.* Why, you muſt know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

*Neverout.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down,

*Lady Anſw.* Why, 'tis half an hour paſt hanging-time.

*Col.* Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been ſearching my pockets for my ſnuff box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

*Miſs.* If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, Colonel. Well, I wiſh I had ſuch a ſnuff-box.

*Neverout.* You'll be long enough before you wiſh your ſkin full of eyelet-holes.

* *Col.* Wiſh in one hand———

*Miſs.* Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* This tea's very hot.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, it came from a hot place, my Lord.

*Colonel ſpills his tea.*

*Lady Smart.* That's as well done as if I had done it myſelf.

*Col.* Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praiſe yourſelf.

*Lady Smart.* So they pray'd me to tell you.

*Neverout.* Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

*Miſs.* Pray don't ſay no, till you are aſk'd.

*Neverout.* Well, what you pleaſe, and the reſt again.

*Miſs*

* This ſentence is remarkably characteriſtic and beautiful. By the firſt it appears, that Miſs knew the reſt; and by the latter, that in the ſame breath ſhe laboured to conceal her knowledge. Hawkeſ.

*Miſs ſtooping for a pin.*

*Miſs.* I have heard 'em ſay, that a pin a-day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for ſwearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

*Col.* Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen ſhould lay a white egg!

*Neverout.* What! you have found a mare's neſt, and laugh at the eggs.

*Miſs.* Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

*Neverout.* Miſs, there was a very pleaſant accident laſt night at St James's Park.

*Miſs* [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your Ladyſhip was going to ſay juſt now?

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs; tell a mare a tale———

*Miſs.* I find you love to hear yourſelf talk.

*Neverout.* Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiſs my, *&c.*

*Miſs.* Out upon you for a filthy creature!

*Neverout.* What, Miſs! muſt I tell you a ſtory, and find you ears.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs Spendall very genteel?

*Lady Smart.* Why, my Lord, I think ſhe was cut out for a gentlewoman, but ſhe was ſpoil'd in the making: ſhe wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitch-fork; and, for the faſhion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Beſs

*Neverout.* Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careleſs the more modiſh.

*Col.* Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can ſee as far into a milſtone as another man.

*Miſs* Colonel, I muſt beg your pardon a thouſand times; but they ſay an old ape has an old eye.

*Neverout.* Miſs, what do you mean! you'll ſpoil the Colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

*Col.* Not ſo old, nor yet ſo cold——You know the reſt, Miſs.

*Miſs.* Manners is a fine thing, truly.

*Col.* Faith, Miſs, depend upon it, I'll give you as

good as you bring. What! if you give a jeſt, you muſt take a jeſt.

*Lady Smart.* Well, Mr Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

*Miſs.* Why, Madam, fools will be meddling; I wiſh he may cut his fingers. I hope you can ſee your own blood without fainting.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, you ſhine this morning like a ſh——n barn-door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray ſave a little wit for to-morrow.

*Miſs.* Well, you have ſaid your ſay; if people will be rude, I have done: my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thouſand year hence.

*Neverout.* Miſs, you have ſhot your bolt: I find you muſt have the laſt word——Well, I'll go to the opera to night.——No, I can't neither, for I have ſome buſineſs——and yet I think I muſt; for I promis'd to ſquire the Counteſs to her box.

*Miſs.* The Counteſs of Puddledock, I ſuppoſe.

*Neverout.* Peace, or war, Miſs?

*Lady Smart.* Well, Mr Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of ſo many minds.

*As Miſs riſes, the chair falls behind her.*

*Miſs.* Well; I ſhan't be Lady Mayoreſs this year.

*Neverout.* No, Miſs, 'tis worſe than that; you won't be married this year.

*Miſs.* Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, *as Miſs is ſtanding, pulls her ſuddenly on his lap.*

*Neverout.* Now, Colonel, come, ſit down on my lap; more ſacks upon the mill.

*Miſs.* Let me go: ar'n't you ſorry for my heavineſs?

*Neverout.* No, Miſs; you are very light: but I don't ſay you are a light huſſy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

*Miſs.* 'Tis but one body's labour; you may do it yourſelf: I wiſh you would be quiet; you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout

Neverout *riſes to take up the chair, and Miſs ſits in his.*

*Neverout.* You wou'dn't be ſo ſoon in my grave, Madam.

*Miſs.* Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping: my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I ſhall fall into the ragman's hands.

*Neverout.* I'll mend it, Miſs.

*Miſs.* You mend it! go teach your grannum to ſuck eggs.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, you are ſo croſs, I could find in my heart to hate you.

*Miſs.* With all my heart; there will be no love loſt between us.

*Neverout.* But pray, my Lady Smart, does not Miſs look as if ſhe could eat me without ſalt?

*Miſs.* I'll make you one day ſup ſorrow for this.

*Neverout.* Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

*Miſs.* See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

*Lady Smart.* 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danc'd.

*Neverout.* 'Twill laſt as many nights as days.

*Miſs.* Well, I knew I ſhould never have your good word

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, my Lady Anſwerall and I was walking in the park laſt night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

*Neverout.* Egad, ſo was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I loſt my underſtanding.

*Miſs.* I'm glad you had any to loſe.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but what do you mean?

*Neverout.* Egad, I kick'd my foot againſt a ſtone, and tore off the heel of my ſhoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobler in the Pall Mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*

*Col.* Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout *ſneezes.*

*Miſs.* God bleſs you, if you han't taken ſnuff.

*Neverout.* Why, what if I have, Miſs?

*Miſs.* Why then, the duce take you.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I want that diamond ring of yours.

*Miſs.* Why then, want's like to be your maſter.

Neverout *looking at the ring.*

*Neverout.* Ay. Marry, this is not only, but alſo; pray where did you get it?

*Miſs.* Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

*Neverout.* Well: if I had ſuch a fine diamond ring, I wou'd'nt ſtay a day in England: but, you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this coſt your father twopence halfpenny.

*Miſs ſitting between* Neverout *and the Colonel.*

*Miſs.* Well; here's a roſe between two nettles.

*Neverout.* No, Madam, with ſubmiſſion, here's a nettle between two roſes.

*Colonel ſtretching himſelf.*

*Lady Smart.* Why, Colonel, you break the King's laws; you ſtretch without a halter.

*Lady Anſw.* Colonel, ſome ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfaſt with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

*Col.* Why, faith, Madam, bachelors fare; bread and cheeſe, and kiſſes.

*Lady Anſw.* Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, has Capt. Brag the honour to be related to your Lordſhip?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Very nearly, Madam; he's my couſin-german quite remov'd.

*Lady Anſw.* Pray is he not rich?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Ay, a rich rogue, two ſhirts and a rag.

*Col.* Well, however, they ſay he has a great eſtate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

*Lady Smart.* What religion is he of?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, he is an Anythingarian.

*Lady Anſw.* I believe he has his religion to chuſe, my Lord.

Neverout.

Neverout *ſcratches his neck.*

*Miſs.* Fie, Mr Neverout, ar'n't you aſham'd! I beg pardon for the expreſſion; but I'm afraid your boſom-friends are become your backbiters.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, I ſaw a flea once on your pinner; and a louſe is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion. However, I wiſh you would ſcratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

*Miſs.* And who would be fool then? I wou'd'nt touch a man's fleſh for the univerſe. You have the wrong ſow by the ear, I aſſure you; that's meat for your maſter.

*Neverout.* Miſs Notable, all quarrels laid aſide, pray ſtep hither for a moment.

*Miſs.* I'll waſh my hands, and wait on you, Sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

*Neverout.* We'll try what we can do.

*Miſs.* We!——what, have you pigs in your belly?

*Neverout.* Miſs, I aſſure you, I am very handy at all things.

*Miſs.* Marry, hang them that can't give themſelves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louſe in the fire.

*Col.* Well, I muſt be plain; here's a very bad ſmell.

*Miſs.* Perhaps, Colonel, the fox is the finder.

*Neverout.* No, Colonel; 'tis only your teeth againſt rain; but——

*Miſs.* Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's ſow.

*Colonel coughing.*

*Col.* I have got a ſad cold.

*Lady Anſw.* Ay: 'tis well if one can get any thing theſe hard times.

*Miſs.* [*to Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, Colonel, how did you get that cold?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe the Colonel got it by lying a-bed barefoot.

*Lady Anſw.* Why then, Colonel, you muſt take it for better for worſe, as a man takes his wife.

*Col.* Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a conſtable.

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout! Mr Neverout! come hither this moment.

*Lady Smart.* [*imitating her.*] Mr Neverout! Mr Neverout! I wiſh he were tied to your girdle.

*Neverout.* What's the matter? whoſe mare's dead now?

*Miſs.* Take your labour for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, if you deceive me a ſecond time, 'tis my fault.

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, methinks your coat is too ſhort.

*Col.* It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

*Miſs.* Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

*Neverout.* Ladies, you are miſtaken in the ſtuff; 'tis half ſilk.

*Col.* Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

*A great noiſe below.*

*Lady Smart.* Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke looſe.

*Miſs.* Indeed, Madam, I muſt take my leave, for I a'n't well.

*Lady Smart* What! you are ſick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

*Miſs.* No, indeed, Madam; I'm ſick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

*Lady Anſw.* Poor Miſs! ſhe's ſick as a cuſhion, ſhe wants nothing but ſtuffing.

*Col.* If you are ſick, you ſhall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

*Neverout.* I can't find my gloves.

*Miſs.* I ſaw the dog running away with ſome dirty thing a while ago.

*Col.* Miſs, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

*Lady*

*Lady Smart.* No; keep it Miſs; for they ſay, poſſeſſion is eleven points of the law.

*Miſs.* Madam, he ſhall ne'er have it again; 'tis in huckſters hands.

*Lady Anſw.* What! I ſee 'tis raining again.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, then, Madam, we muſt do as they do in Spain.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, my Lord, how is that?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Madam, we muſt let it rain.

*Miſs whiſpers Lady* Smart.

*Neverout.* There's no whiſpering, but there's lying.

*Miſs.* Lord! Mr Neverout, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

*Neverout.* Indeed, Miſs, you are very handſome.

*Miſs.* Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

*Some body knocks at the door.*

*Footman comes in.*

*Footman.* [*to Col.*] An pleaſe your Honour, there's a man below wants to ſpeak to you.

*Col.* Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

[*Col. goes out.*

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, I ſent yeſterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

*Miſs.* Why, indeed, Madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country-acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

*Lady Smart.* And had you a pleaſant airing?

*Miſs.* No, Madam; it rain'd all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was ſo bad, that I ſcream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't ſpill us.

*Neverout.* So, Miſs, you were afraid that pride wou'd have a fall.

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll ſend for you.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Miſs, did'n't your left ear burn laſt night?

*Miſs.* Pray why, my Lord?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Becauſe I was then in ſome company where you were extoll'd to the ſkies, I aſſure you.

Miſs.

*Miſs.* My Lord, that was more their goodneſs than my deſert.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* They ſaid, that you were a complete beauty.

*Miſs.* My Lord, I am as God made me.

*Lady Smart.* The girl's well enough, if ſhe had but another noſe.

*Miſs.* Oh! Madam, I know I ſhall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the ſtile.

*One knocks.*

*Lady Smart.* Who's there? you're on the wrong ſide of the door; come in, if you be fat.

*Colonel comes in again.*

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Colonel, you are a man of great buſineſs.

*Col.* Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's fool, full of buſineſs, and nothing to do.

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Ay, fall'n from a horſe-load to a cart-load.

*Col.* Why, my Lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

*Lady Smart.* I aſſure you the Colonel walks as ſtrait as a pin.

*Miſs.* Yes; he's a handſome-body'd man in the face.

*Neverout.* A handſome foot and leg: God-a mercy ſhoe and ſtocking!

*Col.* What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parſon ſwear.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor loſt.

*Col.* Why, you muſt know, Miſs lives upon love.

*Miſs.* Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

*Lady Anſw.* Ay; they ſay love and peaſe-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

*Miſs.* [*imitating Lady Anſwerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

*Lady*

*Lady Anſw.* Have a care; they ſay, mocking is catching.

*Miſs.* I never heard that.

*Neverout.* Why, then, Miſs, you have a wrinkle—— more than ever you had before.

*Miſs.* Well; live and learn.

*Neverout.* Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

*Miſs.* Well, Mr Neverout, take it as you pleaſe; but I ſwear, you are a ſaucy jack to uſe ſuch expreſſions.

*Neverout.* Why, then, Miſs, if you go to that, I muſt tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

*Miſs.* Oh! Mr Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courteſy.

*Neverout.* And, Miſs, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, I hear there was a great deal of company where you viſited laſt night: pray, who were they?

*Miſs.* Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miſs To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

*Col.* Was your viſit long, Miſs?

*Miſs.* Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and ſo poor Pilgarlic came home alone.

*Neverout.* Alack-a-day, poor Miſs! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

*Miſs.* What! you think you ſaid a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Miſs, if it is manners, may I aſk which is oldeſt, you or Lady Scuttle?

*Miſs.* Why, my Lord, when I die for age, ſhe may quake for fear.

*Lady Smart.* She's a very great gadder abroad.

*Lady Anſw.* Lord! ſhe made me follow her laſt week thro' all the ſhops like a Tantiny pig *.

*Lady Smart.* I remember you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Berſheba.

*Colonel*

* St Anthony's pig. It being fabled of St Anthony the hermit that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a cuſtom in ſeveral places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge in honour to his memory. Hence the *proverb, To follow like a* Tantiny-pig. Hawkeſ.

*Colonel ſpits.*

*Col.* Lord! I ſhall die; I cannot ſpit from me.

*Miſs.* Oh! Mr Neverout, my little Counteſs has juſt litter'd; ſpeak me fair, and I'll ſet you down for a puppy.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, if I ſpeak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Ay, but Tom, ſmoke that, ſhe calls you puppy by craft.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, you ride the fore-horſe to-day.

*Miſs.* Ay, many one ſays well, that thinks ill.

*Neverout.* Fie, Miſs; you ſaid that once before; and, your know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

*Miſs.* Why, ſure, we can't ſay a good thing too often.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, ſo much for that, and butter for fiſh; let us call another cauſe. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyſhip know Mrs Nice?

*Lady Smart.* Perfectly well, my Lord; ſhe's nice by name, and nice by nature.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Is it poſſible ſhe could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

*Miſs.* She had good ſkill in horſe-fleſh, that could chuſe a gooſe to ride on.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, my Lord, 'twas her fate; they ſay marriage and hanging go by deſtiny.

*Col.* I believe ſhe'll never be burnt for a witch.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* They ſay marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when ſhe was married, ſhe had no friend there.

*Neverout.* Well, ſhe's got out of God's bleſſing into the warm ſun.

*Col.* The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

*Lady Smart.* They ſay, thereby hangs a tale.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

*Miſs.* Well, if I were to chuſe a huſband, I would never be married to a little man.

*Neverout.* Pray, why ſo, Miſs? for they ſay, of all the evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt.

*Miſs.*

*Miſs.* Becauſe folks would ſay, when they ſaw us together; there goes the woman and her huſband.

*Col.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Will your Ladyſhip be on the Mall to-morrow night?

*Lady Smart.* No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* What then, Madam! they ſay, the better day, the better deed.

*Lady Anſw.* Pray, Mr Neverout, how do you like Lady Fruzz?

*Neverout.* Pox on her! ſhe's as old as Poles *.

*Miſs.* So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

*Neverout.* Come, Miſs, let us be friends. Will you go to the park this evening?

*Miſs.* With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

*Lady Smart.* I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two: I'm afraid I ſhall get a fit of the head-ach to-day.

*Col.* Oh! Madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

*Miſs.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, one of your Ladyſhip's lappets is longer than t'other.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horſe will ne'er perceive it.

*Neverout.* Indeed, Miſs, your lappets hang worſe.

*Miſs.* Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

*Miſs riſes up.*

*Neverout.* Duce take you, Miſs; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-ſide

*Miſs.* In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well ſaid, girl! [*giving her a chuck.*] take that; they ſay, a chuck under the chin is worth two kiſſes.

*Lady Anſw.* But, Mr Neverout, I wonder why ſuch a handſome, ſtrait, young gentleman as you, don't get ſome rich widow.

*Ld*

* *For St Paul's church.*

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Strait! ay, ſtrait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

*Neverout.* Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a threepeany planet, never to be worth a groat.

*Lady Anſw.* No, Mr Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are ſuch a favourite among the ladies. But what think you of widow Prim? ſhe's immenſely rich.

*Neverout.* Hang her! they ſay her father was a baker.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; but it is not, What is ſhe? but, What has ſhe? now-a-days.

*Col.* Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll ſpeak a good word for you to her.

*Lady Anſw.* Ay; I warrant you'll ſpeak one word for him, and two for yourſelf.

*Miſs.* Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, Miſs, they ſay, good wits jump.

*Neverout.* Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her ſmock, than widow Prim, if ſhe had her weight in gold.

*Lady Smart.* Come, come, Mr Neverout, marriage is honourable, but houſe-keeping is a ſhrew.

*Lady Anſw.* Conſider, Mr Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

*Col.* Well, Madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman. However, Tom, I would adviſe you to look before you leap.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* The Colonel ſays true; beſides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the ſame year.

*Miſs* [*ſhuddering.*] Lord! there's ſomebody walking over my grave.

*Col.* Pray, Lady Anſwerall, where was you laſt Wedneſday, when I did myſelf the honour to wait on you? I think your Ladyſhip is one of the tribe of Gad.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, Colonel, I was at church.

*Col.* Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horſe too.

*Neverout.* I believe her Ladyſhip was at a church with a chimney in it.

*Miſs.*

*Miſs.* Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

*Neverout.* Perhaps the fault may be in your ſhape.

*Miſs.* [*looking gravely*] Come, Mr Neverout, there's no jeſt like the true jeſt; but I ſuppoſe you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

*Neverout.* Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

*Miſs.* Well, Sir, your pardon's granted.

*Neverout.* Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up up on me my-my word. [*Stutters.*

*Miſs.* What! Mr Neverout, can't you ſpeak without a ſpoon?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Has your Ladyſhip ſeen the Ducheſs ſince your falling out?

*Lady Smart.* Never, my Lord, but once at a viſit; and ſhe look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, take a pinch of my ſnuff.

*Miſs.* What! you break my head, and give me a plaiſter; well, with all my heart; once, and not uſe it.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two beſt friends.

*Col.* [*to Neverout.*] Tom, Miſs and you muſt kiſs and be friends.

Neverout *ſalutes Miſs.*

*Miſs.* Any thing for a quiet life: my noſe itch'd, and I knew I ſhould drink wine, or kiſs a fool.

*Col.* Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

*Neverout.* I never ſaid a rude thing to a lady in my life.

*Miſs.* Here's a pin for that lie; I'm ſure liars had need have good memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but juſt now?

*Lady Anſw.* Mr Neverout, if Miſs will be angry for nothing, take my counſel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

*Neverout.* Come, Lady Anſwerall, I know better things; Miſs and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

*Col.* Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

*Lady Smart.* Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Which of the good's d'ye mean? good for ſomething, or good for nothing?

*Miſs.* I have a bliſter on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

*Lady Anſw.* I thought you did juſt now.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Madam, what did thought do?

*Lady Anſw.* Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your Lordſhip means.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Indeed, Madam, I mean no harm.

*Lady Smart.* No, to be ſure, my Lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

*Neverout.* Madam, they ſay, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyſhip.

*Miſs mending a hole in her lace.*

*Miſs.* Well, you ſee, I'm mending; I hope I ſhall be good in time; look, Lady Anſwerall, is it not well mended?

*Lady Anſw.* Ay, this is ſomething like a tanſy.

*Neverout.* Faith, Miſs, you have mended it as a tinker mends a kettle; ſtop one hole, and make two.

*Lady Smart.* Pray, Colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

*Col.* Yes, Madam; but a cup of Chriſtmas ale will ſoon waſh it off.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Lady Smart, does not your Ladyſhip think Mrs Fade is mightily alter'd ſince her marriage?

*Lady Anſw.* Why, my Lord, ſhe was handſome in her time; but ſhe cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear ſhe's grown a mere otomy.

*Lady Smart.* Poor creature! the black ox has ſet his foot upon her already.

*Miſs.* Ay; ſhe has quite loſt the blue on the plum.

*Lady Smart.* And yet, they ſay, her huſband is very fond of her ſtill.

*Lady Anſw.* Oh! Madam; if ſhe would eat gold, he would give it her.

* *Neverout.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard, that Lady Queaſy was lately at the playhouſe *incog?*

*Lady Smart.* What! Lady Queaſy of all women in the world! Do you ſay it upon rep?

*Neverout.* Poz, I ſaw her with my own eyes; ſhe ſat among

* Here the author, for variety, runs into ſome cant words.

among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly fiz: and ſhe ſaw me look at her.

*Col.* Her Ladyſhip was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

*Neverout.* I ſmoked her huge noſe, and egad, ſhe put me in mind of the woodcock, that ſtrives to hide his long bill, and then thinks no body ſees him.

*Col.* Tom, I adviſe you, hold your tongue; for you'll never ſay ſo good a thing again.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, what are you looking for?

*Miſs.* Oh! Madam; I have loſt the fineſt needle——

*Lady Anſw.* Why, ſeek till you find it, and then you won't loſe your labour.

*Neverout.* The loop of my hat is broke; how ſhall I mend it? [*He faſtens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, ſay I, that has no ſhift.

*Miſs.* Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, but I don't like ſuch jeſting.

*Neverout.* Oh, Miſs; I have heard a ſad ſtory of you.

*Miſs.* I defy you, Mr Neverout; no body can ſay, black's my eye.

*Neverout.* I believe you wiſh they could.

*Miſs.* Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

*Neverout.* Come, then, Miſs; gueſs who it was that told me; come, put on your conſidering-cap.

*Miſs.* Well, who was it?

*Neverout.* Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

*Miſs.* Well, go hang yourſelf in your own garters; for I'm ſure the gallows groans for you.

*Neverout.* Pretty Miſs! I was but in jeſt.

*Miſs.* Well, but don't let that ſtick in your gizzard.

*Col.* My Lord, does your Lordſhip know Mrs Talkall?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Only by ſight; but I hear ſhe has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the ſaying is, mettle to the back.

*Lady Smart.* So I hear.

*Col.* Why, Dick Lubber ſaid to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a gooſe: Yes, but I can, ſaid ſhe; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we ſhould break our hearts with laughing.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* That was cutting with a vengeance: and pr'ythee how did the fool look?

*Col.* Look! egad; he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-buſh.

*A child comes in ſcreaming.*

*Miſs.* Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, ay; bachelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

*Lady Anſw.* Come to me, Maſter; and I'll give you a ſugar-plum. Why, Miſs, you forget that ever you was a child yourſelf. [*She gives the child a lump of ſugar.*] I have heard 'em ſay, boys will long.

*Col.* My Lord, I ſuppoſe you know that Mr Buzzard has married again?

*Lady Smart.* This is his fourth wife; then he has been ſhod round.

*Col.* Why, you muſt know, ſhe had a month's mind to Dick Frontleſs, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forc'd her to take the old fellow for a good ſettlement.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* So the man got his mare again.

*Lady Smart.* I'm told he ſaid a very good thing to Dick; ſaid he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

*Col.* I know nothing of that; but I know, he's deviliſh old, and ſhe's very young.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

*Miſs.* What if he had been young, and ſhe old?

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

*Miſs ſearching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.*

*Neverout.* Oh! Miſs, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

*Miſs.* Well, and if I ever be married, it ſhall be to an old man; they always make the beſt huſbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout.

*Neverout.* Faith, Miſs, if you ſpeak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

*Lady* Smart *rings the bell.*

*Footman comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Harkee, you fellow; run to my Lady Match, and deſire ſhe will remember to be here at ſix, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear? if you fall by the way, don't ſtay to get up again.

*Footman.* Madam, I don't kn w the houſe.

*Lady Smart.* That's not for want of ignorance; follow your noſe; go, inquire among the ſervants.

*Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.*

*Lady Smart.* Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good ſervant muſt always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and ſhut the door after him.

*The Footman goes out again, and falls down ſtairs.*

*Lady Anſw.* Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not ſav'd the hangman a labour.

*Neverout.* Pray, Madam, ſmoke Miſs yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

*Miſs.* Who's that takes my name in vain?

*She runs up to them, and falls down.*

*Lady Smart.* What, more falling! do you intend the frolic ſhould go round?

*Lady Anſw.* Why, Miſs, I wiſh you may not have broke her Ladyſhip's floor.

*Neverout.* Miſs, come to me, and I'll take you up.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, but without a jeſt, I hope, Miſs, you are not hurt.

*Col.* Nay, ſhe muſt be hurt for certain; for you ſee her head is all of a lump.

*Miſs.* Well, remember this, Colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

*Lady Smart.* But, Colonel, when do you deſign to get a houſe, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

*Miſs.* Lord! who would be married to a ſoldier, and carry his knapſack?

*Neverout.* Oh, Madam; Mars and Venus, you know.

*Col.* Egad, Madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife juſt when the honey moon is over; but they ſay a woman has as many lives as a cat.

*Lady Anſw.* I find, the Colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the beſt goods in a man's houſe.

*Lady Smart.* O but, Colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

*Col.* Yes, Madam; for they ſay, he that has loſt his wife and ſixpence, has loſt a teſter.

*Lady Smart.* But, Colonel, they ſay, that every married man ſhould believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

*Col.* For all that, I doubt, a good wife muſt be beſpoke; for there's none ready made.

*Miſs.* I ſuppoſe, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, Colonel?

*Col.* Nay, Miſs, you cry'd whore firſt, when you talk'd of the knapſack.

*Lady Anſ.* But I hope you won't blame the whole ſex, becauſe ſome are bad.

*Neverout.* And they ſay, he that hates woman, ſuck'd a ſow.

*Col.* Oh! Madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

*Lady Smart.* Then, why don't you marry and ſettle?

*Col.* Egad, Madam, there's nothing will ſettle me but a bullet.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, Colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

*Col.* Why ſo my Lord?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Becauſe they ſay, he was curs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

*Miſs.* I ſuppoſe, the Colonel was croſs'd in his firſt love, which makes him ſo ſevere on all the ſex.

*Lady Anſw.* Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over head and ears in love with ſome lady that has made his heart ake.

*Col.*

*Col.* Oh! Madam, we ſoldiers are admirers of all the fair ſex.

*Miſs.* I wiſh I could ſee the Colonel in love till he was ready to die.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in theſe days.

*Neverout.* Well, I confeſs, I differ from the Colonel; for I hope to have a rich and handſome wife yet before I die.

*Col.* Ay, Tom; live horſe, and thou ſhalt have graſs.

*Miſs.* Well Colonel; but whatever you ſay againſt women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

*Col.* Miſs, you may ſay what you pleaſe; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

*Neverout.* No, no; I'll be ſworn Miſs has not an inch of nun's fleſh about her.

*Miſs.* I underſtumble you, gentlemen.

*Neverout.* Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Miſs, when did you ſee your old acquaintance Mrs Cloudy? you and ſhe are two, I hear.

*Miſs.* See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever ſee her again; God bleſs my eye-ſight.

*Lady Anſw.* Lord! why, ſhe and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've ſeen her hug you as the devil hugged the witch.

*Miſs.* That's true; but I'm told for certain, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be.

*Lady Smart.* Well, God mend us all; but you muſt allow, the world is very cenſorious; I never heard that ſhe was a naughty pack.

*Col.* [*to Neverout.*] Come, Sir Thomas when the King pleaſes, when do you intend to march?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

*Neverout.* Yes, faith, my Lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

*Lady Anſw.* Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they ſay, ſomething has ſome ſavour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout.

*Neverout.* Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put it into his eye, and ſee never the worſe.

*Miſs.* Then, I believe, he heartily wiſhes her in Abraham's boſom.

*Col.* Pray, my Lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, they ſay, he's the greateſt cuckold in town.

*Neverout.* Oh! but, my Lord, you ſhould always except my Lord Mayor.

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout!

*Neverout.* Hay, Madam, did you call me?

*Miſs.* Hay; why, hay is for horſes.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, then you may kiſs———

*Col.* Pray, my Lord, what's a clock by your oracle?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Feith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

*Neverout.* Miſs, pray be ſo kind to call a ſervant to bring me a glaſs of ſmall beer: I know you are at home here.

*Miſs.* Every fool can do as they're bid. Make a page of your own age, and do it yourſelf.

*Neverout.* Chuſe, proud fool; I did but aſk you.

*Miſs puts her hand upon her knee.*

*Neverout.* What! Miſs, are you thinking of your ſweet-heart? is your garter ſlipping down?

*Miſs.* Pray, Mr Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you meaſure my corn by your buſhel.

*Neverout.* Indeed, Miſs, you lie———

*Miſs.* Did you ever hear any thing ſo rude?

*Neverout.* I mean, you lie———under a miſtake.

*Miſs.* If a thouſand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

*Miſs ſtrives to ſnatch* Neverout's *ſnuff-box.*

*Neverout.* Madam, you miſſed that, as you miſs'd your mother's bleſſing.

*She tries again, and miſſes.*

*Neverout.* Snap ſhort makes you look ſo lean, Miſs.

*Miſs.* Poh! you are ſo robuſtious, you had like to put

put out my eye; I aſſure you, if you blind me, you muſt lead me.

*Lady Smart.* Dear Miſs, be quiet; and bring me a pincuſhion out of that cloſet.

*Miſs opens the cloſet-door, and ſqualls.*

*Lady Smart.* Lord bleſs the girl! what's the matter now?

*Miſs.* I vow, Madam, I ſaw ſomething in black; I thought it was a ſpirit.

*Col.* Why, Miſs, did you ever ſee a ſpirit?

*Miſs.* No, Sir; I thank God, I never ſaw any thing worſe than myſelf.

*Neverout.* Well, I did a very fooliſh thing yeſterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

*Miſs.* Very likely; for they ſay, many a true word's ſpoke in jeſt.

*Footman returns.*

*Lady Smart.* Well, did you deliver your meſſage? you are fit to be ſent for ſorrow, you ſtay ſo long by the way.

*Footman.* Madam, my Lady was not at home, ſo I did not leave the meſſage.

*Lady Smart.* This it is to ſend a fool of an errand.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis paſt twelve a clock.

*Lady Smart.* Well, what is that among all us?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Madam, I muſt take my leave: come, Gentlemen, are you for a march?

*Lady Smart.* Well, but your Lordſhip and the Colonel will dine with us to day; and, Mr Neverout, I hope we ſhall have your good company: there will be no ſoul elſe, beſides my own Lord and theſe ladies; for every body knows, I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Madam, we'll be ſure to attend your Ladyſhip.

*C.l.* Madam, my ſtomach ſerves me inſtead of a clock.

*Another footman comes back.*

*Lady Smart.* Oh! you are the t'other fellow I ſent: well,

well, have you been with my Lady Club? you are good to ſend of a dead man's errand.

*Footman.* Madam, my Lady Club begs your Ladyſhip's pardon; but ſhe is engaged to-night.

*Miſs.* Well, Mr Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I find, you will have the laſt word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

## DIALOGUE II.

*Lord* Smart, *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.*

*After ſalutations.*

*Ld Smart.* I'M ſorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to day.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Oh! my Lord; I'm ſure the loſs was ours.

*Lady Smart.* Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a ſad dirty houſe; I am ſorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Oh! Madam; your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to ſay ſo; but I never ſaw any thing ſo clean and ſo fine; I profeſs it is a perfect paradiſe.

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, your Lordſhip is always very obliging.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Madam, whoſe picture is that?

*Lady Smart.* Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* I'll ſwear the painter did not flatter your Ladyſhip.

*Col.* My Lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

*Ld Smart.* Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather ſhould ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

*Neverout.* My Lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the faſhion.

*Ld Smart.* But, Tom, I hear you and Miſs are always quarrelling. I fear it is your fault; for I can aſſure you, ſhe is very good humour'd.

Neverout.

*Neverout.* Ay, my Lord; ſo is the devil when he's pleas'd.

*Ld Smart.* Miſs, what do you think of my friend Tom?

*Miſs.* My Lord, I think he's not the wiſeſt man in the world; and truly he's ſometimes very rude.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* That may be true; but yet he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

*Miſs.* Well, however, I wiſh he were hanged, if it were only to try,

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, if I muſt be hang'd, I won't go far to chuſe my gallows; it ſhall be about your fair neck.

*Miſs.* I'll ſee your noſe cheeſe firſt, and the dogs eating it. But, my Lord, Mr Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he ſaid this before. Pray, Colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* My Lady Smart, your Ladyſhip has a very fine ſcarf.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, my Lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country-church.

*Footman comes in.*

*Footman.* Madam, dinner's upon the table.

*Col.* Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

*Neverout.* I wiſh I may never hear worſe news.

*Miſs.* What! Mr Neverout, you are in great haſte; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

*Neverout.* No, faith, Miſs; three meals a-day, and a good ſupper at night, will ſerve my turn.

*Miſs.* To ſay the truth, I'm hungry.

*Neverout.* And I'm angry; ſo let us both go fight.

*They go in to dinner, and after the uſual compliments, take their ſeats.*

*Lady Smart.* Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oyſters before dinner?

*Col.* With all my heart. [*Takes an oyſter.*] He was a bold man that firſt eat an oyſter.

*Lady Smart.* They ſay oyſters are a cruel meat, becauſe we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat,

meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, becauſe we never ſay grace.

*Neverout.* Faith, that's as well ſaid, as if I had ſaid it myſelf.

*Lady Smart.* Well, we are well ſet, if we be but as well ſerv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your arms: ſhall I help you to ſome beef?

*Col.* If your Ladyſhip pleaſe: and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but ſend me a large ſlice; for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble ſir-loin.

*Neverout.* Ay; here's cut and come again.

*Miſs.* But, pray, why is it called a ſir-loin?

*Ld Smart.* Why, you muſt know, that our King James I. who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and ſeeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his ſword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the ſecret of this.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Beef is man's meat, my Lord.

*Ld Smart.* But, my Lord, I ſay, beef is the king of meat.

*Miſs.* Pray, what have I done, that I muſt not have a plate?

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſwerall.*] What will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to eat?

*Lady Anſw.* Pray, Madam, help yourſelf.

*Col.* They ſay, eating and ſcratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myſelf to a ſlice of this ſhoulder of veal.

*Lady Smart.* Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

*Col.* They ſay, there are thirty and two good bits in a ſhoulder of veal.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, Colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you ſee I underſtand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

*Neverout.* Colonel, I'll be of your meſs.

*Col.* Then pray, Tom, carve for yourſelf: they ſay, two hands in a diſh, and one in a purſe. Hah! ſaid I well, Tom?

*Neverout.* Colonel, you ſpoke like an oracle.

*Miſs.*

*Miſs.* [*to Lady Anſwerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip help me to ſome fiſh?

*Ld Smart.* [*to Neverout.*] Tom, they ſay fiſh ſhould ſwim thrice.

*Neverout.* How is that, my Lord?

*Ld Smart.* Why, Tom, firſt it ſhould ſwim in the ſea, (do you mind me?); then it ſhould ſwim in butter; and at laſt, ſirrah, it ſhould ſwim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

*Footman.* [*to Lord Smart.*] My Lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

*Ld Smart.* God ſo! I invited him to dine with me today, and forgot it: well, deſire him to walk in.

*Sir* John Linger *comes in.*

*Sir John.* What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

*Lady Smart.* Sir John, I beg you will ſit down; come, the more the merrier.

*Sir John.* Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

*Lady Smart.* Well, I am the worſt in the world at making apologies; it was my Lord's fault. I doubt you muſt kiſs the hare's foot.

*Sir John.* I ſee you are faſt by the teeth.

*Col.* Faith, Sir John, we are killing that, that would kill us.

*Ld Starkiſh.* You ſee, Sir John, we are upon a buſineſs of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding time.

*Sir John.* Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I ſee: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

*Lady Smart.* Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

*Sir John.* It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought ſome Derbyſhire oxen of me.

*Neverout.* You ſee, Sir John, we ſtaid for you as one horſe does for another.

*Lady Smart.* My Lord, will you help Sir John to ſome beef? Lady Anſwerall, pray eat, you ſee your dinner. I am ſure, if we had known we ſhould have ſuch good company, we ſhould have been better pro-

vided; but you muſt take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loſs.

*Col.* And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town? you have been abſent a long time.

*Sir John.* Why, I find little London ſtands juſt where it did when I left it laſt.

*Neverout.* What do you think of Hanover-ſquare? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town ſince you ſaw it.

*Lady Smart.* Sir John, I can only ſay, you are heartily welcome; and I wiſh I had ſomething better for you.

*Col.* Here's no ſalt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

*Lady Smart.* Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John. Sir John, fall to; you know, half an hour is ſoon loſt at dinner.

*Sir John.* I proteſt I can't eat a bit; for I took ſhare of a beef-ſtake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, beſides a tankard of March beer, as ſoon as I got out of my bed.

*Lady Anſw.* Not freſh and faſting, I hope?

*Sir John.* Yes, faith, Madam; I always waſh my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

*Lady Smart.* Poh! Sir John, you have ſeen nine houſes ſince you eat laſt; come, you have kept a corner of your ſtomach for a piece of veniſon-paſty.

*Sir John.* Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

*Lady Anſw.* Come, Sir John, you may go farther, and fare worſe.

*Miſs.* [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr Neverout, will you pleaſe to ſend me a piece of tongue?

*Neverout.* By no means, Madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

*Col.* Miſs, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

*Miſs.* That was, becauſe it could not ſpeak. Why, Colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

*Neverout.* I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greateſt lie that ever was told.

*Col.* [*to Neverout.*] Pr'ythee, Tom, ſend me the two legs,

legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you muſt know, I love what no body elſe loves.

*Neverout.* But what if any of the ladies ſhould long? Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

*Lady Anſw.* Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's ſtomach.

*Neverout.* I am ſure I have loſt mine.

*Miſs.* What! the bottom of it, I ſuppoſe.

*Neverout.* No, really, Miſs; I have quite loſt it.

*Miſs.* I ſhould be very ſorry a poor body had found it.

*Lady Smart.* But, Sir John, we hear you are married ſince we ſaw you laſt: what! you have ſtolen a wedding, it ſeems.

*Sir John.* Well; one can't do a fooliſh thing once in one's life, but one muſt hear of it a hundred times.

*Col.* And pray, Sir John, how does your lady unknown?

*Sir John.* My wife's well, Colonel, and at your ſervice, in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*

*Miſs* Pray, Sir John, is your lady tall or ſhort?

*Sir John.* Why, Miſs, I thank God, ſhe is a little evil.

*Ld Starkiſh.* Come, give me a glaſs of claret.

*Footman fills him a bumper.*

*Ld Starkiſh.* Why do you fill ſo much?

*Neverout.* My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, ſhall I ſend you ſome cowcumber?

*Miſs.* Madam, I dare not touch it; for they ſay, cowcumbers are cold in the third degree.

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, do you love pudden?

*Neverout.* Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

*Col.* Sir John, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

*Sir John.* No, faith, Colonel; I always love to walk with a horſe in my hand: but I have had deviliſh bad luck in horſe-fleſh of late.

*Ld Smart.* Why then, Sir John, you muſt kiſs a parſon's wife.

thing as good ſmall beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; I did not ſee you when I was cutting that bit.

*Lady Anſw.* Oh! Madam; after you is good manners.

*Lady Smart.* Lord! here's a hair in the ſauce.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Then ſet the hounds after it.

*Neverout.* Pray, Colonel, help me however to ſome of that ſame ſauce.

*Col.* Come; I think you are more ſauce than pig.

*Ld Smart.* Sir John, cheer up; my ſervice to you. Well, what do you think of the world to come?

*Sir John.* Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

*Lady Smart.* [*putting a ſkewer on a plate.*] Here, take this ſkewer, and carry it down to the cook to dreſs it for her own dinner.

*Neverout.* I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; but this ſmall beer is dead.

*Lady Smart.* Why then, let it be bury'd.

*Col.* This is admirable black pudden: Miſs, ſhall I carve you ſome? I can juſt carve pudden, and that's all: I am the worſt carver in the world; I ſhould never make a good chaplain.

*Miſs.* No, thank ye, Colonel; for they ſay, thoſe that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

*Ld Smart.* O, here comes the veniſon-paſty: here, take the ſoupe away.

*Ld Smart.* [*He cuts it up, and taſtes the veniſon.*] 'Sbuds, this veniſon is muſty.

Neverout *eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.*

*Ld Smart.* What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what doſt cry for, man?

*Neverout.* My Lord, I was juſt thinking of my poor grandmother; ſhe died juſt this very day ſeven years.

*Miſs takes a bit, and burns her mouth.*

*Neverout.* And pray, Miſs, why do you cry too?

*Miſs.* Becauſe you were not hanged the day your grandmother died.

*Ld Smart.* I'd have given forty pounds, Miſs, to have ſaid that.

*Col.* Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Colonel, they ſay one ſhoulder of mutton drives down another.

*Neverout.* Egad, if I were to faſt for my life, I would take a good breakfaſt in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good ſupper at night.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* My Lord, this veniſon is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

*Ld Smart.* My Lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

*Lady Smart.* Ay; and to the confounders too.

*Ld Smart.* Lady Anſwerall, does not your Ladyſhip love veniſon?

*Lady Anſw.* No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my ſight; therefore pleaſe to ſend me a good piece of meat and cruſt.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

*Neverout.* [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the reſt of our kin.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſwerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip have any of this hare?

*Lady Anſw.* No, Madam; they ſay 'tis melancholy meat.

*Lady Smart.* Then, Madam, ſhall I ſend you the brains? I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon; for they ſay 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

*Lady Anſw.* No, Madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I muſt tell you one thing.

*Miſs.* [*with a glaſs in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr Neverout; don't ſpeak in my tip.

*Col.* Well, he was an ingenious man that firſt found out eating and drinking.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Of all vittles drink digeſts the quickeſt: give me a glaſs of wine.

*Neverout.* My Lord, your wine is too ſtrong.

*Ld Smart.* Ay, Tom; as much as you are too good.

*Miſs.*

*Miſs.* This almond pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

*Neverout.* So much the better, Miſs; cold pudden will ſettle your love.

*Miſs.* Pray, Mr Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

*Neverout.* Why do you aſk, Miſs?

*Miſs.* Becauſe you have laid in ſo much beef.

*Sir John.* You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

*Miſs.* Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you pleaſe to have it?

*Sir John.* No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

*Col.* [*calling to the butler.*] John, is your ſmall beer good?

*Butler.* An pleaſe your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

*Col.* Why then, John, d'ye ſee? if you are ſure your ſmall beer is good, d'ye mark? then give me a glaſs of wine. [*All laugh.*

*Colonel taſting the wine.*

*Ld Smart.* Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchaſe.

*Sir John.* Oh, Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyſhire.

*Ld Smart.* Why, he us'd to go very fine when he was here in town.

*Sir John.* Ay; and it became him, as a ſaddle becomes a ſow.

*Col.* I know his lady, and I think ſhe is a very good woman.

*Sir John.* Faith, ſhe has more goodneſs in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

*Ld Smart.* Well, Colonel, how do you like that wine?

*Col.* This wine ſhould be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

*Ld Smart.* I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't ſpare it.

Col.

*Col.* No, my Lord; I'll never ſtarve in a cook's ſhop.

*Ld Smart.* And pray, Sir John, what do you ſay to my wine?

*Sir John.* I'll take another glaſs firſt: ſecond thoughts are beſt.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Pray, Lady Smart, you ſit near that ham; will you pleaſe to ſend me a bit?

*Lady Smart.* With all my heart. [*She ſends him a piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with muſtard.*] Egad, my Lord, your muſtard is very uncivil.

*Lady Smart.* Why uncivil, my Lord?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Becauſe it takes me by the noſe, egad.

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

*Col.* O Madam, that is no wonder: for you muſt know Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

Neverout *overturns the ſalt-cellar.*

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, you have overturn'd the ſalt, and that's a ſign of anger: I'm afraid Miſs and you will fall out.

*Lady Anſw.* No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

*Neverout.* Oh, Madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

*Miſs.* Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

*Sir John.* For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his ſweetheart, there's ſo much fooling and fidling betwixt them. I'm ſure they ſay in our country, that ſhiddle-come ſh—'s the beginning of love.

*Miſs.* I own I love Mr Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I'll tell you one thing.

*Miſs.* Come, here's t'ye, to ſtop your mouth.

*Neverout.* I'd rather you would ſtop it with a kiſs.

*Miſs.* A kiſs! marry come up, my dirty couſin; are you no ſicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that firſt inveuted kiſſing!

Neverout,

*Neverout.* Well, I'm very dry.

*Miſs.* Then you're the better to burn, and the worſe to fry.

*Lady Anſw.* God bleſs you, Colonel; you have a good ſtroke with you.

*Col.* O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing: I eat but one meal a-day.

*Miſs.* What! I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that is from morning till night.

*Neverout.* Faith, Miſs; and well was his wont.

*Ld Smart.* Pray, Lady Anſwerall, taſte this bit of veniſon.

*Lady Anſw.* I hope your Lordſhip will ſet me a good example.

*Ld Smart.* Here's a glaſs of cyder fill'd: Miſs, you muſt drink it.

*Miſs.* Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

*Neverout.* Come, Miſs; better belly burſt, than good liquor be loſt.

*Miſs.* Piſh! well, in life there was never any thing ſo teaſing; I had rather ſhed it in my ſhoes. I wiſh it were in your guts, for my ſhare.

*Ld Smart.* Mr Neverout, you han't taſted my cyder yet.

*Neverout.* No, my Lord; I have been juſt eating ſoupe; and they ſay, if one drink with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

*Ld Smart.* Come, take Miſs's glaſs, ſhe wiſh'd it was in your guts; let her have her wiſh for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations croſs'd.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Sir John.*] I think, Sir John, you have not taſted the veniſon yet.

*Sir John.* I ſeldom eat it, Madam; however, pleaſe to ſend me a little of the cruſt.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

*Col.* Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's ſtomach, as Lady Anſwerall ſays.

*Neverout.* I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

*Miſs.* I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

*Ld*

*Ld Smart.* Indeed, Lady Anſwerall, you have eaten nothing.

*Lady Anſw.* Pray, my Lord, ſee all the bones on my plate: they ſay, a carpenter's known by his chips.

*Neverout.* Miſs, will you reach me that glaſs of jelly?

*Miſs.* [*giving it to him.*] You ſee, 'tis but aſk and have.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I would have a bigger glaſs.

*Miſs.* What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full, nor faſting; I think that is enough.

*Neverout.* Ay, one of the enoughs; I am ſure it is little enough.

*Miſs.* Yes; but you know ſweet things are bad for the teeth.

*Neverout.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you ſent me.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, Mr Neverout, I find you are a true Engliſhman; you never know when you are well.

*Col.* Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

*Lady Anſw.* Why, Colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat-ſtraw.

*Col.* Well, after all, kitchen-phyſic is the beſt phyſic.

*Lady Smart.* And the beſt Doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* What do you think of a little houſe well fill'd?

*Sir John.* And a little land well till'd?

*Col.* Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

*Neverout.* My Lady Smart, pray help me to ſome of the breaſt of that gooſe.

*Ld Smart.* Tom, I have heard that gooſe upon gooſe is falſe heraldry.

*Miſs.* What! will you never have done ſtuffing?

*Ld Smart.* This gooſe is quite raw: well, God ſends meat, but the devil ſends cooks.

*Neverout.* Miſs, can you tell which is the gander, the white gooſe or the grey gooſe?

*Miſs.* They ſay, a fool can aſk more queſtions than the wiſeſt body can anſwer.

*Col.* Indeed, Miſs, Tom Neverout has poſed you.

*Miſs.* Why, Colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe

believe I ſhall never ſee a gooſe again without thinking on Mr Neverout.

*Ld Smart.* Well ſaid, Miſs; faith, girl, thou haſt brought thyſelf off cleverly. Tom, what ſay you to that?

*Col.* Faith, Tom is non-plus'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

*Miſs.* Why, my Lord, you ſee he is the provokingeſt creature in life; I believe there is not ſuch another in the varſal world.

*Lady Anſw.* Oh, Miſs! the world's a wide place.

*Neverout.* Well, Miſs, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me ſpade.

*Ld Smart.* Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me, what's Latin for a gooſe?

*Neverout.* O my Lord, I know that; why, *brandy* is Latin for a gooſe, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

*Miſs.* Is that manners, to ſhew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very briſk of a ſudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

*Sir John.* The devil take your wit, if this be wit, for it ſpoils company. Pray, Mr Butler, bring me a dram after my gooſe; 'tis very good for the wholeſomes.

*Ld Smart.* Come, bring me the loaf; I ſometimes love to cut my own bread.

*Miſs.* I ſuppoſe, my Lord, you lay longeſt a-bed to-day.

*Ld Smart.* Miſs, if I had ſaid ſo, I ſhould have told a ſib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, Miſs, ſhall I cut you a little cruſt now my hand is in?

*Miſs.* If you pleaſe, my Lord, a bit of under-cruſt.

*Neverout.* [*whiſpering Miſs.*] I find you love to lie under.

*Miſs.* [*aloud, puſhing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't underſtand you at all *.

*Neverout.* Come, all quarrels laid aſide: here, Miſs, may you live a thouſand years. [*He drinks to her.*

*Miſs.*

* Miſs diſcovers her underſtanding by the manner in which ſhe denies it; an inconſiſtency ſo common, that it deſerves a note. *See p.* 288. *Hawkeſ.*

*Miſs.* Pray, Sir, don't ſtint me.

*Ld Smart.* Sir John, will you taſte my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyſhire.

*Sir John.* My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they ſay, the devil made aſkers.

*Ld Smart.* [*to the Butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

*Col.* [*drinking to Miſs.*] Miſs, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, Miſs, you'll certainly be ſoon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, Miſs, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's ſmock, you are ſo well belov'd.

*Miſs.* Where's my knife? ſure I han't eaten it: Oh, here it is.

*Sir John.* No, Miſs; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

*Miſs.* Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyſhire compliment? Here, Mr Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

*Neverout.* I don't know.

*Miſs.* Why, take it, or let it alone.

*Neverout.* I will.

*Miſs.* What will you?

*Neverout.* Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

*Miſs.* You are a provoking creature.

*Sir John* [*talking with a glaſs of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country——

*Ld Smart.* [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of Parſon Palmer?

*Sir John.* No, my Lord; what of him?

*Ld Smart.* Why, he uſed to preach over his liquor.

*Sir John.* I beg your Lordſhip's pardon; here's your Lordſhip's health: I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, have you been at the new play?

*Neverout.* Yes, Madam. I went the firſt night.

*Lady Smart.* Well, and how did it take?

*Neverout.* Why, Madam, the poet is damn'd.

*Sir John* God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge ſo raſhly of any Chriſtian.

*Neverout.* [*whiſpers Lady Smart.*] Was ever ſuch a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he ſtares like a ſtuck pig! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? any of our famous toaſts?

*Sir John.* No, damn your fire ſhips, I have a wife of my own.

*Lady Smart* Pray, my Lady Anſwerall, how do you like theſe preſerv'd oranges?

*Lady Answ.* Indeed, Madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

*Lady Smart.* O Madam; I have heard them ſay, that too good is ſtark naught.

*Miſs drinking part of a glaſs of wine.*

*Neverout.* Pray, let me drink your ſnuff.

*Miſs.* No indeed, you ſhan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

*Neverout.* I know them already; you are thinking of a good huſband. Beſides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

*Lady Smart* Pray, my Lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a bottle of our October to Sir John? I believe they ſtay to brew it.

*The Butler brings up the tankard to Sir* John.

*Sir John.* Won't your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink firſt?

*Ld Smart.* No, Sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

*Col.* [*to Ld Smart.*] My Lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and I hope you won't make fiſh of one, and fleſh of another.

*Ld Smart* Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

*Sir* John *drinks.*

*Ld Smart.* Well, Sir John, how do you like it?

*Sir John.* Not as well as my own in Derbyſhire; 'tis plaguy ſmall.

Lady

*Lady Smart.* I never taſte malt liquor; but they ſay 'tis well hopt.

*Sir John.* Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my Lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb.

*Lady Smart.* I was told, ours was very ſtrong.

*Sir John.* Ay, Madam, ſtrong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks moſt has the worſt ſhare.

*Col.* I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your houſe.

*Sir John.* Why, faith, at Chriſtmas we have many comers and goers; and they muſt not be ſent away without a cup of Chriſtmas ale, for fear they ſhould p——s behind the door.

*Lady Smart.* I hear Sir John has the niceſt garden in England; they ſay, 'tis kept ſo clean, that you can't find a place where to ſpit.

*Sir John.* O Madam; you are pleaſed to ſay ſo.

*Lady Smart.* But, Sir John, your ale is terribly ſtrong and heady in Derbyſhire, and will ſoon make one drunk and ſick; what do you then?

*Sir John.* Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hare of the ſame dog next morning. I take a new laid egg for breakfaſt; and faith, one ſhould drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

*Ld Smart.* Tom Neverout, will you taſte a glaſs of October?

*Neverout.* No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your Honour's claret is good enough for me.

*Lady Smart.* What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, ſhall I ſend you the legs and rump?

*Col.* Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the houſe was full.

*Lord Smart.* [*carving a partridge.*] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is ſo blunt.

*Lady Aſtw.* My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they ſay, an ill workman never had good tools.

*Ld Smart.* Will your Lordſhip have a wing of it?

*Ld Sparkiſh.* No my Lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

*Ld Smart.* I'm always cold after eating.

*Col.* My Lord, they ſay, that's a ſign of long life.

*Ld Smart.* Ay; I believe I ſhall live till all my friends are weary of me.

*Col.* Pray, does any body here hate cheeſe? I would be glad of a bit.

*Ld Smart.* An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheeſe came upon the table he pretended to faint; ſo ſomebody ſaid, Pray take away the cheeſe: No, ſaid I, pray, take away the fool: ſaid I well?

*Here a loud and large laugh.*

*Col.* Faith, my Lord, you ſerv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wiſh we had a bit of your Lordſhip's Oxfordſhire cheeſe.

*Ld Smart.* Come, hang ſaving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheeſe.

*Lady Anſw.* They ſay, cheeſe digeſts every thing but itſelf.

*A footman brings a great whole cheeſe.*

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Ay; this would look handſome, if any body ſhould come in.

*Sir John.* Well; I'm weily broſten, as they ſayn in Lancaſhire.

*Lady Smart.* O! Sir John; I wou'd I had ſomething to broſt you withal.

*Ld Smart.* Come, they ſay, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, ſhall I help you to ſome cheeſe, or will you carve for yourſelf?

*Neverout.* I'll hold fifty pounds, Miſs won't cut the cheeſe.

*Miſs.* Pray, why ſo, Mr Neverout?

*Neverout.* Oh, there is a reaſon, and you know it well enough.

*Miſs.* I can't for my life underſtand what the gentleman means.

*Ld Smart.* Pray, Tom, change the diſcourſe: in troth you are too bad.

*Col.* [*whiſpers Neverout.*] Smoke Miſs; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffety.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but, Miſs, (hold your tongue, Mr Neverout), ſhall I cut you a piece of cheeſe?

*Miſs.* No, really, Madam; I have dined this half hour.

*Lady Smart.* What! quick at meat quick at work, they ſay.

*Sir* John *nods.*

*Ld Smart.* What! are you ſleepy, Sir John? do you ſleep after dinner?

*Sir John.* Yes, faith; I ſometimes take a nap after my pipe *; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at reſt.

*Lady Smart.* Come, Colonel; help yourſelf, and your friends will love you the better. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, your Ladyſhip eats nothing.

*Lady Anſw.* Lord, Madam, I have fed like a farmer; I ſhall grow as fat as a porpoiſe; I ſwear my jaws are weary of chewing.

*Col.* I have a mind to eat a piece of that ſturgeon, but fear it will make me ſick.

*Neverout.* A rare ſoldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

*Col.* Well; it wou'd vex a dog to ſee a pudden creep.

*Sir* John *riſes.*

*Ld Smart.* Sir John, what are you doing?

*Sir John.* Swolks, I muſt be going, by'r Lady; I have earneſt buſineſs; I muſt do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.



* It may be obſerved in this paſſage, and many others, that the author gave himſelf no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. Sir John is here ſuppoſed to have *ſmoked*, and the lady is immediately afterwards preſſed *to eat*. His principal view was to ſtring all the phraſes that are uttered by rote one upon another, without the aſſiſtance of any other language to introduce or correct them. The drama therefore muſt be regarded merely as a vehicle; and whoever conſiders the difficulty of that which is effected, will ſcarce be ſo unreaſonable as to cenſure the writer for not effecting more. *Hawkeſ.*

*Ld Smart.* Well; but ſtay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him; and beſides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a ſpur in the head is worth two in the heel.

*Sir John.* Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glaſs half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the reſt of this glaſs made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no falſe Latin in this; your wine is excellent good; ſo I thank you for the next, for I am ſure of this. Madam, has your Ladyſhip any commands in Derbyſhire? I muſt go fifteen miles to night.

*Lady Smart.* None, Sir John, but to take care of yourſelf; and my moſt humble ſervice to your lady unknown.

*Sir John.* Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

*Lady Smart.* Here, bring water to waſh; though really, you have all eaten ſo little, that you have not need to waſh your mouths.

*Ld Smart.* But, pr'ythee, Sir John, ſtay a while longer.

*Sir John.* No, my Lord; I am to ſmoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

*Col.* Why, Sir John, had not you better ſet out to-morrow?

*Sir John.* Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

*Col.* Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, becauſe I ſhall have the prayers of the church, to preſerve all that travel by land or by water.

*Sir John.* Well, Colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a prieſt of.

*Neverout.* Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

*Sir John.* [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't ſmoke; I warrant you, but you ſmock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon) Colonel, do you never ſmoke?

*Col.* No, Sir John; but I take a pipe ſometimes.

*Sir John.* I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me laſt year in Derbyſhire; ſo, after dinner, I took a pipe; ſo my gentleman turn'd away his head!

ſo ſaid I, What, Sir, do you never ſmoke? ſo he anſwered as you do, Colonel, No, but I ſometimes take a pipe: ſo he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: ſo, ſaid I, Pray, Sir, can you make a pipe? ſo he ſaid, No: ſo, ſaid I, Why then, Sir, if you can't make a pipe, you ſhould not break a pipe: ſo we all laugh'd.

*Ld Smart.* Well; but, Sir John, they ſay, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of ſtoppers.

*Sir John.* Colonel, I hear you go ſometimes to Derbyſhire; I wiſh you would come and foul a plate with me.

*Col.* I hope you will give me a ſoldier's bottle.

*Sir John.* Come, and try. Mr Neverout, you are a town-wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

*Neverout.* Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

*Sir John.* No, 'tis a pot herb; and ſo here's t'ye in a pot of my Lord's October.

*Lady Smart.* I hear, Sir John, ſince you are married, you have forſwore the town.

*Sir John.* No, Madam; I never forſwore any thing but the building of churches.

*Lady Smart.* Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to ſee you again in London?

*Sir John.* Why, Madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children ſay.

*Neverout.* Come, Sir John: I foreſee it will rain terribly.

*Ld Smart.* Come, Sir John, do nothing raſhly; let us drink firſt.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* I know Sir John will go, tho' he was ſure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray, ſtay, Sir John: you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

*Ld Smart.* Why, Sir John, if you muſt needs go; while you ſtay, make uſe of your time: here's my ſervice to you, a health to our friends in Derbyſhire: come, ſit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

*Sir John.* Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the houſe was full.

Col.

*Col.* Why, Sir John, you uſed to love a glaſs of good wine in former times.

*Sir John.* Why, ſo I do ſtill, Colonel; but a man may love his houſe very well, without riding on the ridge; beſides, I muſt be with my wife on Tueſday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

*Col.* Well, if you go to-day, I wiſh you may be wet to the ſkin.

*Sir John.* Ay, but they ſay the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

*Sir* John *takes leave, and goes away.*

*Ld Smart.* Well, Miſs, how do you like Sir John?

*Miſs.* Why, I think, he's a little upon the ſilly, or ſo: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

*Neverout.* Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

*Neverout.* Faith, he ſhall have a clean threſhold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conſcience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

*Lady Smart.* Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a noſe on his face.

*Col.* I was once with him and ſome other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell aſleep, and ſnor'd ſo hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

*Neverout.* Why, what, you can have no more of a cat than her ſkin; you can't make a ſilk purſe out of a ſow's ear.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Well, ſince he's gone, the devil go with him and ſixpence; and there's money and company too.

*Neverout.* Faith, he's a true country-put. Pray, Miſs, let me aſk you a queſtion.

*Miſs.* Well; but don't aſk queſtions with a dirty face. I warrant, what you have to ſay will keep cold.

*Col.* Come, my Lord, againſt you are diſpoſed; here's to all that love and honour you.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm ſure you know he's dead.

*Col.* Dead! well, my Lord, you love to be a meſſenger of ill news: I'm heartily ſorry; but, my Lord, we muſt all die.

*Neverout.* I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

*Miſs* There's a queſtion! you talk like a potkary: why, becauſe he could live no longer.

*Neverout.* Well; reſt his ſoul: we muſt live by the living, and not by the dead.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* You know, his houſe was burnt down to the ground.

*Col.* Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good ſervants, but they are very bad maſters.

*Ld Smart.* Here, take away, and ſet down a bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll ſtay and drink a glaſs of wine before you go to your tea.

*All taken away, and the wine ſet down, &c.*

*Miſs gives* Neverout *a ſmart pinch.*

*Neverout.* Lord, Miſs, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

*Miſs.* I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

*Neverout.* [*giving Miſs a pinch.*] Take that, Miſs; what's ſauce for a gooſe is ſauce for a gander.

*Miſs.* [*ſcreaming.*] Well, Mr Neverout, if I live, that ſhall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

*Neverout.* [*takes Miſs by the hand.*] Come, Miſs, let us lay all quarrels aſide, and be friends.

*Miſs.* Don't be ſo teaſing: you plague a body ſo! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourſelf?

*Neverout.* Pray, Miſs, where did you get that pick-tooth caſe?

*Miſs.* I came honeſtly by it.

*Neverout.* I'm ſure it was mine, for I loſt juſt ſuch a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

*Miſs.* No; if you lie, it is much.

*Neverout.* Well; I'm ſure 'tis mine.

Miſs.

*Miſs.* What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the King has.

*Neverout.* Co'onel, you have ſeen my fine pick-tooth caſe; don't you think this is the very ſame?

*Col.* Indeed, Miſs. it is very like it.

*Miſs.* Ay; what he ſays you'll ſwear.

*Neverout.* Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

*Miſs.* Ay; do if you can.

*Neverout.* Why, what's your's is mine, and what's mine is my own.

*Miſs.* Well, run on till you're weary; no body holds you.

Neverout *gapes.*

*Col.* What, Mr Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

*Neverout.* Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my mouth.

*Lady Smart.* Mr Neverout, my Lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of theſe days: I hear you live high.

*Neverout.* Yes, faith, Madam: I live high, and lodge in a garret.

*Col.* But, Miſs. I forgot to tell you, that Mr Neverout got the deviliſheſt fall in the park to-day.

*Miſs.* I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr Neverout? I wiſh I had been there to laugh.

*Neverout.* Why, Madam. it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns ſticking out, I happened to ſtumble againſt it; that was all.

*Lady Smart.* Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themſelves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

*Lady Anſw. and Miſs.* My Lords and Gentlemen, your moſt humble ſervant.

*Ld Smart.* Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

*The gentlemen alone.*

*Ld Smart.* Come, John, bring us a freſh bottle.

*Col.* Ay, my Lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we ſay in the army.

\Meaning the empty *bottles.*

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Mr Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

*Neverout.* Yes, my Lord; full of emptineſs.

*Ld Smart.* And, d'ye hear, John? bring clean glaſſes.

*Col.* I'll keep mine; for I think, the wine is the beſt liquor to waſh glaſſes in.

## DIALOGUE III.

*The ladies at their tea.*

*Lady Smart.* WEll, Ladies; now let us have a cup of diſcourſe to ourſelves.

*Lady Anſw.* What do you think of your friend, Sir John Spendall?

*Lady Smart* Why, Madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

*Miſs.* They ſay, he makes a very ill huſband to my Lady.

*Lady Anſw.* But he muſt be allow'd to be the fondeſt father in the world.

*Lady Smart.* Ay, Madam, that's true; for they ſay, the devil is kind to his own.

*Miſs.* I am told, my Lady manages him to admiration.

*Lady Smart.* That I believe; for ſhe's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half ſo honeſt.

*Lady Anſw.* They ſay, ſhe's quite a ſtranger to all his gallantries.

*Lady Smart.* Not at all; but you know, there's none ſo blind as they that won't ſee.

*Miſs.* O Madam, I am told ſhe watches him as a cat would watch a mouſe.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, if ſhe ben't foully belied, ſhe pays him in his own coin.

*Lady Smart.* Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts as well as if I were within you.

*Lady Anſw.* Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs Clatter; I find ſhe gives herſelf airs of being acquainted with your Ladyſhip.

Miſs.

*Miſs.* Oh, the hideous creature! did you obſerve her nails? they were long enough to ſcratch her grannum out of her grave.

*Lad. Smart.* Well, ſhe and Tom Goſling were banging compliments backwards and forwards: it look'd like two aſſes ſcrubbing one another.

*Miſs.* Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but pray, Madam, who were the company?

*Lady Smart.* Why, there was all the world, and his wife: there was Mrs Clatter, Lady Singular, the Counteſs of Talkham. (I ſhould have named her firſt), Tom Goſling, and ſome others, whom I have forgot.

*Lady Anſw.* I think the Counteſs is very fickly.

*Lady Smart.* Yes, Madam; ſhe'll never ſcratch a grey head, I promiſe her.

*Miſs.* And, pray, what was your converſation?

*Lady Smart.* Why, Mrs Clatter had all the talk to herſelf, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

*Lady Anſw.* She brought her huſband ten thouſand pounds; ſhe has a town-houſe and country-houſe: would the woman have her a —— hung with points?

*Lady Smart.* She would fain be at the top of the houſe before the ſtairs are built.

*Miſs.* Well, compariſons are odious; but ſhe's as like her huſband as if ſhe were ſpit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was ſhe dreſt?

*Lady Smart.* Why, ſhe was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more coſt than worſhip.

*Lady Anſw.* I don't know her huſband; pray, what is he?

*Lady Smart.* Why, he's a counſellor of the law; you muſt know he came to us as drunk as David's ſow.

*Miſs.* What kind of creature is he?

*Lady Smart.* You muſt know, the man and his wife are couplied like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and ſhe's one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The ladies and Tom Goſling were propoſing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one. Damn your cards, ſaid he, they are the devil's books,

*Lady*

*Lady Anſw.* A dull, unmannerly brute! Well, God ſend him more wit, and me more money.

*Miſs.* Lord! Madam, I would not keep ſuch company for the world.

*Lady Smart.* O Miſs, 'tis nothing when you are uſed to it; beſides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

*Miſs.* Did your Ladyſhip play?

*Lady Smart.* Yes, and won; ſo I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

*Lady Anſw.* Ay; what ſays Pluck?

*Miſs.* Well, my elbow itches; I ſhall change bedfellows.

*Lady Smart.* And my right hand itches; I ſhall receive money.

*Lady Anſw.* And my right eye itches; I ſhall cry.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, I hear your friend Miſtreſs Giddy has diſcarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has ſhe got another lover?

*Miſs.* I hear of none.

*Lady Smart.* Why, the fellow's rich; and I think ſhe was a fool to throw out her dirty water before ſhe got clean.

*Lady Anſw.* Miſs, that's a very handſome gown of yours, and finely made, very genteel.

*Miſs.* I am glad your Ladyſhip likes it.

*Lady Anſw.* Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

*Miſs.* Ay; I aſſure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, ſay I.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, Madam, when did you ſee Sir Peter Muckworm?

*Lady Anſw.* Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

*Lady Smart.* What does he do for it?

*Lady Anſw.* I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes uſe of nothing but patience and flannel.

*Miſs.* Pray, how does he and my Lady agree?

*Lady Anſw.* You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

*Mis.* They ſay, ſhe plays deep with ſharpers, that cheat her of her money.

*Lady Aſtic.* Upon my word they muſt riſe early that would cheat her of her money; Sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

*Mis.* Well, but I was aſſur'd from a good hand that ſhe loſt at one ſitting to the tune of a hundred guineas: make money of that.

*Lady Smart.* Well, but do you hear that Mrs Plump is brought to bed at laſt?

*Mis.* And, pray, what has God ſent her?

*Lady Smart.* Why, gueſs if you can.

*Mis.* A boy, I ſuppoſe.

*Lady Smart.* No, you are out; gueſs again.

*Mis.* A girl then.

*Lady Smart.* You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

*Mis.* O Madam, the gentlemen ſay all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no ſuch thing.

*Lady Aſtic.* Well, ſhe had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; ſhe ris' with her a—— upwards.

*Mis.* Fie, Madam; what do you mean?

*Lady Smart.* O Miſs, 'tis nothing what we ſay among ourſelves.

*Mis.* Ay, Madam; but they ſay hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

*Lady Aſtic.* Well, Miſs, I can't help it; you know I'm old tell-truth: I love to call a ſpade a ſpade.

*Lady Smart.* [*miſtakes the tea-tongs for the ſpoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

*Mis.* Why, Madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

*Lady Smart.* Miſs, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

*Lady Aſtic.* Ay, Miſs, as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.

*Lady Smart.* Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-ſtack.

*Miſs.* I own I love her very well; but there's difference betwixt ſtaring and ſtark mad.

*Lady Smart.* They ſay ſhe begins to grow fat.

*Miſs.*

*Miſs* Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, Lady Anſwerall, (pray forgive me), I think your Ladyſhip looks thinner than when I ſaw you laſt.

*Miſs.* Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyſhip is one of Job's comforters.

*Lady Anſw.* Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and ſold: but really, Miſs, you are ſo very obliging, that I wiſh I were a handſome young lord for your ſake.

*Miſs.* O Madam, your love's a million.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your Ladyſhip let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

*Lady Anſw.* Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyſhip.

*Miſs.* What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

*The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.*

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout, we wanted you ſadly; you are always out of the way when you ſhould be hang'd.

*Neverout.* You wanted me! pray, Miſs, how do you look when you lie?

*Miſs.* Better than you when you cry Manners indeed! I find you mend like ſour ale in ſummer.

*Neverout.* I beg your pardon, Miſs; I only meant when you lie alone.

*Miſs.* That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down ſtairs.

*Neverout.* Come, Miſs, be kind for once, and order me a diſh of coffee.

*Miſs.* Pray, go yourſelf; let us wear out the oldeſt: beſides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

*Col.* They ſay, a woman need but look on her apron-ſtring to find an excuſe.

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, you are grown ſo peeviſh, a dog would not live with you.

*Miſs.* Mr Neverout, I beg your diverſion; no offence, I hope: but truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourſelf; and that's as bad as bad can be.

*Neverout.* My Lord, don't you think Miſs improves wonderfully of late? Why, Miſs, if I ſpoil the Colo-

*Miſs.* Th... ...am as you do me; for you cheat her c... ...dog.

*Lady ...* ...m? lay that again: why, if I would c... ...ands, brother. [*Here a great, loud,* her; d...

*M...* ...pray, gentlemen, why always ſo ſe- ſhe l... ...er Miſs? On my conſcience, Colonel and mak... ...ut, one of you two are both knaves.

*... Lady Anſwerall,* I intend to do myſelf the is ...ining with your Ladyſhip to morrow.

*A...* Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

*... I* m ſure you'll be glad to be welcome.

*C...* Miſs, I thank you; and to reward you. I'll come ...ink tea with you in the morning.

*M...* Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

*C...* [*to Lady Smart.*] Your Ladyſhip has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

*Lady Smart.* It is none of mine, Colonel.

*Col.* Pray, whoſe is it then?

*Lady Smart.* Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they ſay, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own but her wedding-ring and her hair lace: but if women had been the law makers, it would have been better.

*Col.* This watch ſeems to be quite new.

*Lady Smart.* No, Sir; it has been twenty years in my Lord's family; but Quare put a new caſe and dial-plate to it

*Nevercut.* Why, that's for all the world like the man who ſwore he kept the ſame knife forty years, only he ſometimes changed the haft, and ſometimes the blade.

*Lady Smart.* Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

*Col.* Odd-ſo! I have broke the hinge of my ſnuff-box; I'm undone beſides the loſs

*Miſs.* Alack a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty ſhillings.

*Nevercut.* Why, Colonel; all that I can ſay to comfort you, is, that you muſt mend it with a new one.

*Miſs laughs.*

*Col.* What, Miſs! you can't laugh, but you muſt ſhew your teeth.

Miſs...

[redacted]. I'm ſure you ſhew your teeth when you can't [redacted] well, thus it muſt be, if we ſell ale.

*Neverout.* Miſs, you ſmell very ſweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

*Miſs.* Perfumes! No, Sir; I'd have you to know it is nothing but the grain of my ſkin.

*Col.* Tom, you have a good noſe to make a poor man's ſow.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another, come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at laſt.

*Col.* Why, my Lord, you ſee Miſs has no mercy; I wiſh ſhe were marry'd; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horſe.

*Miſs.* Well, God forgive you for that wiſh.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Never fear him, Miſs.

*Miſs.* What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

*Ld Smart.* What have you to ſay to that, Colonel?

*Neverout.* O my Lord, my friend the Colonel ſcorns to ſet his wit againſt a child.

*Miſs.* Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

*Col.* Well, Miſs; they ſay, a woman's tongue is the laſt thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiſs, and be friends.

*Miſs.* Hands off! that's meat for your maſter.

*Ld Sparkiſh.* Faith, Colonel, you are in for ale and cakes: but, after all, Miſs, you are too ſevere; you would not meddle with your match.

*Miſs.* All they can ſay goes in at one ear, and out at t'other for me, I can aſſure you; only I wiſh they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

*Neverout.* What! I warrant you think all is loſt that goes beſide your own mouth

*Miſs.* Pray, Mr Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be poſſible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths, by your prating.

*Neverout.* No, Miſs; it is not handſome to ſee one hold one's tongue: beſides, I ſhould ſlobber my fingers.

*Col.* Miſs, did you never hear, that three women and a gooſe are enough to make a market?

*Miſs.* I'm ſure, if Mr Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

*Footman comes in.*

*Lady Smart.* Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

*Lady Anſw.* O Madam, no candles yet, I beſeech you; don't let us burn day-light.

*Neverout.* I dare ſwear, Miſs, for her part, will never burn day-light, if ſhe can help it.

*Miſs.* Lord! Mr Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

*Lady Smart.* Indeed, Madam, it is blind-man's holiday; we ſhall ſoon be all of a colour.

*Neverout.* Why, then, Miſs, we may kiſs where we like beſt.

*Miſs.* Fogh! theſe men talk of nothing but kiſſing. [*She ſpits.*

*Neverout.* What, Miſs, does it make your mouth water?

*Lady Smart.* It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore, pray, bring in candles: they ſay, women and linen ſhew beſt by candle-light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

*Col.* I'll make one with you three ladies.

*Lady Anſw.* I'll ſit down, and be a ſtander-by.

*Lady Smart.* [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, does your Ladyſhip never play?

*Col.* Yes; I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip plays ſometimes for an egg at Eaſter.

*Neverout.* Ay; and a kiſs at Chriſtmas.

*Lady Anſw.* Come, Mr Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

*Neverout.* With all my heart; kiſs my wife and welcome.

*The Colonel, Mr* Neverout, *Lady* Smart, *and Miſs, go to quadrille, and ſit till three in the morning.*

*They riſe from cards.*

*Lady Smart.* Well, Miſs, you'll have a ſad huſband, you have ſuch good luck at cards.

*Neverout.*

*Neverout.* Indeed, Miſs, you dealt me ſad cards; if you deal ſo ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies.

*Lady Anſw.* I'm ſure 'tis time for honeſt folks to be a-bed.

*Miſs.* Indeed my eyes draw ſtraws.

*She's almoſt aſleep.*

*Neverout.* Why, Miſs, if you fall aſleep, ſomebody may get a pair of gloves.

*Col.* I'm going to the land of Nod.

*Neverout.* Faith, I'm for Bedfordſhire.

*Lady Smart.* I'm ſure I ſhall ſleep without rocking.

*Neverout.* Miſs, I hope you'll dream of your ſweetheart.

*Miſs.* Oh, no doubt of it! I believe I ſhan't be able to ſleep for dreaming of him.

*Col.* [*to Miſs.*] Madam, ſhall I have the honour to eſcort you?

*Miſs.* No, Colonel, I thank you; my mamma has ſent her chair and footman. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you pleaſe.

*Footman comes in.*

*Footman.* Madam, the chairs are waiting.

*They all take their chairs, and go off.*

DIRECTIONS

# DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS in general*;

## And in particular to the

| | |
|---|---|
| BUTLER, | PORTER, |
| COOK, | DAIRY-MAID, |
| FOOTMAN, | CHAMBER-MAID, |
| COACHMAN, | NURSE, |
| GROOM, | LAUNDRESS, |
| HOUSE-STEWART, | HOUSEKEEPER, |
| and | TUTORESS, or |
| LAND-STEWARD, | GOVERNESS. |

## The DUBLIN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

" THE following treatiſe of Directions to Servants, " was begun ſome years ago by the author, who " had not leiſure to finiſh and put it into proper " order, being engaged in many other works of great- " er uſe to his country, as may be ſeen by moſt of his " writings. But, as the author's deſign was to expoſe " the villanies and frauds of ſervants to their maſters and " miſtreſſes, we ſhall make no apology for its publi- " cation, but give it our readers in the ſame manner as " we find it in the original, which may be ſeen in the " printer's cuſtody. The few tautologies that occur in " the characters left unfiniſhed, will make the reader look " upon the whole as a rough draught, with ſeveral out- " lines only drawn. However, that there may appear no " daubing or patch-work by other hands, it is thought " moſt adviſeable to give it in the author's own words.

" IT is imagined that he intended to make a large vo- " lume

* " I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years a- " go, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; " and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it " till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs. Nay, I " have another of the ſame age, which will require a long time to " perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you " the ſame way." Swift's letters, in *vol.* 4. *let.* 62. *p.* 145. *alluding to* Polite Converſation, and Directions to Servants.

" lume of this work; but as time and health would not " permit him, the reader may draw, from what is here " exhibited, means to detect the many vices and faults " which people in that kind of low life are ſubject to

" If gentlemen would ſeriouſly conſider this work, " which is written for their inſtruction, (although ironi- " cally), it would make them better œconomiſts, and " preſerve their eſtates and families from ruin.

" It may be ſeen by ſome ſcattered papers, (wherein " were given hints for a dedication and preface, and a " liſt of all degrees of ſervants), that the author intend- " ed to have gone through all their characters.

" This is all that need be ſaid as to this treatiſe, which " can only be looked upon as a fragment."

*Dublin, Nov.* 8. *G. F.*
1745.

# DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS *.

## RULES that concern all SERVANTS in general.

WHEN your maſter or lady calls a ſervant by name, if that ſervant be not in the way, none of you are to anſwer; for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and maſters themſelves allow, that if a ſervant comes when he is called, it is ſufficient.

WHEN

* This tract is imperfect and unfiniſhed. The editor tells us, that a preface and dedication were to have been added to it. I think it was not publiſhed till after the Dean's death; but I remember the manuſcript handed about, and much applauded, in his lifetime. To ſay the moſt that can be offered in his favour, the tract is written in ſo facetious a kind of low humour, that it muſt pleaſe many readers: nor is it without ſome degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactneſs (and what in a leſs trivial caſe muſt have been called judgment) the faults, blunders, tricks, lies, and various knaveries of domeſtic ſervants. How much time muſt have been employed in putting together ſuch a work? What an intenſeneſs of thought muſt have been beſtowed upon the loweſt and moſt ſlaviſh ſcenes of life? It is one of thoſe compoſi-

tions,

**When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person. This will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.**

If

tions that the utmoſt ſtrength of wit can ſcarce ſuſtain from ſinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought conſtantly to have ſoared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon perſons of inferior abilities, as children whom Nature had appointed him to inſtruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents ſeem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the perſon who poſſeſſes ſuch bleſſings, is certainly anſwerable to Heaven for thoſe endowments which he enjoys above the reſt of mankind. Let him jeſt with dignity, and let him be ironical upon uſeful ſubjects; leaving poor ſlaves to *beat their porridge*, or *drink their ſmall beer*, in ſuch veſſels as they ſhall find proper. The Dean, it ſeems, had not this way of thinking; and having long indulged his paſſions, at laſt perhaps miſtook them for his duty. The miſtake is neither extraordinary nor ſurpriſing. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagancies; in thoſe of morality, into no leſs: but in politics, into the greateſt of all. Our inclinations are ſo apt to hurry us into inconſiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourſelves they are right, only becauſe they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus Swift, when he had once eſtabliſhed the rule of *vive la bagatelle*, was reſolved to purſue it at all hazards. I wiſh his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower claſſes of mankind paſs on unnoticed, the great only are cenſured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every ſtep they take. The Dean of St Patricks ſhould have known himſelf, as *rex idem hominum Phœbique ſacerdos*; and ſhould have remembered, that kings and prieſts are extremely liable to be cenſured. Poor Swift! why did he ſink below himſelf before he was deprived of reaſon? Forgive him that error, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excreſcencies of wit and humour; you will then admire him, as an honour to the public, and a ſcourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.—Several of Swift's poſthumous pieces are neither worthy of his pen, nor of the reader's peruſal. Many of them are ſpurious, and many more are trifling, and in every reſpect improper for the public view: ſo that what was once ludicrouſly ſaid upon a different occaſion, may be applied to ſeveral of Swift's writings, as "they put us in mind of the famous machine in Winſtanley's water-works, where out of the ſame veſſel, the ſpectators were preſented with tea, coffee, chocolate, champagne, and ſour ſmall beer." *Orrery.*

For ſuch miſapplication of his talents, Swift fell under his friend Pope's correction; as appears from theſe lines:

*If*

IF you ſee your maſter wronged by any of your fellow-ſervants, be ſure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception, in caſe of a favourite ſervant, who is juſtly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

THE cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other ſervant who is concerned in the expences of the family, ſhould act as if his maſter's whole eſtate ought to be applied to that ſervant's particular buſineſs. For inſtance, if the cook computes his maſter's eſtate to be a thouſand pounds a-year, he reaſonably concludes, that a thouſand pounds a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be ſparing; the butler makes the ſame judgment; ſo may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your maſter's honour.

WHEN you are chid before company, (which, with ſubmiſſion to our maſters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice),

*If, after all, we muſt with Wilmot own,*
*The cordial drop of life is love alone,*
*And* SWIFT *cry wiſely,* Vive la bagatelle!
*The man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.*

Pope could not bear to ſee a friend ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift (as we may ſee by ſome of his poſthumous pieces, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſhamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction, or, in ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed it, namely, to recommend and ſet off truth; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned; but the remains of wit, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr Swift ſeems to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. "I chuſe," ſays he, in a letter to Mr Pope, [in vol. 4. let. 10. p. 42.] "my companions amongſt thoſe "of leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance; I read the moſt "trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the "moſt trifling ſubjects." And again, [in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, in vol. 4. let. 37. p. 87.] "I love *la bagatelle* better than "ever. I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes, either of "rage or raillery." *&c.* And again, in a letter to Mr Gay, [in vol. 4. let. 59. p. 136.] "My rule is, *vive la bagatelle.*" *Warburton.*—See the notes in vol. 4. p. 126, 127.

practice). it often happens that ſome ſtranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuſe: in ſuch a caſe you will have a good title to juſtify yourſelf, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occaſions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by ſtating the caſe to your fellow-ſervants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have ſaid before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that ſervants ſent on meſſages are apt to ſtay out ſomewhat longer than the meſſage requires, perhaps two, four, ſix or eight hours, or ſome ſuch trifle; for the temptation to be ſure was great, and fleſh and blood cannot always reſiſt. When you return, the maſter ſtorms, the lady ſcolds; ſtripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a ſet of excuſes, enough to ſerve on all occaſions. For inſtance, your uncle came fourſcore miles to town this morning on purpoſe to ſee you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow; a brother-ſervant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland; you were taking leave of an old fellow-ſervant. who was ſhipping for Barbadoes; your father ſent a cow to you to ſell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night; you were taking leave of a dear couſin, who is to be hanged next Saturday; you wrenched your foot againſt a ſtone, and were forced to ſtay three hours in a ſhop, before you could ſtir a ſtep; ſome naſtineſs was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were aſhamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the ſmell went off; you were preſſed for the ſea-ſervice, and carried before a juſtice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado; a bailiff by miſtake ſeized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a ſponging-houſe; you were told that your maſter had gone to a tavern, and came to ſome miſchance, and your grief was ſo great that you inquired for his Honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-mall and Temple-bar.

Take all tradeſmens part againſt your maſter; and when

when you are ſent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generouſly pay the full demand. This is highly to your maſter's honour; and may be ſome ſhillings in your pocket; and you are to conſider, if your maſter hath paid too much, he can better afford the loſs than a poor tradeſman.

Never ſubmit to ſtir a finger in any buſineſs, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk, or abſent, and the butler be ordered to ſhut the ſtable-door; the anſwer is ready, An pleaſe your Honour, I don't underſtand horſes. If a corner of the hinging wants a ſingle nail to faſten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up; he may ſay, he doth not underſtand that ſort of work, but his Honour may ſend for the upholſterer.

Maſters and ladies are uſually quarreling with the ſervants for not ſhutting the doors after them: but neither maſters nor ladies conſider, that thoſe doors muſt be open before they can be ſhut, and that the labour is double to open and ſhut the doors; therefore the beſt, and ſhorteſt, and eaſieſt way, is to do neither. But if you are ſo often teaſed to ſhut the door, that you cannot eaſily forget it, then give the door ſuch a clap as you go out, as will ſhake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your maſter and lady in mind that you obſerve their directions.

If you find yourſelf to grow into favour with your maſter or lady, take ſome opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they aſk the reaſon, and ſeem loath to part with you, anſwer, That you would rather live with them than any body elſe; but a poor ſervant is not to be blamed, if he ſtrives to better himſelf; that ſervice is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very ſmall. Upon which, if your maſter hath any generoſity, he will add five or ten ſhillings a-quarter, rather than let you go. But if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get ſome fellow-ſervant to tell your maſter, that he hath prevailed upon you to ſtay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, ſave

them to junket with your fellow-ſervants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

WRITE your own name, and your ſweetheart's, with the ſmoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the ſervants hall, to ſhew your learning.

IF you are a young ſightly fellow, whenever you whiſper your miſtreſs at the table, run your noſe full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face. This I have known to have had very good conſequences in ſome families.

NEVER come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the firſt whiſtle: and when the maſter calls, *Who's there?* no ſervant is bound to come; for *Who's there* is no body's name.

WHEN you have broken all your earthen drinking veſſels below ſtairs, (which is uſually done in a week), the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold ſmall-beer, or, in caſe of neceſſity, ſerve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all theſe uſes; but never waſh or ſcour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

ALTHO' you are allowed knives for the ſervants hall at meals, yet you ought to ſpare them, and make uſe only of your maſter's.

LET it be a conſtant rule, that no chair, ſtool, or table, in the ſervants hall, or the kitchen, ſhall have above three legs; which hath been the antient and conſtant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is ſaid to be founded upon two reaſons; firſt, to ſhew that ſervants are ever in a tottering condition; ſecondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the ſervants chairs and tables ſhould have at leaſt one leg fewer than thoſe of their maſters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old cuſtom was allowed an eaſy chair to ſleep in after dinner; and yet I have ſeldom ſeen them with above three legs. Now, this epidemical lameneſs of ſervants chairs, is by philoſophers imputed to two cauſes, which are obſerved to make the greateſt revolutions in ſtates and empires; I mean love and war. A ſtool, a chair, or a table, is the firſt weapon taken up in a general rumping or ſkirmiſh; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very

ſtrong, are apt to ſuffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being uſually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to ſee maid-ſervants ſo ungenteel as to walk the ſtreets with their petticoats pinned up. It is a fooliſh excuſe to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have ſo eaſy a remedy, as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of ſtairs after they come home.

When you ſtop to tattle with ſome crony ſervant in the ſame ſtreet, leave your own ſtreet-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwiſe your miſtreſs may know you are gone out, and you muſt be chidden.

I do moſt earneſtly exhort you all to unanimity and concord. But miſtake me not: you may quarrel with each other as much as you pleaſe; only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your maſter and lady, and you have a common cauſe to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-ſervant, carries a tale to his maſter, ſhall be ruined by a general confederacy againſt him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the ſervants, both in winter and ſummer, is the kitchen: there the grand affairs of the family ought to be conſulted; whether they concern the ſtable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nurſery, the dining-room, or my Lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and ſquall, and romp, in full ſecurity.

When any ſervant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you muſt all join in telling your maſter, that he is gone to bed very ſick; upon which your lady will be ſo good-natured, as to order ſome comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your maſter and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a viſit for the evening, you need leave only one ſervant in the houſe, unleſs you have a blackguard boy to anſwer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to ſtay at home, is to be determined by ſhort and long cuts; and the ſtayer at home may be comforted by a viſit from a ſweetheart, without

without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad; your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name; for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, altho' most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me. Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to pappa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave: so that he must

muſt of neceſſity paſs between you; and he muſt have more confidence or leſs money than uſual, if any of you let him eſcape; and according as he behaves himſelf, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are ſent with ready money to buy any thing at a ſhop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, ſink the money, and take up the goods on your maſter's account. This is for the honour of your maſter and yourſelf; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady ſends for you up to her chamber to give you any orders, be ſure to ſtand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while ſhe is talking to you; and keep the button in your hand, for fear you ſhould forget to ſhut the door after you.

If your maſter or lady happen once in their lives to accuſe you wrongfully, you are a happy ſervant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their ſervice, to put them in mind of that falſe accuſation, and proteſt yourſelf equally innocent in the preſent caſe.

When you have a mind to leave your maſter, and are too baſhful to break the matter for fear of offending him; the beſt way is, to grow rude and ſaucy of a ſudden, and beyond your uſual behaviour, till he finds it neceſſary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourſelf, give him and his lady ſuch a character to all your brother-ſervants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their ſervice.

Some nice ladies, who are afraid of catching cold, having obſerved that the maids and fellows below ſtairs often forget to ſhut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back yards, have contrived, that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, ſhould be ſo fixed, as to make the door ſhut of itſelf, and require a ſtrong hand to open it; which is an immenſe toil to ſervants, whoſe buſineſs may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much; for prudent ſervants have found out an effectual remedy againſt this inſupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in ſuch a manner, that the weight of the lead ſhall have no effect. However, as to my own

part, I would rather chuſe to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy ſtone at the bottom of it.

The ſervants candleſticks are generally broken, for nothing can laſt for ever. But you may find out many expedients. You may conveniently ſtick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter againſt the wainſcot; in a powder-horn, or in an old ſhoe, or in a cliſt ſtick, or in the barrel of a piſtol, or upon its own greaſe on a table; in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glaſs; a horn can, a tea-pot, a twiſted napkin, a muſtard-pot, an inkhorn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough; or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and ſtick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring ſervants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or ſcrapping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your maſter or lady, whom you muſt take care not to diſturb or frighten at ſuch unſeaſonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a magpye, a child; or on the ſervant who was laſt turned off. By this rule you will excuſe yourſelf, do no hurt to any body elſe, and ſave your maſter or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper inſtruments for any work you are about, uſe all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For inſtance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, ſtir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, uſe the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-ſhovel, the handle of the fire-bruſh, the end of a mop, or your maſter's cane. If you want paper to ſinge a fowl, tear the firſt book you ſee about the houſe. Wipe your ſhoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damaſk napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may uſe the great ſilver cup.

There are ſeveral ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be inſtructed in them all. You may run the candle-end againſt the wainſcot, which puts the ſnuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the ſnuff out with your foot: you may hold it upſide down, until it is chocked with its own greaſe; or

or cram it into the ſocket of the candleſtick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out. When you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot: you may ſpit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the ſnuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's noſe into the meal tub, or the groom into a veſſel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter. The houſe-maid may put out her candle, by running it againſt a looking-glaſs; which nothing cleans ſo well as a candle-ſnuff. But the quickeſt and beſt of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath; which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

THERE is nothing ſo pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, againſt whom it muſt be the principal buſineſs of you all to unite. Whatever office he ſerves in, take all opportunities to ſpoil the buſineſs he is about, and to croſs him in every thing. For inſtance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glaſſes whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or the maſtiff in it, who will do as well: miſlay a fork or a ſpoon ſo as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever ſhe turns her back, throw a lump of ſoot, or a handful of ſalt, in the pot. or ſmoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roaſt meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be ſuſpected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a diſh of ſoup, let her follow him ſoftly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up ſtairs to the dining-room, and then let the houſe-maid make ſuch a noiſe that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herſelf: in this caſe the laundreſs muſt be ſure to tear her ſmocks in the waſhing, and yet waſh them but half; and when ſhe complains, tell all the houſe, that ſhe ſweats ſo much, and her fleſh is ſo naſty, that ſhe fouls a ſmock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

DIREC-

# DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS.

## CHAP. I.

### Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my directions to ſervants, I find, from my long obſervation, that you butlers are the principal perſons concerned.

YOUR buſineſs being of the greateſt variety, and requiring the greateſt exactneſs, I ſhall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the ſeveral branches of your office, and order my inſtructions accordingly.

IN waiting at the ſide-board, take all poſſible care to ſave your own trouble and your maſter's drinking-glaſſes: therefore, firſt, ſince thoſe who dine at the ſame table are ſuppoſed to be friends, let them all drink out of the ſame glaſs without waſhing; which will ſave you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no perſon any liquor, until he hath called for it thrice at leaſt; by which means, ſome out of modeſty, and others out of forgetfulneſs, will call the ſeldomer; and thus your maſter's liquor be ſaved.

IF any one deſires a glaſs of bottled ale, firſt ſhake the bottle, to ſee whether any thing be in it; then taſte it, to ſee what liquor it is, that you may not be miſtaken; and, laſtly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to ſhew your cleanlineſs.

BE more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be muſty, or white friars in your liquor, your maſter will ſave the more.

IF an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent couſin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the maſter, and the company, which no body is readier to diſcover and obſerve than we ſervants; it muſt be the buſineſs of you and the footman, to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worſe than any of the reſt;

reſt; and you cannot pleaſe your maſter better, or at leaſt your lady.

If any one calls for ſmall beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourſelf the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the ſeveral cups, and glaſſes, and ſalvers, into one; but turn your back to the company for fear of being obſerved. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largeſt tankard-cup top-full; by which you will have the greateſt part left to oblige your fellow-ſervants, without the ſin of ſtealing from your maſter.

There is likewiſe a perquiſite full as honeſt, by which you have a chance of getting every day the beſt part of a bottle of wine for yourſelf: for you are to ſuppoſe, that gentle folks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always ſet a freſh one before them after dinner, altho' there hath not been above a glaſs drank of the other.

Take ſpecial care that your bottles be not muſty before you fill them; in order to which, blow ſtrongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then, if you ſmell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are ſent down in haſte to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow ſtrongly into the foſſet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent: but do not ſtay to put it in again, for fear your maſter ſhould want you.

If you are curious to taſte ſome of your maſter's choice bottles, empty as many of them juſt below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not leſſen your maſter's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and ſmall beer at the ſide-board. For inſtance, a gentleman calls for a glaſs of ale, and drinks but half; another calls for ſmall beer: you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glaſs with ſmall beer; and ſo backwards and forwards, as long as dinner laſts. By which you anſwer three great ends. Firſt, you ſave

yourſelf

yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses: secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and, lastly, by this method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom: let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down; which will make the liquor appear double the quantity: by this means you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and table-cloths used that day: for it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles; whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning day-light, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true this may endanger their falling; but the candles will appear so much the longer and

handsomer

handſomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles looſe in the ſockets, to ſhew they are clean to the bottom.

WHEN your candle is too big for the ſocket, melt it to a right ſize in the fire; and to hide the ſmoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

YOU cannot but obſerve of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to diſcourage, both to ſave his own pains and his maſter's money. This may be contrived ſeveral ways; eſpecially when you are ordered to put candles into the ſconces.

SCONCES are great waſters of candles, and you, who are always to conſider the advantage of your maſter, ſhould do your utmoſt to diſcourage them; therefore your buſineſs muſt be to preſs the candle with both your hands into the ſocket, ſo as to make it lean in ſuch a manner, that the greaſe may drop all upon the floor, if ſome lady's head-dreſs or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it. You may likewiſe ſtick the candle ſo looſe, that it will fall upon the glaſs of the ſconce, and break it into ſhatters. This will ſave your maſter many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glaſs-man, and yourſelf much labour; for the ſconces ſpoiled cannot be uſed.

NEVER let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquiſite, to your friend the cook, to increaſe her kitchen ſtuff; or if this be not allowed in your houſe, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

WHEN you cut bread for a toaſt, do not ſtand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other buſineſs; then come back, and if you find it toaſted quite through, ſcrape off the burnt ſide, and ſerve it up.

WHEN you dreſs up your ſide-board, ſet the beſt glaſſes as near the edge of the table as you can: by which means they will caſt a double luſtre, and make a much finer figure; and the conſequence can be at moſt, but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your maſter's pocket.

WASH

WASH the glaſſes with your own water, to ſave your maſter's ſalt.

WHEN any ſalt is ſpilt on the table, do not let it be loſt; but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the ſalt in it, then ſhake the ſalt out into the ſalt-cellar to ſerve next day. But the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, ſpoons, ſalt-cellars, broken bread, and ſcraps of meat, all together in the table-cloth, by which you will be ſure to loſe nothing; unleſs you think it better to ſhake them out of the window amongſt the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the ſcraps.

LEAVE the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinſe them, is but loſs of time, ſince all will be done at once in a general waſhing; and you will have a better excuſe for breaking them.

IF your maſter hath many muſty, or very foul and crufted bottles, I adviſe you, in point of conſcience, that thoſe may be the firſt you truck at the next ale-houſe for ale or brandy.

WHEN a meſſage is ſent to your maſter, be kind to your brother-ſervant who brings it; give him the beſt liquor in your keeping, for your maſter's honour; and at the firſt opportunity he will do the ſame to you.

AFTER ſupper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the ſame baſket, to ſave candle-light; for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

WHEN company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be ſure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your maſter will ſave his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a moſt important part of your œconomy, the bottling of a hogſhead of wine; wherein I recommend three virtues; cleanlineſs, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longeſt kind you can get; which will ſave ſome wine in the neck of every bottle. As to your bottles, chuſe the ſmalleſt you can find; which will increaſe the number of dozens, and pleaſe your maſter: for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or leſs; and if

your

your maſter hath his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

EVERY bottle muſt be firſt rinſed with wine, for fear of any moiſture left in the waſhing. Some, out of a miſtaken thrift, will rinſe a dozen bottles with the ſame wine: but I would adviſe you, for more caution, to change the wine at every ſecond bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to ſave it; and it will be a good perquiſite either to ſell, or drink with the cook.

NEVER draw your hogſhead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of diſturbing your liquor. When it begins to run ſlow, and before the wine grows cloudy, ſhake the hogſhead, and carry a glaſs of it to your maſter, who will praiſe you, for your diſcretion, and give you all the reſt as a perquiſite to your place. You may tilt the hogſhead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine, to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

IN bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco; which will give to the wine the true taſte of the weed, ſo delightful to all good judges in drinking.

WHEN you are ordered to decant a ſuſpicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dextrous ſhake, and ſhew it in a glaſs, that it begins to be muddy.

WHEN a hogſhead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, waſh your bottles immediately before you begin; but be ſure not to drain them: by which good management your maſter will ſave ſome gallons in every hogſhead.

THIS is the time, that, in honour to your maſter, you ought to ſhew your kindneſs to your fellow-ſervants, and eſpecially to the cook; for what ſignify a few flagons out of a whole hogſhead? But make them be drank in your preſence, for fear they ſhould be given to other folks, and ſo your maſter be wronged: but adviſe them, if they get drunk, to go to bed, and leave word they are ſick; which laſt caution I would have all the ſervants obſerve, both male and female.

IF your maſter finds the hogſhead to fall ſhort of his expectation, what is plainer than that the veſſel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it up in proper time;

that the merchant cheated him with a hogſhead below the common meaſure:

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office), to ſave firing, and to make more haſte, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fiſh have been boiling; which will make it much wholeſomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be ſaving of your candles; and let thoſe in the ſconces of the hall, the ſtairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the ſockets, until they go out of themſelves; for which your maſter and lady will commend your thriftineſs, as ſoon as they ſhall ſmell the ſnuff.

If a gentleman leaves a ſnuff-box or pick-tooth-caſe on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your vails; for ſo it is allowed by all ſervants, and you do no wrong to your maſter or lady.

If you ſerve a country 'ſquire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your houſe, never fail to make their ſervants drunk, and eſpecially the coachman, for the honour of your maſter; to which in all your actions you muſt have a ſpecial regard, as being the beſt judge: for the honour of every family is depoſited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I ſhall hereafter demonſtrate.

Snuff the candles at ſupper as they ſtand on the table: which is much the ſecureſt way; becauſe, if the burning ſnuff happens to get out of the ſnuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a diſh of ſoup, ſack-poſſet, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguiſhed with very little ſtink.

When you have ſnuffed the candles, always leave the ſnuffers open; for the ſnuff will of itſelf burn away to aſhes, and cannot fall out, and dirty the table, when you ſnuff the candles again.

That the ſalt may lie ſmooth in the ſalt-cellar, preſs it down with your moiſt palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your maſter, be ſure to ſtand full in his view, and follow *him* to the door, and as you have opportunity, look *full* in his face; perhaps it may bring you a ſhilling: but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook,

cook, the houſe-maid, the ſtable-men, the ſcullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to ſtand in his way to the hall, in a line on each ſide of him. If the gentleman performs handſomely, it will do him honour, and coſt your maſter nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, becauſe, in cutting a ſlice or two, it will wipe itſelf.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full; which is the ſureſt way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or ſmall beer, take care to obſerve directly the following method. Hold the veſſel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards: then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the veſſel; then take out the ſpiggot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the veſſel is full, withdraw the ſpiggot from your mouth, well wetted with ſpittle, which being of a ſlimy conſiſtence will make it ſtick faſter in the foſſet: if any tallow drops into the veſſel, you may eaſily (if you think of it) remove it with a ſpoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the cloſet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may ſteal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-ſcrew in two days, by trying which is hardeſt, the point of the ſcrew, or the neck of the bottle: in this caſe, to ſupply the want of a ſcrew, after the ſtump hath torn the cork in pieces, make uſe of a ſilver fork; and when the ſcraps of the cork are almoſt drawn out, ſtirr the mouth of the bottle into the ciſtern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your maſter, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may uſe ſeveral methods to ſhew him ſome marks of your diſpleaſure, and quicken his memory. If he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or ſend it to another who called after him; if he aſks for wine, let

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him stay a while, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a [illegible]; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate. By these, and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by, when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever. Moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a-week; and in such a family I would rather chuse to be [illegible] chaplain, or even rather than be steward. It is all ready money, and got without labour; unless you [illegible] happens to be one of those who either obligeth [illegible] candles, or forceth you to divide it with [illegible] servants: but at worst, the old cards are [illegible]; and if the gamesters play deep, or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage, by selling them to [illegible], or families who love play, but cannot afford [illegible] than cards at second hand. When you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters, which those who have ill luck, will [illegible] take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. [illegible] on play-nights, and ready with [illegible] light out your company, and have [illegible] give them when they call; but [illegible] that there be no supper; be-[illegible] in your master's family, [illegible] will considerably lessen your gains.

[illegible] nothing so profitable to you as [illegible] you have no competitors except the [illegible] to steal and vend them [illegible] are bound to prevent any such [illegible] the footmen are not to [illegible] a general bottling; and [illegible] as your discretion will make them.

[illegible] is so very inconsiderable, that it [illegible] it consists only in a small [illegible] and about four shillings in [illegible] for your trouble and skill [illegible] hath a large stock of glasses,

glaſſes, and you or your fellow-ſervants happen to break any of them without your maſter's knowledge, keep it a ſecret till there are not enough left to ſerve the table, then tell your maſter that the glaſſes are gone: this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a-week; and it is the office of a good ſervant, to diſcompoſe his maſter and his lady as ſeldom as he can: and here the cat and dog will be of great uſe to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles miſſing are ſuppoſed to be half ſtoln by ſtragglers and other ſervants, and the other half broken by accident, and a general waſhing.

WHET the backs of your knives until they are as ſharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one ſide, they may try the other. And to ſhew you ſpare no pains in ſharpening the knives, whet them ſo long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the ſilver handle. This doth credit to your maſter; for it ſhews good houſekeeping, and the goldſmith may one day make you a preſent.

YOUR lady, when ſhe finds the ſmall beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great miſtake; nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the veſſel, which ſpoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out: but if ſhe inſiſts upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good ſervant, leave the ſpiggot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loſs of two or three quarts of liquor, the veſſel will run freely.

WHEN you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and ſo ſtick them into the ſocket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handſome, if any body ſhould come in.

DO all in the dark, to ſave your maſter's candles.

## CHAP. II.

### Directions to the COOK.

ALTHO' I am not ignorant, that it hath been a long time ſince the cuſtom began among people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation; yet becauſe my treatiſe is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, 'ſquires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I ſhall therefore apply to you Mrs Cook, as a woman. However, a great part of what I intend may ſerve for either ſex. And your part naturally follows the former; becauſe the butler and you are joined in intereſt: your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are diſappointed: you can junket together at nights upon your own progue, when the reſt of the houſe are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-ſervant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good ſup to the little maſters and miſſes, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal caſe perhaps it will not be ſo eaſy in ſome time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs Cook, I proceed to give you my inſtructions; which I deſire you will get ſome fellow-ſervant in the family to read to you conſtantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you ſerve in town or country, for my leſſons ſhall be fitted for both.

IF your lady forgets at ſupper that there is any cold meat in the houſe, do not you be ſo officious as to put her in mind; it is plain ſhe did not want it; and if ſhe recollects it the next day, ſay, ſhe gave you no orders, and it is ſpent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, diſpoſe of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

NEVER ſend up a leg of a fowl at ſupper, while there is a cat or a dog in the houſe, that can be accuſed for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you muſt lay it upon the rats, or a ſtrange grey-hound.

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IT is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen-rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

NEVER clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat, is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

IF you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

IF you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate: which besides is but justice; for no body can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys; and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked.

IF your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

GOOD cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent and little done. Such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit: which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing indeed, if a spit which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark. However, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds, will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheat-ears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids, or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

IF you are employed in market, do not accept a treat

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of a beef-ſtake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conſcience is no better than wronging your maiter; but do you always take that perquiſite in money if you do not go in truſt, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen-bellows being uſually out of order with ſtirring the fire with the muzzle to ſave the tongs and pocker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being leaſt uſed, are commonly the beſt in the houſe; and if you happen to damage or greaſe them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own uſe.

Let a black-guard boy be always about the houſe to ſend on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days; which will ſave your cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your miſtreſs.

If your miſtreſs allows you the kitchen ſtuff, in return of her generoſity, take care to boil and roaſt your meat ſufficiently. If ſhe keeps it for her own profit, do her juſtice, and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping, and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well ſtuck with ſkewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron ſkewer, rightly employed now and then, will make it look handſomer.

When you roaſt a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw; which may ſerve another time, and will alſo ſave firing.

When you ſcoure your plates and diſhes, bend the brim inward ſo as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen, when there is a ſmall dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours ſeeing the ſmoke, may commend your maſter's houſekeeping; but when much company is invited, then be as ſparing as poſſible of your coals, becauſe a great deal of the meat being half-raw will be ſaved, and ſerve next day.

Boil your meat conſtantly in pump-water, becauſe you muſt ſometimes want river or pipe-water; and then your miſtreſs obſerving your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the

the door open in pity to the poor cat, if ſhe be a good mouſer.

If you find it neceſſary to go to market in a wet day, take out your miſtreſs's riding hood and cloak, to ſave your cloaths.

Get three or four chairwomen to attend you conſtantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at ſmall charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troubleſome ſervants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder ſticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of ſoot falls into the ſoup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, ſtir it well, and it will give the ſoup a high French taſte.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but ſend it up, for oil is a genteeler ſauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a ſilver ſpoon, for fear of giving them a taſte of copper.

When you ſend up butter for ſauce, be ſo thrifty as to let it be half water; which is alſo much wholeſomer.

If your butter when it is melted taſtes of braſs, it is your maſter's fault, who will not allow you a ſilver ſauce-pan; beſides, the leſs of it will go farther, and new tinning is very chargeable. If you have a ſilver ſauce-pan, and the butter ſmells of ſmoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make uſe of a ſpoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your maſter's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the ſmoke of the dripping may aſcend, and give the roaſt meat a high taſte.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dreſſing-room; but you are not to waſh your hands till you have gone to the neceſſary-houſe, and ſpitted your meat, truſſed your fowl, picked your ſallad, nor indeed till after you have ſent up your ſecond courſe; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced

forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dreſſing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roaſting, or ſtewing; I mean the combing your head, which loſeth no time, becauſe you can ſtand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are uſing your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be ſent up with the victuals, you may ſafely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you: as thoſe gentlemen are ſometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuſe them a ſop in the pan, or a ſlice from the ſpit, much more when you diſcharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or ſend them up to their maſters with a diſhclout pinned to their tails.

In roaſting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and ſave the ſmall ones for the fires above ſtairs; the firſt are propereſt for dreſſing meat: and when they are out, if you happen to miſcarry in any diſh, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; beſides, the cinder-pickers will be ſure to ſpeak ill of your maſter's houſekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with freſh large coals. Thus you may dreſs your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raiſe the honour of your maſter, and ſometimes get ſhare of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As ſoon as you have ſent up the ſecond courſe, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until ſupper: therefore ſcoure your hands and face, put on your hood and ſcarf, and take your pleaſure among your cronies, till nine or ten at night.——But dine firſt.

Let there be always a ſtrict friendſhip between you and the butler; for it is both your intereſts to be united: the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him; for he is ſometimes an inconſtant lover, becauſe he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glaſs of ſack, or white wine and ſugar.

When you roaſt a breaſt of veal, remember your ſweet-heart the butler loves a ſweet-bread; therefore

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ſet it aſide till evening; you can ſay, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and beſides it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be over-done, which is generally the caſe, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you ſo to ſend up dinner, that you was forced to ſend it up too much boiled and roaſted.

If your dinner miſcarries in almoſt every diſh, how could you help it? You were teaſed by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and to prove it true, take occaſion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries: beſides, Friday and Childermas-day are two croſs days in the week, and it is impoſſible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on thoſe two days you have a lawful excuſe.

When you are in haſte to take down your diſhes, tip them in ſuch a manner that a dozen will fall together upon the dreſſer, juſt ready for your hand.

To ſave time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the ſame knife; and well-bred gentry love the taſte of an onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then daſh it againſt the wall juſt over the dreſſer, ſo as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occaſion for it.

If you have a ſilver ſaucepan for the kitchen-uſe, let me adviſe you to batter it well, and keep it always black: this will be for your maſter's honour; for it ſhews there has been conſtant good houſekeeping: and make room for the ſaucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the ſame manner, if you are allowed a large ſilver ſpoon for the kitchen, let half the bole of it be worn out with continual ſcraping and ſtirring, and often ſay merrily, This ſpoon owes my maſter no ſervice.

When you ſend up a meſs of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your maſter in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put ſalt on the ſide of the plate; for if you make uſe of a ſpoon, or the end of a *knife*, there may be danger that the ſalt would fall,

fall and that would be a ſign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the ſalt.

## CHAP. III.

### Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of buſineſs, and you ſtand in a fair way of being the favourite of your maſter or miſtreſs, or of the young maſters and miſſes; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are ſometimes a pattern of dreſs to your maſter, and ſometimes he is ſo to you. You wait at table in all companies, and conſequently have the opportunity to ſee and know the world, and to underſtand men and manners. I confeſs your vails are but few, unleſs you are ſent with a preſent, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr in the neighbourhood. and ſometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your maſter's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a ſeat reſerved for you in the play-houſe, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics. You have no profeſſed enemy except the rabble, and my Lady's waiting-woman, who are ſometimes apt to call you ſkip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, becauſe I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I fooliſhly left by demeaning myſelf with accepting an employment in the cuſtomhouſe. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I ſhall here deliver my inſtructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and obſervation, as well as of ſeven years experience.

IN order to learn the ſecrets of other families, tell them thoſe of your maſter's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a perſon of importance.

NEVER be ſeen in the ſtreets with a baſket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide.

your pocket, otherwiſe you will diſgrace your
o prevent which, always retain a blackguard
your loads; and if you want farthings, pay
ood ſlice of bread, or ſcrap of meat.

oy clean your own ſhoes firſt, for fear of
namber, then let him clean your maſter's;
on purpoſe for that uſe, and to run of errands,
ay him with ſcraps. When you are ſent on an er-
d, be ſure to edge in ſome buſineſs of your own, either to ſee your ſweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with ſome brother-ſervants; which is ſo much time clear gained.

THERE is a great controverſy about the moſt convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals. Some ſtick it between the frame and the back of the chair; which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it. Others, for fear the plate ſhould fall, graſp it ſo firmly, that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow: which however, if your thumb be dry, is no ſecure method; and therefore, in that caſe, I adviſe your wetting the ball of it with your tongue. As to that abſurd practice, of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which ſome ladies recommend, it is univerſally exploded, being liable to ſo many accidents. Others again are ſo refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit; which is the beſt ſituation for keeping it warm: but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a diſh, where your plate may happen to fall upon ſome of the company's heads. I confeſs myſelf to have objected againſt all theſe ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is, to ſtick your plate, up to the rim incluſive, in the left ſide between your waiſtcoat and your ſhirt. This will keep it at leaſt as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockſter (as the Scots call it); this will hide it, ſo as ſtrangers may take you for a better ſervant, too good to hold a plate; this will ſecure it from falling; and thus diſpoſed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any gueſt within your reach, who may want it: and, laſtly, there is another convenience in this method, that if, any time during your waiting, you find yourſelf going

to cough or ſneeze, you can immediately ſnatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part cloſe to your noſe or mouth, and thus prevent ſpirting any moiſture from either upon the diſhes or the ladies head-dreſs. You ſee gentlemen and ladies obſerve a like practice on ſuch an occaſion, with a hat or a handkerchief: yet a plate is leſs fouled and ſooner cleaned than either of theſe; for when your cough or ſneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the ſame poſition, and your ſhirt will clean it in the paſſage.

Take off the largeſt diſhes, and ſet them on, with one hand, to ſhew the ladies your vigour and ſtrength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the diſh happens to ſlip, the ſoup or ſauce may fall on their cloaths, and not daub the floor. By this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got conſiderable fortunes.

Learn all the new-faſhion words, and oaths, and ſongs, and ſcraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care, that at certain periods, during dinner eſpecially, when perſons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourſelves ſome eaſe from the fatigue of waiting, and at the ſame time leave the company to converſe more freely, without being conſtrained by your preſence.

When you are ſent on a meſſage, deliver it in your own words, altho' it be to a duke or a ducheſs, and not in the words of your maſter or lady; for how can they underſtand what belongs to a meſſage as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the anſwer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own ſtyle.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen; and when you come to the head of the ſtairs, trundle them all before you. There is not a more agreeable ſight or ſound, eſpecially if they be ſilver, beſides the trouble they ſave you; and there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the ſcullion to waſh them.

IF you are bringing up a joint of meat in a diſh, and it falls out of your hand, before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the ſauce ſpilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the diſh, and ſerve it up; and when your lady miſſes the ſauce, tell her, it is to be ſent up in a plate by itſelf.

WHEN you carry up a diſh of meat, dip your fingers in the ſauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your maſter's table.

YOU are the beſt judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have: and therefore, if ſhe ſends you on a meſſage of compliment or buſineſs to a family you do not like, deliver the meſſage in ſuch a manner as may breed a quarrel between them, not to be reconciled; or, if a footman comes from the ſame family on the like errand, turn the anſwer ſhe orders you to deliver, in ſuch a manner as the other family may take it for an affront.

WHEN you are in lodgings, and no ſhoeboy to be got, clean your maſter's ſhoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

EVER wear your hat in the houſe, but when your maſter calls; and as ſoon as you come into his preſence, pull it off, to ſhew your manners.

NEVER clean your ſhoes on the ſcraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the ſtairs; by which you will have the credit of being at home almoſt a minute ſooner, and the ſcraper will laſt longer.

NEVER aſk leave to go abroad; for then it will be always known that you are abſent, and you will be thought an idle rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and no body obſerves, you have a chance of coming home without being miſſed: and you need not tell your fellow-ſervants where you are gone; for they will be ſure to ſay, you were in the houſe but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all ſervants.

SNUFF the candles with your fingers, and throw the ſnuff on the floor, then tread it out, to prevent ſtinking; this method will very much ſave the ſnuffers from wearing out. You ought alſo to ſnuff them cloſe to the tallow; which will make them run, and ſo increaſe the

perquiſite of the cook's kitchen-ſtuff; for ſhe is the perſon you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is ſaying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, ſo that when they go to ſit down again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you ſo diſcreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-ſervants.

When you know your maſter is moſt buſy in company, come in and pretend to ſettle about the room; and if he chides, ſay, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on buſineſs too much, or ſpending himſelf in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his conſtitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobſter, clap it between the ſides of the dining-room door between the hinges. Thus you can do it gradually, without maſhing the meat; which is often the fate of the ſtreet-door key, or the peſtle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the gueſts, and obſerve the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, ſhew your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without ſhaking off the bones or broken meat that are left: then the gueſt, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already uſed.

When you carry a glaſs of liquor to any perſon who hath called for it, do not bob him on the ſhoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glaſs; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat: but ſtand at the perſon's left ſhoulder, and wait his time; and if he ſtrikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulneſs, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your miſtreſs ſends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to ſave your cloaths, and the trouble of walking: it is better the bottom of her petticoats ſhould be daggled with your dirty ſhoes, than your livery be ſpoiled, and yourſelf get a cold.

There is no indignity ſo great to one of your ſtation, as that of lighting your maſter in the ſtreets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honeſt policy to try all arts how to evade it: beſides, it ſhews your maſter to

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be either poor or covetous, which are the two worſt qualities you can meet with in any ſervice. When I was under thoſe circumſtances, I made uſe of ſeveral wiſe expedients, which I here recommend to you. Sometimes I took a candle ſo long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burnt it: but my maſter, after a good beating, ordered me to paſte it over with paper. I then uſed a middling candle, but ſtuck it ſo looſe in the ſocket, that it leaned towards one ſide, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I uſed a bit of candle of half an inch, which ſunk in the ſocket, and melted the ſolder, and forced, my maſter to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me ſtick two inches of candle in the place where the ſocket was; after which I pretended to ſtumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces. At laſt, he was forced to make uſe of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good huſbandry.

IT is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, diſhes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe one of thoſe hands is required to open the door, while you are incumbered with your load. Therefore I adviſe, that the door may be always left at jar, ſo as to open it with your foot; and then you may carry out plates and diſhes from your belly up to your chin, beſides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will ſave you many a weary ſtep; but take care, that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if poſſible, out of hearing.

IF you are ſent to the poſt-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, ſtep to the ale-houſe, and take a pot, until it is ſuppoſed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honeſt ſervant.

IF you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a ſpoon to ſtir it, or thinking of ſomething elſe, or ſtruggling with the chambermaid for a kiſs; wipe the ſides of the pot clean with a diſh-clout, carry up your coffee boldly; and when your lady finds

it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over; deny the fact abſolutely; ſwear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never ſtirred an inch from it, that you ſtrove to make it better than uſual, becauſe your miſtreſs had ladies with her, that the ſervants in the kitchen will juſtify what you ſay. Upon this you will find, that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good; and your miſtreſs will confeſs that her mouth is out of taſte, and ſhe will for the future ſuſpect herſelf, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conſcience: for coffee is very unwholeſome; and out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as poſſible. And upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a diſh of freſh coffee, you may, and ought to ſubſtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maids good-will.

If your maſter ſends you with a ſmall trifling preſent to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring: therefore, if the preſent be only half a dozen pippins, ſend up the ſervant who received the meſſage, to ſay, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will ſhew your exactneſs, and care to prevent accidents or miſtakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do leſs than give you a ſhilling. So when your maſter receives the like preſent, teach the meſſenger who brings it to do the ſame, and give your maſter hints that may ſtir up his generoſity; for brother-ſervants ſhould aſſiſt one another, ſince it is all for their maſter's honour, which is the chief point to be conſulted by every good ſervant, and of which he is the beſt judge.

When you ſtep but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to ſee a brother-footman going to be hanged, leave the ſtreet-door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your maſter diſcover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his ſervice no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and preſs them down with other plates over them, ſo as no body can touch

touch them; and ſo they will be a good perquiſite to the blackguard-boy in ordinary.

WHEN you are forced to clean your maſter's ſhoes with your own hand, uſe the edge of the ſharpeſt caſe-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire; becauſe wet ſhoes are dangerous; and beſides, by theſe arts you will get them the ſooner for yourſelf.

IN ſome families the maſter often ſends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the meſſenger. I adviſe you therefore, to take the ſmalleſt bottle you can find; but however make the drawer give you a full quart; then you will get a good ſup for yourſelf, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to ſtop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

IN all diſputes with chairmen and coachmen for demanding too much, when your maſter ſends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your maſter that they will not take a farthing leſs: it is more for your intereſt to get ſhare of a pot of ale, than to ſave a ſhilling for your maſter, to whom it is a trifle.

WHEN you attend your lady in a dark night, if ſhe uſeth her coach, do not walk by the coach-ſide, ſo as to tire and dirt yourſelf, but get up into your proper place behind it; and ſo hold the flambeau ſloping forward over the coach-roof; and when it wants ſnuffing, daſh it againſt the corners.

WHEN you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours ſafe to ſpend with your companions at the ale-houſe, or over a beef-ſtake, and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and indeed poor ſervants have ſo few opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to loſe any.

NEVER wear ſocks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who ſit at table; becauſe as moſt ladies like the ſmell of young mens toes, ſo it is a ſovereign remedy againſt the vapours.

CHUSE a ſervice, if you can, where your livery-colours are leaſt tawdry and diſtinguiſhing. Green and yellow immediately betray your office; and ſo do all kinds of

lace,

lace, except ſilver; which will hardly fall to your ſhare, unleſs with a duke, or ſome prodigal juſt come to his eſtate. The colours you ought to wiſh for, are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which with a borrowed ſword, a borrowed air, your maſter's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you pleaſe, where you are not known.

When you carry diſhes, or other things, out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as poſſible: for although you may ſometimes ſpill, and ſometimes let fall; yet you will find at the year's end you have made great diſpatch, and ſaved abundance of time.

If your maſter or miſtreſs happens to walk the ſtreets, keep on one ſide, and as much on the level with them as you can; which people obſerving, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions: but if either of them happen to turn back and ſpeak to you, ſo that you are under the neceſſity to take off your hat, uſe but your thumb and one finger, and ſcratch your head with the reſt.

In winter-time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is ſerved up, that your maſter may ſee how ſaving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to ſtir up the fire, clean away the aſhes from betwixt the bars with the fire bruſh.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there ſtand bawling, Coach, Coach, for half an hour.

Altho' you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated ſcurvily by all mankind, yet you make a ſhift to keep up your ſpirits, and ſometimes arrive at conſiderable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren, who was footman to a court lady. She had an honourable employment, was ſiſter to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She obſerved ſomething ſo polite in my friend, the gracefulneſs with which he tript before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that ſhe made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman miſtook the way, and ſtopped at a privileged chapel; where the couple were married, and

Tom

Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's ſide: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which ſhe died, after having pawned all her plate to purchaſe it; and Tom is now a journeyman maſter.

BOUCHER, the famous gameſter, was another of our fraternity; and when he was worth 50,000 l, he dunned the Duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his ſervice. And I could inſtance many more, particularly another, whoſe ſon had one of the chief employments at court; and is ſufficient to give you the following advice; which is, to be pert and ſaucy to all mankind, eſpecially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better ſort of ſervants in a perſon of quality's family: and value not now and then a kicking, or a caneing; for your inſolence will at laſt turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably ſoon carry a pair of colours.

WHEN you wait behind a chair at meals, keep conſtantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the perſon behind whom you ſtand may know you are ready to attend him.

WHEN you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuſe muſt be, that a dog ran acroſs you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally puſhed the door againſt you; that a mop ſtood acroſs the entry, and tript you up; that your ſleeve ſtuck againſt the key or button of the lock.

WHEN your maſter and lady are talking together in their bed-chamber, and you have ſome ſuſpicion that you or your fellow-ſervants are concerned in what they ſay, liſten at the door for the public good of all the ſervants, and join all to take proper meaſures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

BE not proud in proſperity. You have heard, that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been ſtripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before-hand, and ſpent in tranſlated red-heeled ſhoes, ſecond hand toupees, and repaired lace-ruffles, beſides a ſwinging debt to the life-wife and the brandy-ſhop. The neighbouring tapſter, who before would

would beckon you over to a ſavoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you *gratis*, and only ſcore you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in diſgrace, carried a petition to your maſter to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then purſued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how ſoon you grew ſhabby, thread-bare, and out-at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery-coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and ſneak to every houſe where you have an old acquaintance, to ſteal you a ſcrap to keep life and ſoul together; and, upon the whole, were in the loweſt ſtation of human life, which, as the old ballad ſays, is that of a ſkip-kennel turned out of place: I ſay, remember all this now in your flouriſhing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world: take one of them as your dependent, to ſend on your lady's meſſages when you have a mind to go to the ale-houſe; ſlip him out privately now and then a ſlice of bread, and a bit of cold meat; your maſter can afford it: and if he be not yet put upon the eſtabliſhment for a lodging, let him lie in the ſtable, or the coach-houſe, or under the back-ſtairs; and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your houſe as an excellent ſervant.

To grow old in the office of a footman, is the higheſt of all indignities: therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a ſucceſſion to the ſtewardſhip, an employment in the revenue, (which two laſt you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your maſter's niece or daughter; I directly adviſe you to go upon the road, which is the only poſt of honour left you. There you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a ſhort life, and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit; wherein I will give you ſome inſtructions.

THE laſt advice I give you, relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which either for robbing your maſter, for houſe breaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel, by killing the firſt man you meet, may very probably be your lot; and is

owing

owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations. A hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a good character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades. But I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate; some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt, and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribband. Take leave chearfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with couraged; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, altho' you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman; and so farewel. You shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

## CHAP. IV.

### Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

LET your horses be so well trained, that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring alehouse to take a pot with a friend.

WHEN you are in no humour to drive, tell your master, that the horses have got a cold; that they want shoeing; that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

IF your master dines with a country-friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and

then

then ſhew your ſkill, by driving to an inch by a precipice; and ſay, you never drove ſo well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horſes, and willing to give you a conſideration beſide the price; perſuade your maſter to ſell him, becauſe he is ſo vitious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard-boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-houſe, while your maſter and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good; and get a new ſet bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquiſite or not. In one caſe it will turn to your honeſt profit; and in the other it will be a juſt puniſhment on your maſter's covetouſneſs; and probably the coachmaker will conſider you too.

## CHAP. V.

### Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the ſervant upon whom the care of your maſter's honour in all journeys entirely depends: your breaſt is the ſole repoſitory of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raiſeth his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not ſtint yourſelf in either. The ſmith, the ſaddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the oſtler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your maſter's generoſity. Thus his fame will reach from one county to another: and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his Worſhip's pocket? And although he ſhould be in the number of thoſe who value their credit leſs than their purſe, yet your care of the former ought to be ſo much the greater. His horſe wanted two removes; your horſe wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and

and thus his honour may be preſerved by your diſcretion, and leſs expence to him: or if he travels with no other ſervant, the matter is eaſily made up in the bill between you and the tapſter.

THEREFORE, as ſoon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horſes to the ſtable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond: then call for a pot of ale; for it is very fit that a Chriſtian ſhould drink before a beaſt. Leave your maſter to the care of the ſervants in the inn, and your horſes to thoſe in the ſtable. Thus both he and they are left in the propereſt hands. But you are to provide for yourſelf; therefore get your ſupper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your maſter, who is in better hands than yours. The oſtler is an honeſt fellow, and loves horſes in his heart; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your maſter, and order the ſervants not to wake him too early, Get your breakfaſt before he is up, that he may not wait for you. Make the oſtler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles ſhort; but adviſe him to ſtay a little longer till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

LET your maſter mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the oſtler, what care he took of the cattle; and add, that you never ſaw civiler ſervants. Let your maſter ride on before, and do you ſtay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him thro' the town or village with full ſpeed, for fear he ſhould want you, and to ſhew your horſemanſhip.

IF you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get ſack, brandy, or ſtrong beer, to rub your horſes heels every night; and be not ſparing, for (if any be ſpent) what is left, you know how to diſpoſe of it.

CONSIDER your maſter's health; and, rather than let him take long journeys, ſay the cattle are weak, and fallen in their fleſh with hard riding: tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horſes fore-ſhoes looſe in the morning; or contrive that the ſaddle may pinch the beaſt in his

withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, ſo that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the ſhoe to make him halt; and all this in perfect tenderneſs to your maſter.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman aſks you, whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or ſober, never to neglect your horſes.

When your maſter hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleaſure, if any private buſineſs of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him; give him to underſtand, that the horſes want bleeding or purging; that his own pad hath got a ſurfeit; or that the ſaddle wants ſtuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended. This you may honeſtly do, becauſe it will be no injury to the horſes or your maſter; and at the ſame time ſhews the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the oſtler or tapſter, and the people of the houſe; find fault with the other inns, and recommend your maſter thither: it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your maſter's honour.

If your maſter ſends you to buy hay, deal with thoſe who will be the moſt liberal to you; for ſervice being no inheritance, you ought not to let ſlip any lawful and cuſtomary perquiſite. If your maſter buys it himſelf, he wrongs you; and to teach him his duty, be ſure to find fault with the hay as long as it laſts; and if the horſes thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a ſkilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your maſter dines or lies at a gentleman's houſe in the country, altho' there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horſes have been quite neglected, be ſure employ ſome of the ſervants to hold the horſe when your maſter mounts. This I would have you do, when your maſter only alights to call in for a few minutes: for brother ſervants muſt always befriend one another; and that alſo concerns your maſter's honour; becauſe he

cannot

cannot do leſs than give a piece of money to him who holds his horſe.

In long journeys, aſk your maſter leave to give ale to the horſes; carry two quarts full to the ſtable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the oſtler muſt do the beſt you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn, for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horſes in the park, or the fields, give them to a horſe-boy, or one of the blackguards, who being lighter than you, may be truſted to run races with leſs damage to the horſes, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother-grooms: but ſometimes you and they may run races yourſelves, for the honour of your horſes, and of your maſters.

Never ſtint your horſes at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be ſtinted yourſelf; altho' perhaps they may not have the ſtomach to eat; conſider they have no tongues to aſk. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loſs; for it will make litter, and ſave ſtraw.

When your maſter is leaving a gentleman's houſe in the country, where he hath lain a night; then conſider his honour: let him know how many ſervants there are of both ſexes, who expect vails; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the houſe; but deſire him not to truſt the money with the butler, for fear he ſhould cheat the reſt: this will force your maſter to be more generous; and then you may take occaſion to tell your maſter, that 'ſquire ſuch a one, whom you lived with laſt, always gave ſo much a piece to the common ſervants, and ſo much to the houſe keeper, and the reſt, naming at leaſt double to what he intended to give; but be ſure to tell the ſervants what a good office you did them. This will gain you love and your maſter honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftner than the coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own behalf, becauſe you hazard no body's neck but your own; for the horſe will probably take ſo much care of

himſelf as to come off with only a ſtrain or a ſhoulder-ſlip.

When you carry your maſter's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up cloſe with a ſtrap; but turn your maſter's inſide out, to preſerve the outſide from wet and dirt. Thus, when it begins to rain, your maſter's coat will be firſt ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better; for your livery muſt always ſerve its year's apprenticeſhip.

When you come to your inn with the horſes wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the oſtler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they pleaſe; but be ſure to gallop them full ſpeed a mile at leaſt, to dry their ſkins, and warm the water in their bellies. The oſtler underſtands his buſineſs; leave all to his diſcretion, while you get a pot of ale and ſome brandy at the kitchen fire to comfort your heart.

If your horſe drop a fore-ſhoe, be ſo careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the ſpeed you can (the ſhoe in your hand, that every traveller may obſerve your care) to the next ſmith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your maſter may not wait for you, and that the poor horſe may be as ſhort a time as poſſible without a ſhoe.

When your maſter lies at a gentleman's houſe, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badneſs; this will get you the name of a diligent ſervant: and be ſure to cram the horſes with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them ſo much the leſs for ſome days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's houſe, tell your maſter what a covetous hunks that gentleman was, that you got nothing but buttermilk or water to drink; this will make your maſter out of pity allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn. But if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's houſe, your maſter cannot be angry, becauſe it coſt him nothing; and ſo you ought to tell him as well as you can in your preſent condition, and let him know

it

it is both for his and the gentleman's honour, to make a friend's ſervant welcome.

A maſter ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handſome livery, and to allow him a ſilver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is cauſed by the civility he receives at ſecond hand from the reſpect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your maſter's pad to a brother-ſervant, or your favourite maid, for a ſhort jaunt, or hire him for a day, becauſe the horſe is ſpoiled for want of exerciſe: and if your maſter happens to want his horſe, or hath a mind to ſee the ſtable, curſe that rogue the helper, who is gone out with the key.

When you want to ſpend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouſe, and that you ſtand in need of a reaſonable excuſe for your ſtay, go out of the ſtable-door, or the back-way, with an old bridle, girth, or ſtirrup-leather in your pocket, and on your return come home by the ſtreet-door with the ſame bridle, girth, or ſtirrup-leather, dangling in your hand, as if you came from the ſaddler's, where you were getting the ſame mended; (if you were not miſſed, all is well); but if you are met by your maſter, you will have the reputation of a careful ſervant. This I have known practiſed with good ſucceſs.

## CHAP. VI.

### Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.

LORD Peterborough's ſteward, that pulled down his houſe, ſold the materials, and charged my Lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leaſes, and get by them, and ſell woods. Lend my Lord his own money. Gil Blas ſaid much of this, to whom I refer.

## CHAP. VII.

### Directions to the PORTER.

IF your maſter be a miniſter of ſtate, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his penſionary writers, or his hired ſpy, and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city-ſolicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a ſtock-jobber.

## CHAP. VIII.

### Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you ſerve; and this treatiſe is to be applied to all ſorts of families; ſo that I find myſelf under great difficulty to adjuſt the buſineſs for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable eſtate, you differ from the houſe-maid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the houſe; which brings in all the vails that fall to your ſhare. Your uſual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but if you are under twenty, and tolerably handſome, perhaps a footman may caſt his eyes on you.

GET your favourite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you ſerve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-cloaths, will make the prettieſt obſervations in the world, which whiſpered about, will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the neceſſary veſſels for the fellows to ſee; but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-ſervants to know, that fine ladies have occaſion for ſuch

utenſils; and do not ſcour the chamber-pot, becauſe the ſmell is wholeſome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whiſk on the mantle-tree, or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the reſt; ſo that when your lady comes to diſcover them, you may ſafely ſay they were broke long ago, before you came to the ſervice. This will ſave your lady many an hour's vexation.

It ſometimes happens, that a looking-glaſs is broken by the ſame means: while you are looking another way, as you ſweep the chamber, the long end of the bruſh ſtrikes againſt the glaſs, and breaks it to ſhivers. This is the extremeſt of all misfortunes, and all remedy deſperate in appearance, becauſe it is impoſſible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to ſhew the ingenuity of the poor chamber-maid on ſo ſudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to ſharpen your invention, if your evil ſtar ſhould ever give you the like occaſion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glaſs of great value with a ſtroke of her bruſh: ſhe had not conſidered long, when, by a prodigious preſence of mind, ſhe locked the door, ſtole into the yard, brought a ſtone of three pound weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth juſt under the looking-glaſs, then broke a pane in the ſaſh-window that looked into the ſame yard, ſo ſhut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, ſees the glaſs broken, the ſtone lying under, and a whole pane in the window deſtroyed; from all which circumſtances ſhe concluded, juſt as the maid could have wiſhed, that ſome idle ſtraggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-ſervants, had, through malice, accident, or careleſſneſs, flung in the ſtone, and done the miſchief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herſelf out of danger. But it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parſon of the pariſh; and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much diſcompoſed her. But the miniſter, who happened to underſtand mathematics, after examining

examining the ſituation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, ſoon convinced the lady, that the ſtone could never reach the looking-glaſs, without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have ſwept the room the ſame morning, was ſtrictly examined; but conſtantly denied that ſhe was guilty upon her ſalvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that ſhe was as innocent as the child unborn: yet the poor wench was turned off; which I take to have been hard treatment, conſidering her ingenuity. However, this may be a direction to you in the like caſe, to contrive a ſtory that will better hang together. For inſtance, you might ſay, that while you were at work with the mop or brush, a flaſh of lightening came ſuddenly in at the window, which almoſt blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glaſs on the hearth; that as ſoon as you recovered your eyes, you ſaw the looking-glaſs all broken to pieces: or you may alledge, that obſerving the glaſs a little covered with duſt, and going very gently to wipe it, you ſuppoſe the moiſture of the air had diſſolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground; or, as ſoon as the miſchief is done, you may cut the cords that faſtened the glaſs to the wainſcot, and ſo let it fall flat on the ground: run out in a fright, tell your lady, curſe the upholſterer, and declare how narrowly you eſcaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer theſe expedients from a deſire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly muſt be, if you did not break the glaſs on purpoſe, which I would by no means excuſe, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-ſhovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from ruſting, but likewiſe to prevent meddling people from waſting your maſter's coals with ſtirring the fire.

When you are in haſte, ſweep the duſt into a corner of the room; but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be ſeen, for that would diſgrace you.

Never waſh your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or ſoiling your hands again.

Wait

WHEN you bar the window-ſhuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the ſaſhes, to let in the freſh air, and ſweeten the room againſt morning.

IN the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books or ſomething elſe on the window-ſeat, that they may get air too.

WHEN you ſweep your lady's room, never ſtay to pick up foul ſmocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pincuſhions, tea-ſpoons, ribbands, ſlippers, or whatever lies in your way; but ſweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and ſave time.

MAKING beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to ſweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the ſheet, that they may not be ſeen on the bed.

WHEN your lady ſends you to waſh a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and ſwear you did but juſt touch it with your hand, when it broke into *three halves*. And here I muſt inform you, as well as all your fellow-ſervants, that you ought never to be without an excuſe; it doth no harm to your maſter, and it leſſens your fault: as in this inſtance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpoſe; and the thing is poſſible, that it might break in your hand.

YOU are ſometimes deſirous to ſee a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they paſs by in the ſtreet, you lift up the ſaſh ſuddenly, there by misfortune it ſticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unleſs no body ſaw you, and then you are as innocent as any ſervant in the houſe.

WEAR your lady's ſmock when ſhe has thrown it off; it will do you credit, ſave your own linen, and be not a pin the worſe.

WHEN you put a clean pillow-caſe on your lady's pillow, be ſure to faſten it well with three corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

WHEN you ſpread bread and butter for tea, be ſure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to

keep

keep the bread moiſt againſt dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be ſeen only upon one end of every ſlice, to ſhew your cleanlineſs.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miſs the proper key, or cannot diſtinguiſh it in the bunch, try the firſt key that you can thruſt in, and turn it with all your ſtrength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

## CHAP. IX.

### Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO accidents have happened to leſſen the comforts and profits of your employment; firſt, that execrable cuſtom got among ladies, of trucking their old cloaths for china, or turning them to cover eaſy chairs, or making them into patch-work for ſcreens, ſtools, cuſhions, and the like. The ſecond is, the invention of ſmall cheſts and trunks, with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and ſugar; without which it is impoſſible for a waiting-maid to live: for by this means you are forced to buy brown ſugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have loſt all their ſpirit and taſte. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy againſt either of theſe two evils. As to the former, I think there ſhould be a general confederacy of all the ſervants in every family, for the public good, to drive thoſe china huckſters from the door. And as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourſelves, but by a falſe key; which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compaſs; but, as to the circumſtances of honeſty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your miſtreſs gives you ſo juſt a provocation, by refuſing you an ancient and legal perquiſite. The miſtreſs of the tea-ſhop may now and then give you half an ounce, but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you muſt be forced, like the reſt of your ſiſters, to run in-truſt, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go;

which

which you can eaſily make up otherwiſe, if your lady be handſome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my Lady's woman, my Lord may probably like you, altho' you are not half ſo handſome as his own lady. In this caſe, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the ſmalleſt liberty, not the ſqueezing of your hand, unleſs he puts a guinea into it; ſo by degrees make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the conceſſions you allow, and always ſtruggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, altho' you receive his money. Five guineas for handling your breaſt is a cheap pennyworth, altho' you ſeem to reſiſt with all your might; but never allow him the laſt favour under a hundred guineas, or a ſettlement of twenty pounds a-year for life.

In ſuch a family, if you are handſome, you will have the choice of three lovers; the chaplain, the ſteward, and my Lord's gentleman. I would firſt adviſe you to chuſe the ſteward; but if you happen to be young with child by my Lord, you muſt take up with the chaplain. I like my Lord's gentleman the leaſt of the three; for he is uſually vain and ſaucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he miſſeth a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he hath no remedy but the high way.

I muſt caution you particularly againſt my Lord's eldeſt ſon. If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a lady: if he be a common rake, (and he muſt be one or t'other), avoid him like Satan; for he ſtands leſs in awe of a mother than my Lord does of a wife; and after ten thouſand promiſes, you will get nothing from him, but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a meſſage to inquire how ſhe doth, do not let the compliment be loſt, but ſhake her gently until ſhe wakes; then deliver the meſſage, receive her anſwer, and leave her to ſleep.

If you are ſo happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you muſt be an ill manager if you cannot get five or ſix hundred pounds for diſpoſing of her. For

her

her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she hath liberty to chuse where-ever she pleaseth, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign; and that if you had forty thousand pounds, it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St James's park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever she saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can: but let him who pays you best with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, altho' it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject; but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallant-

ries,

ries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are neceſſary. Firſt, how to pleaſe your lady; ſecondly, how to prevent ſuſpicion in the huſband, or among the family; and, laſtly, but principally, how to make it moſt for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair, would require a large volume. All aſſignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourſelf; and therefore contrive as much as poſſible to have them in a third place; eſpecially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thouſand huſbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the beſt management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of thoſe whom you find moſt liberal. Yet, if your lady ſhould happen to caſt an eye upon a handſome footman, you ſhould be generous enough to bear with her humour; which is no ſingularity, but a very natural appetite. It is ſtill the ſafeſt of all home-intrigues, and was formerly the leaſt ſuſpected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, leſt this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be ſound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, altho' not altogether deſperate.

But to ſay the truth, I confeſs it is a great preſumption in me, to offer you any inſtructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole ſiſterhood is already ſo expert, and deeply learned; altho' it be much more difficult to compaſs, than that aſſiſtance which my brother-footmen give their maſters on the like occaſion: and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by ſome abler pen.

When you lock up a ſilk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or cheſt, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

## CHAP. X.

### Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your maſter and lady go into the country for a *week or more*, never waſh the bedchamber or dining-

[To the preceding directions to ſervants the following may be added, as they were both written with the ſame deſign, tho' in a very different manner. It will eaſily be perceived, that theſe are to be underſtood literally, and the others ironically; nor is it improbable, that the thought of giving them an ironical turn was conceived after the general deſign was formed, and in ſome part executed. If the literal inſtruction be more uſeful, it muſt be confeſſed, that the irony is more entertaining; and if both had been completed, the peculiar advantages of each would have been ſo evident, that the public would have had reaſon to complain, if either of them had been ſuppreſſed.]

## The duty of SERVANTS at inns.

BE mounted before your maſter. When you ſee him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn-gate before him, and call the oſtler to hold your maſter's horſe while he alights. Leave your maſter to the ſervants of the inn; go you with the horſes into the ſtable; chuſe a place fartheſt from the ſtable-door; ſee the ſtanding be dry; ſend immediately for freſh ſtraw; ſee all the old hay out of the rack, and get freſh put in; ſee your horſes girths be looſed and ſtuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor ſaddles in an hour; ſee their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be faſt, and whether they be well clinched; if not, ſend preſently for a ſmith: always ſtand by while the ſmith is employed. Give the oats the laſt thing. Water your horſes when you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your maſter, unleſs he commands you. Try the oats by ſmelling and weighing them: ſee you have good meaſure: ſtand by while your horſes are eating their oats. When you enter your evening-inn, let your horſes feet be ſtuffed with cow-dung every night.

OBSERVE the ſame rules; only be ſure if any thing be wanting for a ſmith, let it be done over night.

KNOW the time your maſter will ſet out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himſelf ready. Contrive both at morn and noon to eat, ſo that your maſter need not ſtay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your maſter, but examine it firſt carefully and honeſtly, and then bring it yourſelf; and be able to

account.

account for every article. If the ſervants have not been civil, tell your maſter before their faces when he is going to give them money.

### Duty of the other Servant, where there are two.

RIDE forty yards behind your maſter, but be mounted before him. Obſerve now and then whether his horſe's ſhoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horſe to the oſtler; beſtir yourſelf to get a convenient room for your maſter; bring all his things into his room full in his ſight; inquire what is in the houſe; ſee it yourſelf, and tell your maſter how you like it. Step yourſelf now and then into the kitchen, to haſten dinner or ſupper; and obſerve whether they be cleanly. Taſte the ale, and tell your maſter whether it be good or bad. If he want wine, go you with the drawer, and chuſe a bottle well filled and ſtopped: if the wine be in hogſheads, deſire to taſte and ſmell it; if it be ſour, or not clear, or ill-taſted, let your maſter know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drank. See the ſalt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives ſharp. At night obſerve the ſame rules: but firſt chuſe him a warm room, with a lock and a key in order; then call immediately for the ſheets; ſee them well aired, and at a large fire: feel the blankets, bed, bolſter, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which hath been laſt lain in; inquire about it. If the bed itſelf be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both ſides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair liſt of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your liſt.

You are to ſtep now and then into the ſtable, to ſee whether the groom performs his duty.

FOR packing up your things, have a liſt of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in paper or towels. Have a good proviſion of large coarſe paper, and other waſte paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper

proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the ſhoes and ſlippers at the toes with a ſmall lock of hay; fold up the cloaths ſo as that they may not be rumpled. When your maſter is in his room at night, put all his things in ſuch a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have ſome ſkill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your maſter eaſy.

*The groom.* Carry with you a ſtirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horſe-nails, and a horſe's fore-ſhoes, pick, and an hammer, for fear of an accident; and ſome ends and pack-thread, a bottle-ſcrew, knife and penknife, needles, pins, thread, ſilk, worſted, &c.; ſome plaiſters and ſciſſars.

*Item.* The ſervants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place; and indorſe the numbers.

INQUIRE in every town, if there be any thing worth ſeeing. Obſerve the country-ſeats, and aſk who they belong to; and enter them, and the countries where they are.

SEARCH under your maſter's bed when he is gone up, leſt a cat, or ſomething elſe, may be under it.

WHEN your maſter's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

LET the ſervants of the inn be ſure to wake you above an hour before your maſter is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himſelf.

IF the oſtler hath been knaviſh or negligent, do not let him hold your maſter's horſe. Obſerve the ſame rule at a gentleman's houſe. If the groom hath not taken care of your horſes, do not let him hold your maſter's.

INQUIRE at every inn where you ſtay, what is the beſt inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewiſe as you enter into any town to ſtay, aſk the people which is the beſt inn; and go to that which moſt people commend.

SEE that your maſter's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

*The end of the* SEVENTH VOLUME.